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THE
JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD

FOR
M.DCCC.XLVIII.



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SONNET.

TO "THE CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY HERALD." 1848.

WELCOME, little friend of youth,
Messenger of peace and truth,
"Herald" of good news from far,
Of Israel's "BRIGHT AND MORNING STAR,"
Our "SON OF RIGHTEOUSNESS," whose quickening light
Shall wake the nations lost in saddest night.
Through England speed thy way!
Reclaim the hapless, wandering child,
Who, crossing life's rough, lonely wild,
Should *here* benighted stray!
And when thy simple page incites to prayer,
Oh, tell of heathen youth, of savage, slave,
Who of fair Britain's sons do humbly crave
A tear, a sigh, or a remembrance there.

E. C.

P R E F A C E.



AND do our readers join in this prayer and welcome? If so, we need no preface to the volume for 1848—and we have nothing to say but to thank them for their welcome, and say Amen to their prayers.

We have gone on through a year of peculiar difficulty amid many encouragements; and no pains shall be spared to render the JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD worthy of the support of our friends.

We intend inserting in future the contributions received from Sunday Schools and Juvenile Auxiliaries: and have arranged to obtain particular accounts of the voyages of the Dove—and of the efforts of the Young Men's Missionary Association, in establishing and reviving Missionary Auxiliaries among the Young in different parts of London.

May the God of missions bless Collectors, and Contributors, and Directors, and Missionaries! May He cause his face to shine upon us, that his way may be known upon earth, and his saving health among all nations!

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



ALEXANDRIA.

OVERLAND JOURNEY TO INDIA.

THE OVERLAND JOURNEY TO INDIA.

WHEN the Baptist Missionary Society was formed, letters were sent to India by ships, and were often four or six months on the way. An answer was seldom received under twelve months.

Now things are greatly changed. Letters written in London early in October, reach Calcutta about the 20th November, or in six or seven weeks. Every fortnight they are sent from England, and every fortnight from Calcutta. Very often therefore our friends can have correspondence with England, and we may be sure that their hearts are greatly cheered by this blessing.

We intend taking our young friends a journey to India, and shall describe briefly what may be seen on the way.

On the 3rd and 20th of every month a large steamer sails from Southampton for Alexandria in Egypt. She has generally about fifty passengers on board, sometimes more, and sometimes less. She steams down the English Channel, past the Bay of Biscay, along the coast of Portugal, till she reaches Gibraltar. From Gibraltar she proceeds to Malta, and from Malta to Alexandria; carrying passengers, and merchandise, and letters.

Alexandria is a very ancient city, built by Alexander, and was in early times inhabited by the Jews, and Jewish Christians who were scattered abroad at the destruction of Jerusalem. Here all the merchandise, and letters, and passengers, are taken out of the steamer. What becomes of them afterwards we hope to tell in a future number.

THE MISSIONARY WIFE.

ARRIVAL IN BURMAH.

BY MRS. JUDSON.

ON—on—on—slowly—very slowly; but the land gradually becomes more distinct; the purple hue of the hills is changing to emerald, masses of trees appear like small clumps of shrubbery; the glass discovers to us the tiny sails of fishermen close in shore, and hark! the cry, "Amherst!" Ay, yonder point of land, with the badge of its degradation on its front, is Amherst, our first anchoring place. Nearer and nearer, tree by tree becomes visible, as it appears in relief against the sky—the palm, the cocoa, and the tamarind; and lo! on that green bank, sloping to the water, the hopia, shading the ashes of the sainted. From the highest point rises the taper spire of a pagoda, and another is built upon the rocky promontory that stretches into the bay. It must be a land of beauty; even at this distance we can but feel sure of that; but how dark! how dark! The Burman is not like

"The poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind."

He has no God, not even the Great Spirit of the Indian's hunting ground, nor the frail deities of ancient mythology. The object of his worship is a man whose ashes are scattered to the four winds of heaven, and whose soul has been for thousands of years extinct. His system is one of cause and effect, and he believes that ages of suffering in the lowest hell will be the unavoidable effect of the sins he is

THE MISSIONARY WIFE.



daily committing, while his good deeds are only an atonement to the evil. His future life is a long transmigratory round of toil and suffering, and the most glowing of his hopes, the acme of his promised bliss, is annihilation. And it is not merely one small nation that is hugging such misery, grovelling in this terrible darkness; Buddhism, in its various modifications, is the religion of more than a third of the population of the world. To kindle the fire which shall illuminate such a people, though it be at first but the faint, fitful glimmer of a rushlight, how glorious! To plant the seed of one pure principle in natures so degraded, to place one bud of hope in the core of such misery, and watch its beautiful and beautifying expansion, to hold in hand the lever which, after hundreds of years, shall elevate a mighty nation, as the barbarians of the British Isles have been elevated by that same instrument, has a glory in it which no truly wise man would barter for the sceptre of an Alexander. Good can be done everywhere; and nothing is truer than that "missionaries are needed at home," yet if I have but one morsel of bread, let me give it to the famishing; if I have a single flower, let me take it to the cell of the dying prisoner, on whose cheek the free air never plays, and who knows nothing of the pleasant sights and smells in which others are revelling. I am but an humble flower gatherer, my hand is not strong, nor my nature enterprising, and it was with no feeling of hardihood that I turned my back upon loved scenes and loved faces, no wish for "martyr fame," no expectation of making my feeble voice heard in this strange land. I bring with me no new power. I do not covet the axe that hews its way in the wilderness; God never fashioned it to my hand,

and my weak nature shrinks from grappling the unbending iron. I have a very humble but sweet mission—to scatter the few flowers I may have laid away in my heart upon a path of wearisome loneliness; to cheer the too often toilsome labourer, when crushed beneath the weight of contending duties. To this end, God grant that the smile, and the encouraging word, and the sunny heart, may never fail me!

GOOD EXAMPLES.

OUR young friends at Rochdale, under the generalship of a "little" friend, have held a bazaar, and realised £8. 10s. 6d. for the Dove. We enter it as requested, "Juvenile Bazaar, by little Miss Bartlemore, Castleton hall, Rochdale, for the Dove, £8. 10s. 6d."

Lymington, Nov. 12, 1847.

DEAR SIR,—I have no doubt it will gratify the committee and friends of the Baptist Mission Society, to be informed that the children of New Cave Sunday School have this year collected about £9 for that Society. They have used boxes, cards, and books.

We have also amongst us a very pretty model (as it is said) of the Dove and called after her name. She was built and rigged by some of the senior scholars; and when the children met to pay in their collections, she also is brought in to deliver her cargo, which adds not a little to the pleasures of the assembly. She has been once exhibited at our Annual Public Meeting, and was then well spoken of. Indeed we are always ready when we see her to say, with that honoured missionary John Williams, when he was looking on his Missionary Ship, that she is a beauty.

THE PROCESSION OF LAND CRABS.



It is very clear that Sunday scholars are good labourers in the cause, if they will give their attention to it; and there are so many ways open to them to increase the funds, that their services may be much greater if they are but prudently encouraged. Their mission ships, mission fruit-trees, mission rabbits, mission fowls, with many other things that amuse and interest children, may be made to contribute very considerably to the mission funds.

Hoping the readers of the *Juvenile Missionary Herald* will derive some useful hints from these remarks,

I am, dear Sir, yours respectfully,

THE SUPERINTENDENT.

THE PROCESSION OF LAND CRABS.

BY REV. THOMAS APPLGATE.

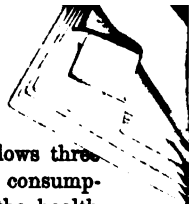
It was on a fine clear morning in the month of March that I took a walk on one of the Bahama Islands, lying just within the tropics, to reconnoitre the scenery around, and inhale the fresh air of heaven. My attention was soon arrested with the novel spectacle of an immense number of land crabs, marching in procession to the sea. These animals, unlike the rest of their class, are exceedingly curious in their habits. They are natives of the Bahamas, and take up their abode during the greater part of the year in holes of the ground, hollow trunks of trees, and other places of a similar description. Annually they repair to the sea-side to deposit their eggs, and they prepare for this migration in the months of March and April. Having mustered in considerable numbers, the procession

starts forward with all the regularity and precision of a well-disciplined army, under the guidance of an experienced commander. Their destination being the nearest coast, they move instinctively for it, in a straight line, and when intercepted in their path by houses and buildings, they prefer to scale the walls and roof, and alight on the opposite side, rather than suffer a deviation from their accustomed course. In the prosecution of this arduous enterprise nearly the whole of one side of our temporary residence was literally lined with them, and it was not a little amusing to stand and witness their manoeuvres. Should a window perchance be left open, they will be glad to spare the time and strength of a more perilous ascent, by entering that avenue unsolicited, and directing their intruding march over the bed of some heedless sleeper. Rudely assailed by their unceremonious incursions into the different apartments of our dwelling, it was necessary on several occasions, to take stick in hand, and resort to the work of expulsion in the best manner practicable.

The crabs in their march usually arrange themselves into three battalions. The first battalion consists of bold and hardy males, who go forward as pioneers to clear the route. Sometimes they are obliged to halt on the road for want of rain, and repose in the most convenient encampments, till the weather changes.

The second company comprises a large and respectable assembly of females, that seldom leave their more elevated retreats till after the rain has set in a short time; they then descend in regular columns, several paces in width, and covering the surface of the earth to an enormous extent.

THE PROCESSION OF LAND CRABS.



The third body forms the rear-guard, that follows three or four days after; this is a weakly, straggling, consumptive race of males and females, having neither the health nor the vigour of their predecessors, and looking fitter subjects for the nurse and the doctor, than for a pilgrimage to the coasts. Their chief time of travelling is in the cool of the night, when the world around them is sleeping, and the hindrances and dangers are fewer than they would be likely to encounter in the broad light of day. About two months' march in this way, brings them to their destined spot, where they immediately enter the water, wash themselves clean, and then retire to holes in the rock, and other hiding places, where they remain to the time of spawning. At such a period they once more seek for water, and shaking off their eggs, leave them to the chance of being hatched, or devoured by shoals of hungry fish that have repaired to the place for the purpose. The eggs, when they have been hatched under the sand, become productive of millions of little crabs, that may be seen slowly quitting the shore for the hilly regions. The old ones are not so active to return. They have become enfeebled and lean, and can hardly crawl about, and are therefore obliged to continue in the flat parts of the country till they recover, covering themselves over with leaves and dirt, and creeping into the holes of the rock. There they throw off their old shells, which they leave behind, nearly whole. At this time they are quite naked, and continue almost without motion for six or seven days, after which they become so fat as to be considered delicious food. In about six weeks the new shell is tolerably hard, and these singular animals may be seen gradually returning again to their haunts.

MADRAS.

[See Hymns in J. M. H. for October 1847.]

S. WESLEY.*

1st TREBLE.

2d TREBLE.

TENOR.

BASS.

ORGAN
OR
PIANO-
FORTE.

* Composed in 1835, and presented by the Compilers of the "Psalmist."

THY KINGDOM COME.



THY KINGDOM COME.

"Thy kingdom come," from day to day
We lift our hands to God and pray:
But who has ever duly weighed,
Or pondered on the words he said?

"Thy kingdom come;" a day of joy!
When praise shall every heart employ.
When hatred, strife, and battles cease,
And man with man shall be at peace.

Then all will know and love the Lord,
And live according to his word;
And every evil will remove,
For God will reign, and "God is love."

GIVE!

THE sun gives ever; so the earth,
What it can give, so much 'tis worth.
The ocean gives in many ways,—
Gives paths, gives fishes, rivers, bays.
So, too, the air, it gives us breath;
When it stops giving comes in death.
Give, give, be always giving;
Who gives not is not living.
The more you give,
The more you live.

God's love hath in us wealth upheaped;
Only by giving it is reaped.
The body withers, and the mind,
If pent in by a selfish rind.
Give strength, give thought, give deeds, give pelf,
Give love, give tears, and give thyself.
Give, give, be always giving;
Who gives not is not living.
The more we give,
The more we live.

FIRST MISSION TO BENGAL.

GOING ON.

THE chains of caste had now been broken triumphantly. Krishno Presaud, a high-caste Brahmin, married Onunda, daughter of Krishnu, the first convert, and a Sudra. In the evening the missionaries went to Krishno's, and supped with the newly-married pair and their friends, in an open shed outside the house. Many other Hindoos crowded around the shed, to gaze at the *feringas*, as they called them,—some in surprise, some in mockery. No wonder that they did, for here were half a dozen victories over caste and idolatry at once. A Brahmin married

FIRST MISSION TO BENGAL.

to a Sudra, with Christian ceremonies; white men eating with Hindoos; Hindoos of different castes eating together; a man and his wife eating at the same table; and the meal blessed by thanksgiving to the Christians' God! Such a sight was never seen in Bengal before. This happened in 1803.

The English in India, strange to say, wanted missionaries themselves, quite as much as the Bengalese. It used to be said, that when an Englishman went out to India, he left his religion behind him; and this was too true. Of course the missionaries could not bear to leave their own countrymen in darkness, while they tried so much to teach the Hindoos. Besides, they found the wickedness of the white men, many of whom *pretended* to be Christians, a sad bar in their way. Brahmins would say tauntingly, "You want us to receive your religion, but we do not see that it makes the white sahibs any better than we." When preaching was begun at Serampore, however, a great many English used to attend; and some of them found abroad, in the land of Brahma, that Saviour whom they had despised in the Christian country where they had spent their youth.

To another large class of English the missionaries were also made useful. At Berhampore a great many soldiers were stationed. Mr. Chamberlain sometimes visited the town, and once, as he was passing through it (in 1808), he thought he would see whether he could go to the barracks, and preach to the soldiers. They liked it so much that he went again and again. Many believed; and while he was away, they had services among themselves. So a little church grew up in the very midst of the army itself. Every evening, between eight and nine o'clock, they used to meet for worship, and at this hour the barracks rang with the "songs of Zion." Sometimes they would even assemble before four o'clock in the morning, they loved prayer so much; and these pious soldiers carried their Bibles about wherever they went, to read at spare minutes. A school was opened in the barracks for the soldiers' children, and for any ignorant persons who liked



to attend; and the soldiers taught in it themselves. Almost as soon as they became a church, they sent seventy-five *sicca rupees* to the mission at Serampore. They chose ministers from among their own officers and serjeants. One of these was named Forder. The motto on his helmet was, *Aspera non terrent*. Some of our young friends can translate these words themselves,—will they take the motto as their own? It often came into Mr. Chamberlain's mind afterwards, when difficulties beset him. In about two years, the regiment was ordered off to the Isle of France. It was like sending a host of new missionaries there; for these soldiers were full of zeal, and spread the Gospel wherever they went.

It was impossible that the missionary work could go on year after year, without causing much talk in the country. People everywhere, at places hundreds of miles off, began to ask each other what these things meant. If by any chance they obtained a copy of the "new Shasters," they read on, page after page, till many of them felt the sword of the Spirit enter their hearts, and they exclaimed with tears in their eyes, "We never thought the *feringas* had such good books!" On the cover they read the word "Serampore," and thither, in hopes of hearing more of this wonderful news, they set out to journey. Such was the tale many a pilgrim brought to the missionaries, as, wayworn with travel, and looking half-fearfully around at the white sahibs, but clasping the precious book which had been his guide, he entered the mission-house verandah. What joy it was to the good brethren to welcome such inquirers, and direct them to the Saviour!

When, by the above means, the Word of God began to be greatly noised abroad in the land, so that, in many cities, the inhabitants were athirst for the water of life, and when more and more labourers were sent by the Lord of the harvest into the field, it was thought that stations should be established in other places besides Calcutta and Serampore. Mr. Chamberlain very early removed to Cutwa. You remember also that Mr. Chater, when

persecuted at Calcutta, went to Burmah, the large empire in the Peninsula of Malacca. After making some inquiries there, he returned to Serampore, to say that he thought a Burman mission might be begun. But who would go with him? It was proposed to pray earnestly to God every day for a fortnight, that He would put it into the heart of some one to go. At the end of the time, Felix Carey offered himself, and was accepted. He and Mr. Chater set sail for Rangoon, and were kindly received there by the *maynoon* or governor.

There is no caste among the Burmese. Felix Carey often went into their houses; and instead of shrinking away from the polluting touch of a *feringa*, as Hindoos would have done, even the women and children would sit round him on their mats, chattering away to him, whether he understood or not, and pressing him to eat with them. The missionaries began to learn the language, and translate the Scriptures. Mr. and Mrs. Judson, the good American missionaries, were at the same time at Rangoon. Mr. Chater left Burmah, and went to Ceylon. Mr. Robinson went to Java. Jabez Carey went out to the Island of Amboyna, where he superintended forty-two native schools. Mr. N. Ward became a missionary in Sumatra. If you look at the map of Asia, you will see that the Gospel was thus spreading far and wide in many countries.

As years wore on, too, the missions in Bengal itself became more and more numerous. In 1815, Krishna was appointed the missionary at Malda. There was a great festival held there that year, to celebrate the new moon. Ten thousand people assembled. It was just at that hot season before the rains begin. Some were making merry, others performing the foolish *pojah* (worship); fakirs, miserably dressed, were begging alms, or being worshipped by the multitudes on account of their self-tortures; and a few poor creatures were swinging from poles, to which they hung by ropes fastened with hooks stuck into their flesh. Among

the crowds, one Hindoo was winding his way, employed—oh, how differently from the rest!—in offering printed books to his countrymen, and in preaching the name of Christ wherever he could gain a hearing. That was Krishna. The sun beat down on the plain—it was scorching hot—he was nearly exhausted. He went aside for a minute to the shade of a large tree. The people followed him there. “What are those things you are giving away?” they cried. “Oh! brethren,” replied Krishna, “hear a verse which is common among you,—

‘The vedahs, the sages, the sects, and the law books
Are all full of contradictions. _____
The way of the Great One, that must be followed.’

Therefore, brethren, who is this Great One? Among you are the Shaktas, the Shivyas, the Vishnouns; but in these three sects not a person can be found of boundless truth, love, and mercy. In Jesus Christ are all these complete; *he* is the Great One; therefore, despising caste, family, and honour, *him* I follow. He who believes shall have everlasting life; he who believes not must endure everlasting misery.” And when he had finished these words, some objected; but others said, “His words are right, for without perfect truth, love, and mercy, no one can be a Saviour.”

Between the years 1805 and 1830, a great many new stations were occupied. Some of them failed, and some of the converts went back to idolatry; but around most of them there grew up a little native Church of twenty, sixty, a hundred, or perhaps more members, who were faithful unto death. Serampore was still the head-quarters of the mission—the happy *home* of all missionaries to the East. All the stations sent word thither, from time to time, of their welfare; so that perhaps hardly a week passed that the three brethren there, Carey, Marshman, and Ward, the fathers of the mission, did not hear some cheering accounts from one or other of their younger brethren. Thus the work of God went on.

READ, AND BE ENCOURAGED.

LORD Chancellor King, of England, was a grocer at that period of life which is commonly spent in academical study by those destined for the profession of law. Chief Justice Pratt, of New York, having been brought up a carpenter, was led, by a severe cut from an axe, which unfitted him for work, to turn his attention to the law. Franklin, who seemed equally to excel in the conduct of the business of life, in the sublimest studies of philosophy, and in the management of the most difficult state affairs, was bred a printer. Claude, the unrivalled landscape painter, was a dull youth. Dryden gave no public testimony of his talents before he was twenty-seven. Cowper did not become an author till he was fifty. Saunderson, an illustrious mathematician, and a successor of Sir Isaac Newton, when only two years old, was deprived by small-pox not only of his sight, but of his eyes themselves, which were destroyed by abscess; yet he obtained an accurate knowledge of several languages, and published a commentary on Sir Isaac Newton's Principia. The celebrated German metaphysical philosopher, Kant, was the son of a harness maker, who lived in the suburbs of his native city, Konigsburg. Chief Justice Logan, of Pennsylvania, was apprenticed to a linen-draper; he afterward acquired a knowledge of six languages. Samuel Lee, Professor of Hebrew at the University of Cambridge, was seventeen years of age before he conceived the idea of learning a foreign language. Out of the scanty pittance of his weekly earnings as a carpenter he purchased at the book-stall a volume, which, when read, was exchanged for another, and so, by degrees, he advanced in knowledge. During six years previous to his twenty-fifth year, he omitted none of the hours usually appropriated to manual labour, and he retired to rest regularly at ten o'clock, P.M. At the age of thirty-one he had actually taught seventeen languages.

THE IDOL OF THE SUN.

Our young readers have already been informed (vol. iii. p. 244) that after the time in which the Druids were the priests of idolatry in England the light of the Gospel dawned upon our land. There is reason to believe that it was preached in this country in the times of the Apostles—some writers state that the Apostle Paul visited Britain, but of that there is, at all events, great doubt. Christianity having been introduced, continued to diffuse its saving light from one tribe to another, until all were, in some degree, enlightened, and there is no doubt that there were in those early ages many who believed in the true God. Many churches were formed after the Gospel order, consisting of the people, and their bishops, or pastors, and their deacons, public worship being conducted among the primitive Christians evidently with great simplicity. Tertullian describing the mode of public worship among the Christians in the second century, says, "In our public assemblies the Scriptures are read, psalms are sung, sermons are preached, and prayers are presented, laymen sometimes preaching, for wheresoever any are found fit among the brethren, the bishops ask them to preach unto the people."

During the time of which we have been speaking the Romans had invaded our country, and they had brought with them their false gods, but they do not appear to have been generally worshipped. Christianity still made progress, and many places of worship were erected. About the year 300, when Dioclesian reigned in Rome, the Christians in Britain were persecuted, and many were put to death; but shortly after, Constantine publicly professing Christianity, showed favour to those who were Christians: and the profession of Christianity becoming the road to

preferment, many who were not pious assumed the profession, and from this time there was much show and pomp in public worship, many ceremonies before unknown were introduced, and even some of the pagan rites and practices, with very little alteration; magnificent churches were built adorned with the pictures of saints and martyrs in imitation of the heathen temples, and the worship was hardly to be distinguished, in its outward appearance, from that of their heathen neighbours.

Thus things went on until about the year 449, when the Roman army having been withdrawn from Britain, its rulers applied to the Saxons to come over and assist in defending them from the Picts and Scots; and some of the Saxons having come, and found the country more pleasant than their own, others were invited, and they soon made themselves masters of the whole.

The Saxons were pagans, and they brought with them their false gods, and required the people to worship them. Many who refused they put to death, and others were driven into Wales and Cornwall, and others to that part of France which, in consequence, was from that time called Brittany. Thus paganism was established in the land.

We this month present to our readers the picture of the first of these Saxon gods—the idol of the sun—to whom sacrifices were offered. In the words of an ancient writer giving an account of this idol,—“He is set upright upon a pillar, his face as it were brightened with gleams of fire, and holding, with both his arms stretched out, a burning wheel upon his breast; the wheel being intended to signify the course which he runneth about the world, and the fiery gleams and brightness, the light and heat wherewith he warmeth and comforteth the things that live and grow.”



**IMAGE OF THE SUN AS WORSHIPPED BY THE
ANCIENT SAXONS.**

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



CHILD SACRIFICE.—No. I.

Our picture for the present month represents a very sad scene, the sacrifice of a child, the son of a king, in the vain hope thereby to please the false gods, and save the life of his father. Mr. Mariner gives us an account of this practice. He was on board a vessel which was taken possession

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[FEBRUARY.

of and destroyed by the people of one of the Tonga Islands, in the South Seas. The captain and crew were massacred, with the exception of Mr. Mariner, and four others, who were detained there four years; but at length Mr. M. made his escape, and returned to this country. He states that the sacrifice of children to atone for some offence of the father, or to save his life when ill, was common; and he refers particularly to two cases.

In one instance, a chief having trespassed on a burial place, which was considered sacred, the priest was appealed to as to what atonement was proper for so heinous an offence; and the priest made answer that it was necessary a child should be strangled, to appease the gods. His child, who was about two years old, was accordingly sought for; the mother heard of it; she could not bear the thought of her child being put to death, and she hid him, but he was found, and the man who had found him taking him up in his arms, he smiled with delight at being taken notice of. The poor mother wanted to follow, to prevent, if possible, the horrid deed, but she was held by those about her till it was accomplished. A band of guatoo was put round the child's neck, and Mr. Mariner says that the child, looking up in the face of the man who was about to destroy it, displayed in its beautiful countenance a smile of ineffable pleasure, such that its destroyer could not help exclaiming, as he put on the fatal cord, "Poor little innocent!" A man behind, at the same moment, took hold of the cord, and pulling it, the child was strangled, even in the moment of its smile. The corpse was then conveyed to various houses consecrated to different gods.

The other instance he refers to is very much of the same

nature. The king being very ill, his eldest son and one of the chiefs went out to procure one of his own children to be sacrificed to the gods, under the idea that their anger would thus be appeased, and the health of the father restored. Finding the child sleeping in its mother's lap, they took it away by force and strangled it, and then carried it with all speed to two consecrated houses, uttering a hurried prayer at each place to that god to interfere with the other gods on behalf of the king, and to accept of this sacrifice as an atonement for his sins. The father himself was then taken on a sort of hand-barrow, ill as he was, to different consecrated houses, but he died before they could complete their round.

A third instance is adverted to by Mr. Mariner, where a mother had become insane in consequence of her child being taken from her by force and sacrificed, to save the father's life. The king, finding her to be troublesome in consequence of her derangement, desired Mr. Mariner to shoot her; but on his stating that it was contrary to the religion in which he had been brought up, and to the laws of his country, to destroy an innocent fellow-creature in cold blood, he was excused. The king then directed a Sandwich islander who was at hand with his musket to shoot her, and he immediately levelled his piece and shot her dead.

What a shocking idea the heathen must have of their gods to believe that they can be pleased with the murder of innocent children! but wherever we look to "the dark places of the earth, they are full of the habitations of cruelty," their false gods are objects not of love but of fear; and "the father of lies," who is the author of heathen

idolatry, induces the poor deluded people to believe that their false gods are pleased with the sacrifice of human victims. Oh that the Sun of Righteousness may arise with healing in his beams, and scatter the darkness; and that the people may rejoice in his light!

A WORD FOR THE JEWS.

LITTLE Eliza had just completed her first half-year at school. A few young companions were spending an afternoon with her during the holidays, to whom she was detailing some of those juvenile adventures which to her inexperienced auditors had all the charm of novelty, though they were not in themselves either marvellous or important.

Her Papa came into the room in the midst of an animated recital of some little act of extortion one of her schoolfellows had practised, and which Eliza concluded by exclaiming, in a tone of great energy—"Was it not a Jew's trick?"

"What are you talking about, Eliza?" inquired Mr. M—.

"Oh Papa! Such a Jewish mode of getting rich!" replied the little girl, detailing the circumstances, which need not here be repeated; and fully expecting her Papa's sympathy in her indignation.

Mr. M. listened with a serious countenance, and then remarked, "Such acts are unhappily too common among Christians—so why should you call it a Jewish deed?"

"Because all the young ladies at school used to say so if any one was miserly."

"And you, no doubt, deemed that a sufficient reason for following their example?"

"I did not *think* much about it, Papa. I only did as others did."

"I believe you, my child!" answered Mr. M., gravely. "People are ever ready enough to follow the multitude to do evil."

"But, Papa, surely there is not much harm in calling any one a Jew?"

"If they are not really by birth or profession Jews, my dear, it can only be a term either of *honour* or *reproach*; for which did you intend it?"

"Oh! for reproach, certainly!"

"And do you think it a just appellation?"

"I am sure I do not know. The only Jews I have ever seen are those miserable people who sell old clothes, and look always ready to steal or cheat."

"Then as you know so very few of their nation, and those of the lowest order, it is as unfair for you to judge of all by these specimens as it would be for the Jews to select our worst criminals as examples of the Gentile race."

"Are there any other Jews, Papa?"

"Surely, my dear. In this country there are many as polished in manners, and as well educated, as the most cultivated Gentile: though their religious principles quite seclude them from mixing in general society. In many of the European courts they are to be found high in rank, and exerting an important influence on the national affairs; but they perhaps conceal their real sentiments; as in former times they have endured much oppressive persecution."

"Dear Papa! then I suppose they have schools?"

"Yes, they are extremely particular about education; and have among themselves many delightful writers, while their talents in music are unrivalled. They are also remarkable for hospitality and benevolence—not many years ago an English Jew, well known, and highly esteemed by his Christian countrymen, undertook a long and perilous journey to relieve his persecuted brethren in the East."

"Then why are not all Jews treated with greater respect?"

"Because, my dear girl, they are suffering under God's judgments for their oft-repeated disobedience to His commands, and He has condemned them to be thus '*the proverb and by-word*' of the whole earth."

"But, Papa, if God meant it for their punishment, how can it be wrong for us to use the expression you reproved me for?"

"Do you not remember, Eliza, that when our Saviour said, 'It must be that offences will come,' he added at the same time, '*but woe unto him by whom the offence cometh*?' When I came into the room just now, and heard your remark, I felt grieved that while you were really fulfilling God's prophecy you should incur this '*woe*' of which the Saviour speaks: and think you would feel happier in seeking to be among those who are foretold as trying to lessen the sufferings and withdraw the veil which at present blinds this oppressed and peculiar people: for after all, my love, we owe them a debt of gratitude which can never be repaid!"

"What do we owe to them, Papa?" asked Eliza, in unfeigned astonishment.

"The Scriptures," answered Mr. M., "which were written and preserved for us by Jews. The dear Saviour, in whose atoning sacrifice rests our only hope of pardon for sin, was a Jew, as were all the apostles and the earlier preachers of the Gospel."

"I never knew all this before!"

"I thought so, my dear, or you would have been less ready to adopt their name as an opprobrious epithet. But if you get your Bible and turn to the 11th chapter of Paul's epistle to the Romans, you will find that the Gentiles are admitted as a special favour to share in the mercies which at first seemed prepared only for God's own people, the natural descendants of His faithful '*friend*' and servant Abraham, and which were not offered to others till the Jews refused the precious boon, which the apostles were then directed to communicate to the Gentile nations of the world, who

you see are here called '*the wild olive tree*,' to signify how little claim we had upon such a blessing."

"Does God then quite cast off the Jews, Papa?"

"By no means! They are still, as the apostle affirms, 'beloved for the fathers' sake, and reserved a distinct nation to be gathered from all quarters where they are now scattered—and in God's own time restored to their native land: but during the period of their banishment it is our duty gratefully to ameliorate their condition by trying to win them to a knowledge of that Saviour without whom they are in as awful a state as the poor ignorant heathen."

"I should like to read a history of the Jews, Papa!"

"You will find it, my child, one of the most melancholy stories: such a record is it of the 'tribulation and anguish,' God has permitted in accordance with His threatenings of wrath should they prove disobedient to His will."

"I have often wondered how it is that the Jews we read of in the Old Testament seemed such good people, whilst those of the New Testament are always mentioned as wicked."

"Because those of former times whose history is more particularly recorded were those who were most obedient to God; but you remember frequent mention is made of others who from time to time rebelled and were severely punished in consequence. At last we read of their king being taken prisoner and the whole nation carried captive to Babylon. There is a long interval of 300 years between the closing of the Old Testament history and the opening of that of the New Testament. During that time Judea was a conquered province; paying tribute to foreigners; and at the period of our Lord's birth belonged to the Roman empire. As we read in the gospel, this misguided people filled up the measure of their iniquities by rejecting and putting to death the Saviour. Ever since then, the mode of their existence in every land has proved how fully has the curse they invoked been poured out upon them when, in reply to Pilate refusing to condemn

'*that just person,*' the enraged Jews exclaimed, 'His blood be upon us and upon our children!'

"Papa, I will not reproach a Jew again. I am sure God's punishment is enough."

"God's anger is more than any one can bear! What an astonishing mercy that He should so overrule their actions that the very Victim so cruelly and unjustly executed should thus procure peace and pardon for the whole world: and we Gentiles may feel very thankful that there is now no difference between the Jew and the Greek, for the same Lord over all is rich in mercy unto all that call upon him—for '*whosoever*' shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved!"

Jerusalem! Jerusalem! enthroned once on high,
Thou favoured home of God on earth, thou heaven below the sky!
Now brought to bondage with thy sons, a curse and grief to see!
Jerusalem, Jerusalem! our tears shall flow for thee.

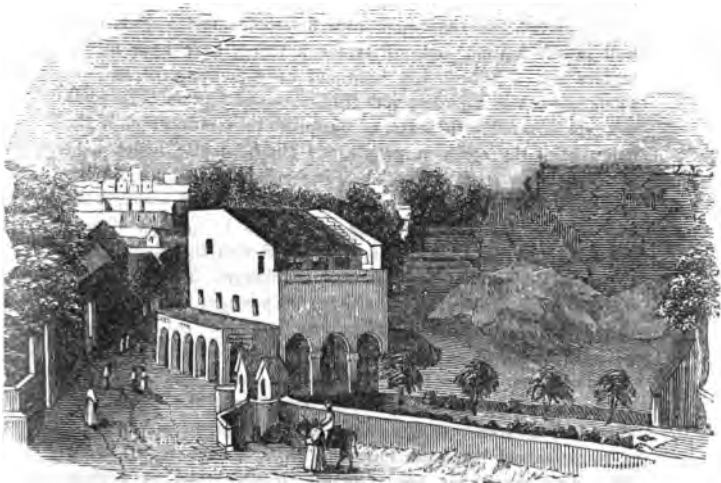
Oh hadst thou known thy day of grace, and flocked beneath the
wing
Of Him who called thee lovingly, thine own anointed King;
Then had the tribes of all the world gone up thy pomp to see,
And glory dwelt within thy gates, and all thy sons been free!

"And who art thou that mournest me?" replied the ruin grey,
"And fear'st not rather, that thyself may prove a cast-away.
I am a dried and withered branch, my place is given to thee;
But woe to every barren graft of thy wild olive tree!

"Our day of grace is sunk in night; our time of mercy spent;
For heavy was my children's crime, and strange their punishment;
Yet gaze not idly on our fall, but, sinner, warned be,
He who spared not his chosen seed may send his wrath on thee!

" *Our* day of grace is sunk in night; *thy* noon is in its prime ;
Oh turn and seek thy Saviour's face in this the accepted time.
So, Gentile, may Jerusalem a lesson prove to thee,
And in the New Jerusalem thy home for ever be !"

E. W. P.



Muttra, Oct. 5th, 1847.

TO THE TEACHERS AND CHILDREN OF THE
MAZE POND SABBATH-SCHOOL.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—At last I send you a drawing of the
Maze Pond school-house in Muttra. It is by a pious officer in

the Company's Horse Artillery, who is the only Christian friend to whom I can speak in this place. If you compare this drawing with the last, you will see that several additions have been made. A school-room has been added above, the same length as the lower one, but not quite so high. It has only a straw-covered verandah, instead of a solid portico, as the one below. The winding path behind terminates in a flight of steps leading to this second school-room. Below, the long verandah thatching has been removed, and the whole made flat-roofed, and a gate, wall, well in the corner, and pillars for a swing, have been made: besides this a hillock has been cut away in the yard, and the whole laid out as a garden, with fruit-trees and flowers. The walls too, are covered with texts of Scripture in Hindi, which is the language of the common people, and the front with a doxology and the angels' song at Bethlehem in Sanskrit, the language of the learned. The whole attracted great attention at first amongst the natives, and the Scriptures are often read by groups of new comers. The boys, of course, are pleased with the change, and they brought many of the fruit-trees and flowers. The swing, you may fancy, is a pleasant exercise for the younger boys when not in school. I am happy to inform you, that the school is entirely paid for by the kindness of Christian friends in this country, many of whom live far from Muttra, and one is the Lieutenant-Governor of Agra. I have lately transferred the school and chapel on my own premises to the Baptist Missionary Society.

In the school itself, the following changes have taken place: The Hindi school has been removed up-stairs, and an English school has been formed below, of those boys only who can read and write their own language. This has been conducted by a head master and second master to the present, the first receiving forty rupees per month, and the other ten rupees. I have now engaged, and am daily expecting, a pious young man, a member of the Baptist church in Agra, who has been educated in Dr.

Duff's famous school, to take charge of the school. He will receive fifty rupees, or five pounds a month.

In the Hindi school we are endeavouring to form two departments, the high and low. In the high school, an excellent youth will take the place of my native preacher; his name is Matthew Brown. He is one of the orphan boys trained up by the American missionaries at Futtegurh, not far from this. I hope he and his wife love the Saviour, though he has not yet made a profession of religion. In this school I hope to teach the boys History, Geography, Astronomy, Chemistry, and Natural History, in addition to their common studies. Portions of Scripture, and hymns will be also committed to memory. We have some hopes in future years, when this school gets a name, to obtain the head boys of village and town-schools, conducted by heathen.

The lower school will consist of those who are learning to read, write, and cipher. This will be conducted by the old pundit, who will be removed to the verandah.

The expense of these three schools will be about one hundred rupees a month. I have already subscriptions, including yours, to the amount of nearly seventy rupees, and shall make a vigorous effort to obtain three more subscribers at ten rupees a month. I have no doubt, but that the gracious God who has helped me hitherto, will continue to assist me in supporting the school.

I am happy to inform you, that for months we have commenced the school by prayer, that the new youths cheerfully attend our Sabbath morning service, and that of their own accord, they asked for copies of the New Testament in the Roman character. They read without hesitation any religious books we put in their hands.

Yours very affectionately,

THOMAS PHILLIPS.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

ISAIAH xxxvii. 29.—“I will put my hook in thy nose.”

The cow, the tame buffalo, the bear, &c. in the East Indies, are frequently seen with rings in their noses, through which a cord is drawn, and the beast guided by it, as the horse is guided by the bit of the bridle. The Hindoos compare a person who is the slave of another, to a cow led by the ring in her nose.

2 SAMUEL xii. 20.—“Then David arose from the earth, and washed, and anointed himself, and changed his apparel, and came into the house of the Lord, and worshipped.”

Bathing, anointing the body with oil, and changing his apparel, are, among the Hindoos, the first outward signs of coming out of a state of mourning, or sickness.

PSALM ciii. 15, 16.—“As for man his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone.”

The above passage seems particularly illustrated in Upper India. Mrs. Makepeace, of Agra, writes thus: “I think the wind there mentioned must refer to the hot wind, for really that does pass over the grass, and ‘it is gone.’ The fields after a little rain appear quite green in an hour or two; but no sooner does the hot wind blow than the grass withereth, and ‘it is gone.’

“But I think another passage is even better illustrated than that. Christ said to his disciples, ‘He that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet, but is clean every whit.’—John xiii. 10. When the Hindoos wish to purify themselves, they go to the river and wash; sometimes they live many miles from it, consequently their feet get dirty before they reach home; they therefore take a small vessel called a *lota*, in which they carry some of the water home, and standing on a stone placed for the purpose at their door, they wash their feet before entering the house.”

THE KETTERING SCHOOL,
AND THEIR VISIT TO THE DOVE.

ON Friday, the 15th of October, we had a most interesting excursion with some of the children of Kettering and Refuge Sabbath-Schools, to see the Missionary Vessel.

The children at Kettering had been anticipating the arrival of the happy day, with much pleasure. About four o'clock in the morning some of those that had to walk to Falmouth (a distance of ten miles) assembled in the chapel, and began singing "God speed the Dove," and after a great deal of good humour and laughing started on their journey, and as they went they stopped at the different houses to call for some of their schoolfellows, and in passing along their merry laugh resounded through the village. At nine o'clock we arrived in Falmouth, and found nearly one hundred children who assembled at the Suffield School-room; when, after singing a little, they marched in procession to the wharf, accompanied by the captain, whose boat was there in waiting, and took two or three trips with the girls, a few teachers going with each party; a larger boat was provided for the boys. After all the necessary arrangements were made, and the children had been shown down into the state cabin in parties of six at a time, they seated themselves on deck and sang that pretty piece in the *Juvenile Herald* for February, 1845, which commences with "God speed the Dove;" they then had two nice buns each and a glass of beverage, after which they sang another hymn called the *Message of Mercy*, which is in the March number of the same volume. When they had concluded the hymn the *Missionary Box* was handed round, and we collected £1 16s. 6d. from the teachers and children; then the elder girls of the Kettering school presented each of the men with a shirt of their own making, and after singing a verse of another hymn, the mate of the Dove (Mr. Irish) concluded with a short and very appropriate prayer. The boats were then brought alongside, and the children returned as

they came. The last party were rowed round the vessel, and the children in it immediately, on seeing the figure head, struck up of their own accord "God speed the Dove." After going about the town a little to see it and enjoy themselves, they set out on their journey homewards, and in returning in the evening we passed numerous groups of happy children whose cheerful faces beamed with delight as they conversed on the pleasing events of the day.

And we trust that it will be a day long to be remembered by those who so much enjoyed it, and above all we hope that it will be the means of stirring up in the minds of the children a lively interest in the African mission.

Let not our English readers forget the Dove.

FACTS TO THINK ABOUT.

FROM THE BIBLE CLASS MAGAZINE.

THERE are in the world about 800,000,000 of souls.

Of these Christianity is professed by,

Roman Catholics	80,000,000
Protestants	70,000,000
Greek Church	50,000,000

200,000,000

2. There are who never hear the gospel,

Jews, blinded by unbelief	5,000,000
MOHAMMEDANS, deluded by the false prophet	140,000,000
PAGANS, sunk in idolatry and superstition .	455,000,000

600,000,000

3. Amongst these 600,000,000, there are only about 1,400 Protestant missionaries, independent of native catechists and schoolmasters, and including those of America, Great Britain, and the Continent of Europe, or ONE missionary to every 428,571 persons.

4. The entire sum of money raised by the churches of Great Britain for missionary purposes is about £350,000, and by those of America £150,000; making together £500,000; a sum only equal to the annual gifts of idolaters at Kalce's temple at Calcutta.

5. If every sabbath scholar in Great Britain would collect only one penny per week for Christian missions, it would raise £433,333. 6s. 8d. per year; which, divided amongst the different missionary societies, would enable them to print twice as many books, establish twice as many schools, support twice as many missionaries, and occupy twice as many stations.

6. Of the heathen world,

20,000,000 die every year;

54,794 die every day;

2,283 die every hour;

38 die every minute.

At this rate, 36,860,000,000 have died during the Christian era, and 6,540,000,000 since the Reformation.

Reader, what influence should these facts have upon your mind? Let them lead to devout prayer, and holy effort for the speedy conversion of the world.

A WILLING GIVER.

At a collection made at a church in Dundee, which amounted to £300, the following lines were written on the back of a bank note:

What! called again to give still more,
 Although I gave so much before!
 This surely must oppression be,
 To give so much continually.
 Nay—doth not God in mercy give
 Each gift and blessing that I have?
 He lent me this, and I shall then
 Most freely give it back again.

A NEW ZEALAND IDOL.

THE idol represented by the annexed engraving was brought from New Zealand, and is one of the best looking of their idols. When that country was first visited by ships from Great Britain all the people were gross idolaters, and were continually engaged in wars one with another, in which great cruelties were committed. There was some fear at first that missionaries would not be safe amongst them, but they felt the missionaries to be their friends, and have protected them.



Through the Divine blessing on the labours of the missionaries many thousands have been brought to the knowledge of Jesus Christ as the Saviour of sinners; but many, alas! still remain in ignorance and sin, and a prejudice against the Christian religion is unhappily produced in their minds by the sinful conduct of some of our countrymen who have been supposed by them to be Christians, because they have gone from a country called Christian, but who have been only heathens at last. How awful it is that in a country where there are so many religious advantages there should be multitudes still living without God and without hope! Let all our readers become little Home Missionaries, and use every effort, with earnest prayer to God for its success, for the conversion of those around them. Blessed be God, we read of instances of children in heathen lands deeply concerned for the best interests of others. May the children of heathens not rise in judgment against us!

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



THE OVERLAND JOURNEY TO INDIA.

No. II.

IN our January Number we noticed the arrival of the steamer at Alexandria, with her passengers and goods. Here all are transhipped into the canal-boat, and borne

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[MARCH.

along from Alexandria to Cairo. At Cairo they leave the boat, and mount the camels which are kept there to carry them across the desert to Suez.

The journey from Cairo to Suez is about eighty miles, and is often fatiguing to the traveller. To mount your camel requires a good deal of art. The following is the process, as described by Dr. Wilson.

"The animal, directed by a peculiar cry from its driver—a strong guttural hiss, which it is difficult to describe, and as difficult to imitate—squats itself upon its belly, with its fore-legs bent under it. The rider, seizing it with his left hand by the mane, or laying hold of the front elevation of the saddle, or frame-work which acts as a substitute, throws his right leg across its back with all possible agility. Retaining his hold, he preserves himself from falling, by making an inclination forward, while it accomplishes the first act of its rising by getting upon its fore-knees. The moment that it has achieved this motion, he has to prepare himself, for its second effort, its springing upon its hind-legs by a single bound, which he does by laying hold of the other elevation of the saddle, and inclining backward, in order to prevent himself from being precipitated over its head. Its last movement, which restores its fore-feet to their use, requires him again to pitch himself forward, still nicely balancing himself by his powers of prehension as well as he can. The affair of lowering the camel and dismounting is exactly the reverse of that now mentioned. All this is awkward enough to the pure novice, but a little experience makes the matter quite easy."

The value of the camel to the poor Arab, and its suit-

ableness for the country in which it lives, are well described in the following lines:—

“We have all had occasion to notice the wonderful adaptation by the God of creation, of the camel to the purposes for which it is designed. Its bony structure is remarkably large and strong, and firmly knitted together, to enable it to carry a heavy load. It has but a small proportion of flesh to its bulk; and it consequently requires only a comparatively small quantity of nourishment, which it finds in the few tender herbs and thorny bushes, which here and there grow in its barren abodes, and for the quick despatch of which its cuspidating teeth, in the view of future rumination, are so peculiarly fitted. Its quadruple stomach, with the folds and cells of its capacious paunch, is so large and conveniently arranged, that it can carry a supply of water to last it for a week, and can use it at its convenience, as thirst demands, when it is far distant from wells, and fountains, and streams. The additional joints in its legs, and the knobs or callosities on its knees and thighs, enable it to kneel and crouch to receive the load which it meekly allows to be placed upon its back. The large hump upon its shoulders, which the casual observer is apt to view as a sheer deformity, allows a fixture and pad to be placed upon it, to prevent the load from sliding backwards or forwards when it moves among the roughnesses through which it has to pass, and affords nourishment to the animal, by the process of absorption, when the supply of food becomes scanty or is altogether exhausted. Its broad and expansive foot keeps it from sinking in the sand of the desert. Its contractile nose keeps it from suffocation, when the sand, raised by the

storm, is rained over it and around it in all directions, and preserves from injury the acute sense of smell by which it is distinguished. It forms both the wealth and the life of the Arabs. When the sons of the desert meet one another, they add to their salutations the question, How are your camels? thus marking the deep interest which they take in them as articles of property. I can scarcely reconcile that sympathy which they justly bear to them, with their proneness to devour them when dead; and, independently of religious grounds, I admire that Divine wisdom which interdicted them to the Jews as articles of food."

ON THE STATE OF YOUNG CHILDREN IN SOME PARTS OF AFRICA.

BY JOHN CLARKE.

At the river Bonny a little child is obtained from its parents, by the Djhu Djhu men, who is trained up for some years to act a part for their interest; and, at the end of that period, she is offered in sacrifice on the bar of the river. This is done, they say, to propitiate the spirit which resides there, to induce him to deepen the bar, that large vessels may be able to pass over it, and that much trade may come to their town. All the young grow up in ignorance, and are left to follow, without restriction, the desires of their own hearts. King Pepple said the men were all engaged in war with the people of Andony, but he saw nothing to prevent the young from attending to the instructions the missionaries proposed to impart. One boy had been to Liverpool, and could read the New Testament with fluency. At Old Calabar the cruel practice of putting twins to death, universally prevails. The cause I could not ascertain. The mother is banished to the yam farm, to labour among the slaves. If the husband be so disposed, he

may visit her there ; but the laws, or customs, of the country, do not admit of her return to town, to take her place among the other females, who are called his wives.

The Baynng country is far inland, and is overrun by a predatory race called Bati. These are mounted on horses, and carry fire-arms, and tents. They overspread a whole district, and remain there for two or three years, until the country is laid waste, and the people, for the most part, sold into slavery, or consumed by famine and the sword. A great chief among the Baynngs, has joined with the Bati, in oppressing and in destroying his countrymen, and a number of towns and districts have been laid waste.

The slaves are driven in coffes to a place above Wdy, called the Baynng slave market, and are there sold for about three pieces of cloth, and are brought up into all the countries near to the coast in the Biafrian region. At Diwalla, and at Bimbia, they are sold at from six to eight pieces of cloth, each piece valued in Africa at four dollars. The sufferings of old people and of young children have been described to me by several of these slaves, and ought deeply to affect our hearts. They are of one blood with us, we have one God, who made us, and one Saviour who died to redeem men in every land, and of every name. The misery of the people is severe, though they feel it not ; and as Christians, and as men, we should seek to relieve the sufferings of mankind. Old people are cut down in the war, or left to perish, by the cruel conquerors. Infants unable to endure a long journey into slavery, are thrown into the flames arising from the huts which are burning around. Those who do not fall in battle, are taken prisoners, or fly to other districts, where they hide themselves in the wood, steal provisions by night, and are soon hunted out by their own countrymen, and without pity or remorse are sold into hopeless slavery.

At Bimbia, when a female dies, and leaves behind her an infant child, no relative dare give suck to the helpless babe. The belief

is that, by doing so, any mother would bring herself under the curse of barrenness, and that her own child would become insecure and liable to be mistaken by the evil spirit for the orphan who might be without the charms considered necessary to secure from sickness and death. We have two children now under our care at Bimbia, who were to have been buried in the arms of their parents, in the grave. This practice is common, but was unknown to us until the present year; we now set our faces against it, and hope that in a short time the religion of mercy and love, will over-spread the regions now covered with misery, pollution, and death.

From the "Kingston Evangelist."

WEYMOUTH.

THE children connected with the Baptist Sunday-School, Weymouth, held their third quarterly meeting, on Sunday afternoon, January 16th, when suitable addresses were delivered, by the minister and superintendent. The amount of the contributions for the quarter was £2. 4s. 0d.; the two preceding quarters realised £4. 18s. 0d.; so that they hope to realise £10 this year, by a little increase of exertion: considering the number of children in the school, most of whom are very poor, this must be regarded as highly creditable. One of the dear young friends brought 3s. 6d., which she had earned by knitting some fancy things, and it was pleasing to witness the joy which was lighted up on her countenance as she held out the money she was about to offer to the cause of Christ. She appeared to feel "it was more blessed to give than to receive."

Surely no Sabbath-school ought to be without its Juvenile Missionary Auxiliary.

J. E. R.

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE DOVE,

Up to the 31st January, 1848.

Our friends have begun well!

	£.	s.	d.		£.	s.	d.
Accrington	1	11	7	Devonshire Square	0	16	6
Ballina	1	13	9	Islington Green Bi-			
Biggleswade	1	0	0	ble Class	0	10	0
Boston	0	8	3	Pentonville, Vernon			
Bridgend S. S.	0	10	0	Chapel	1	8	0
Bridgnorth	0	10	0	Regent Street, Lam-			
Bridport	0	15	0	beth, Collected by			
Brixham	0	15	0	Teachers	1	8	0
Chipping Norton ..	0	13	0	Ditto by the Chil-			
Chatham—				dren	2	9	0
Providence Chapel	0	16	0	Luton	1	11	6
Cottenham S. S.	1	16	0	Lyme S. S.	0	5	0
Gold Hill	0	9	2	Magor	0	10	0
Great Ellingham ..	0	13	6	Manchester—			
Ditto S. S.	0	17	8	Union Chapel	2	2	0
Haddenham S. S. ..	1	11	0	Middleton Cheney ..	1	8	6
Harlow	1	4	0	Montrose	0	10	2
Haslingden	1	0	0	Newark	1	2	0
Heywood S. S.	0	16	0	Newmarket	1	0	0
Hornecastle S. S.	1	0	0	Oswestry	0	5	0
Ipswich—				Paulton	0	19	0
Stoke Green	0	16	4	Ditto S. S.	0	15	2
Leamington	1	0	0	Perth	2	11	1
London—				Piddington	0	10	0
Collected by Miss				Preston	1	0	0
S. Peto	3	16	0	Riddings	1	4	0

	£.	s.	d.		£.	s.	d.
Rochdale—				Thornbury	1	1	3
Juvenile Bazaar, by				Upwell S. S.	0	11	0
Miss Bartlemore	8	10	6	Waltham Abbey ..	0	10	6
Romsey	0	10	2	Wellington S. S., Had-			
Ross	0	11	6	ley	0	12	0
Rugby	1	17	0	Wem	0	3	0
Shrewsbury	0	7	0	Weston Turville	0	10	0
Ditto S. S.	2	3	6	Winscombe	1	0	0
Stonehouse	1	10	0				
Swaffham	0	13	6				
					£64	5	4

POPERY UNCHANGED.

IN an account published by the "Institution for the Propagation of the Faith," the Popish Missionary Society, there are several curious stories told. A native of New Caledonia had fallen sick, and the missionary tells us in the following words how he was healed. The letter is dated August 13, 1846.

"Perhaps he would have been relieved by bleeding, and, in spite of the little experience I have in surgery, I would have decided upon performing the operation, but I dare not even think of this expedient, for, had the patient sunk after the remedy, his countrymen would not have failed to report that we had butchered him. In this extremity I deemed it the most expeditious course to address myself to Heaven: I conjured Mary to preserve the life of the savage, who was yet incapable of baptism, and I promised her to recite beads several times, and to celebrate several masses in honour of her immaculate heart. The good virgin did not leave me long in pain—five days after my prayer, and after I had, as my only remedy, placed a miraculous medal round the neck of the sick man, she restored him to health: he has now returned to San Christoral."

THE BIBLE'S ONLY FAULT.

"ONE evening, on accosting a fine old man, he said, with much vivacity, 'I never before was spoken to by an Englishman in my own language: this is a pleasure! When we go to the airdars, (government officers,) they say, *Kone hi?* Now, that is not our language, it is the Turks' language;* and we do not like to be talked to as if we were Turks.' He went on to say, that he knew I must be the Goobee padre; and that he was a gowrda from Mukanaikanak-worté, a place many miles distant. After some conversation on religion, he said, 'Some time ago, one of our people went to your house: you took him into your room, and said a great deal of sense to him, and gave him a book. He brought it home. It was the first book† that had ever been in our town, and we were all delighted. We assembled, and read it together. It was certainly a very wise book, but had one fault that much surprised us all.' Of course, I requested to know what the fault was. 'Oh, I must not tell you; for you would be angry.' A Hindu will trust to anything about an Englishman sooner than his temper. Having repeatedly assured the good man that he need not fear, he at length said, but not without a look askance, to see if my countenance grew stormy, 'The fault was this: it would not allow of any God but one! Now, what do you say to that?' He evidently regarded this, the first truth of all truths, as a grave blemish in a book otherwise distinguished by its wisdom."—*From Arthur's "Mission to the Mysore."*

* Hindostani, spoken by the Mussulmans.

† That means, the first printed book, to describe which, as distinguished from their own manuscript works, they have adopted our word.

THE HINDOO'S CONSOLATION.

[Among the many anecdotes related by the Rev. Mr. Johnson, missionary from Ceylon, at a meeting in Pinfold Street School Room, to form a Missionary Association in Birmingham, was one of a poor catechist who, amid the racking pains of the cholera, uttered no cry of impatience, and no exclamation save "Christ is precious."]

THE pestilence's sickening breath
Swept silently along,
And thickly flew the shafts of death
Amid the city's throng.
And many a groan, and plaintive cry,
And piercing shriek arose ;
And many a lately brilliant eye
Was sunk in death's repose.
And up to idol gods was sent
The wild and fervent prayer,
Which pierced the lowering firmament,
But found no idol there.

Among the dying and the dead
Was one, whose ebon face
A sweet and holy calm o'erspread,
Through heaven's all-conquering grace.
His soft and mildly-beaming eye
Bespoke no phrensied brain,
But "Christ is precious !" was his cry,
'Midst agonising pain.

Nor could the throes that racked his frame
Draw one impatient word
From him who thus had learned to claim
The Saviour as his Lord.

Oh ! precious faith, that thus has power
 To conquer pain and woe,
 Most precious in affliction's hour
 To those its sweets who know.
 Oh ! precious object of our love,
 Whose kindly aid is given
 To raise the pang-torn soul above
 The woes of earth—to heaven !
 To thee may all the nations turn,
 Till, like the poor Hindoo,
 Each child of Adam's race may learn
 That "Christ is precious" too.

Spread, spread the Gospel Banner high,
 Britannia,—spread it wide !
 The charter of thy sovereignty
 O'er ocean's foaming tide.
 "Ships, colonies, and commerce," all
 To thee in trust were given,
 That distant lands might hear that call
 Which sounded once from heaven.
 By thee, where'er extends thy reign,
 Be Jesus' flag unfurled ;
 And still thy empire shall remain
 The wonder of the world.

THOMAS RAGG.

HINDRANCES TO THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL IN INDIA.—CASTE.

THERE were originally but four castes, or classes—the *Brahmans*, (priests,) *Kshatriyas*, (soldiers,) *Vaisyas*, (merchants,) *Sudras*, (labourers.) With the exception of the first, or *Brahmans*,

these have been subdivided into about forty castes; so that there are now as many as there are professions, or trades, among the people. These castes have no social intercourse with each other.

They cannot intermarry, nor eat together, nor live in the same house, and sometimes not in the same village. They are almost as much estranged from each other as from foreigners. They have but little sympathy for one another—become anti-social, and the ties which bind society in Christian lands are there severed.

This system is also a great obstacle to the Missionary of the Cross. He cannot enter the houses of the Hindu, nor find access to the family circle, and there, in a friendly manner, preach Christ. He is deemed unclean, because without caste; and his footsteps cannot cross the threshold of the poorest Hindu without polluting his house. The missionary has, however, access to thousands in the bazars, by the wayside, in the gates, and at the festivals held in honour of the gods, and may thus preach the Gospel to multitudes. The consequences of losing caste have hitherto been fearful. The breach of it has been followed by banishment from the paternal roof; a total estrangement of the nearest friends; of father and mother, brothers and sisters, and even wife and children; a confiscation of property, and the severest persecutions. But caste is beginning to lose its hold on the minds of the people. Its spell is broken.

Many of the most enlightened and influential Hindus in Calcutta have formed themselves into a society, for the very purpose of abolishing this system. They have themselves eaten the abomination of the Hindus, *beef*, and drunk wine, which with them is being a *Christian*. Their example is beginning to influence hundreds of their countrymen in various parts of India; and they are waiting to throw off the trammels, which, for ages, caste has imposed upon them.—*Foreign Missionary Chronicle*.

GUADAMA.

WE this month present to our readers a picture of Guadama, or Boodh. He is worshipped by the people of Burmah, Siam, Thibet, Tartary, and several other countries, and by, probably, half the population of China. This appears, therefore, to be the most prevalent form of idolatry upon earth. It is stated to have been the ancient religion of all Western India, and that the Brahminical superstitions were the inventions of later times. It is indeed probable that all the idolatrous systems of religion which have ever existed in the world have had a common origin, and have been modified by the various fancies and corruptions of different nations. Idolatry is essentially the same wherever it exists; it is everywhere abominable in its principle and its rites, and is always productive of misery. In support of this statement, that all the idolatrous systems had the same origin, we would mention that in Burmah the days of the week are called by the names of the planets; the first day from the sun, the second from the moon, and so on, as we find it to have been among the Saxons, and also among the Romans.

Guadama is stated to have been the son of a king of Benares, and to have been born about six hundred years before Christ. The sacred books, as they are called, state that he had previously lived in four hundred millions of worlds, and passed through innumerable conditions in each—a worm, a fly, a fish, and so on. That his height

was nine cubits ; and that his ears were so beautifully long as to hang upon his shoulders. That he became



Bodhi at thirty-five years of age, and at eighty entered

into annihilation with five hundred priests; and that there will be another Boodh in about seven or eight thousand years.

It is remarkable that among all nations there is a tradition that our race was originally pure and happy. In the case of the Boodhists, their sacred writings state that the first of our race lived much longer than any live at present: in their extravagant and romancing way, they say that men lived as many years as there would be drops of rain if it continued to rain for three years; but that, in consequence of the falling off in virtue, life has been gradually contracted to eighty years.

The framers of this system appear to have taken as their basis the philosophy of the ancient schools of Greece. It is not so gross and impure as the Brahmanic system, which, in consequence of the depravity of men's hearts, became prevalent in Hindostan; in consequence of which the Boodhists were persecuted and expelled that country.

We have stated that probably half the population of China worship Guadama. The name they give to him in that country is Foe. That is not, however, the state religion, which is the system of Confucius.

There is still another system of idolatry in China, called Taon, which is very hard to be understood, and has very few followers.

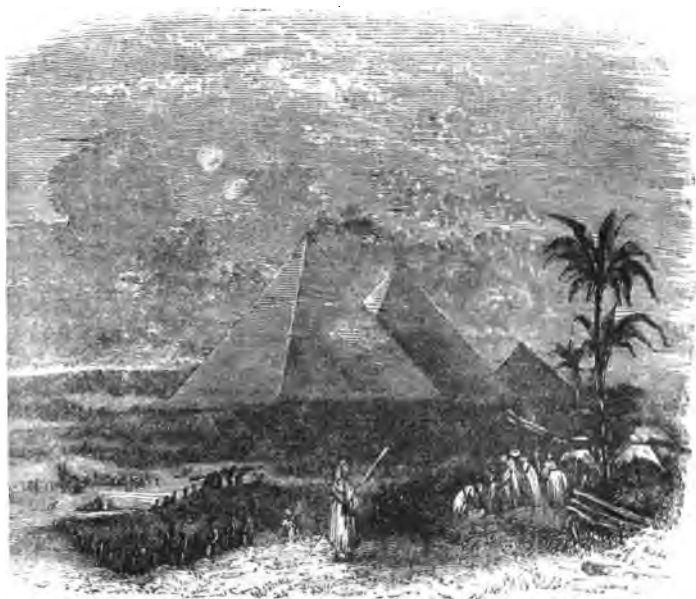
We have stated that the different systems of idolatry appear to have had the same origin, and that the days of the week in Burmah are named from the same gods as those in Europe. It is the same in China, at the distance of many thousand miles; and in illustration of this we would present to you their Jupiter, or god of thunder,

after whom the fifth day of their week is named. He is represented holding a thunderbolt in one hand, and a



truncheon in the other, with which he strikes the kettle-drums around him.

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



THE PYRAMIDS.

OVERLAND JOURNEY TO INDIA.

THE OVERLAND JOURNEY TO INDIA.

THE PYRAMIDS.

Nor far from Cairo, whence the traveller starts on his camel for Suez, lie the celebrated Pyramids of Gizeh. The distance from Cairo is a few miles only, and donkeys may always be had to take the traveller to see them. The traveller and his donkey both cross the Nile at Gizeh, and a ride of five miles brings him to these wonders of the world. The largest of the pyramids stands on twelve acres of ground, and is now 450 feet high. It is upwards of six million tons weight, and is said to have been built by Cheops.

The whole seem to have been erected as burial-places for the kings of Egypt; and in the interior of the largest are small chambers which were used for this purpose. Stone coffins and mummies, or bodies embalmed, are still found in them. A quaint and witty author says of them, that they are too "great a morsel for time to devour." They survive a hundred successive generations of men.

LITTLE HOME MISSIONARIES.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—I once heard a minister at a missionary meeting say, "I hope that, among the young people who are present, there are some who, when they have grown up and become men and women, will become missionaries: but, I should like to know whether they are making themselves useful now—whether they are little home missionaries while they are

children." The mention of little home missionaries in the last number pleased me very much, and I have thought I should like to ask you the question—I love children and I like to see them happy, and those are always the most happy who are best employed. But, I think I see some of you smiling and asking, "What do you mean? I like to be busy, and I wish to be happy; how can I be a little home missionary?"—Well, perhaps, the best way to show you what I mean, is to tell you a little about others who have been little home missionaries, some in one way, and some in another, but all with the desire to do good to others.

There are some who, when they have learned to read, have taken their Bibles or Testaments home to read them to their father and mother: one little girl said to her sick mother, as she read, "Is not that a sweet verse, mother?" and another asked her father who was living regardless of religion, whether she should read him one of her beautiful chapters while he took his meal, and tell him what teacher had said about it.

There was a little boy who, when his mother was dying, was found praying by her bedside, that God would comfort her in her dying hour, and when she died receive her to himself; and the woman told a visitor, who came to see her, that it was through that dear child she had learned those truths which were her support in the prospect of death.

I might tell you of a little boy of seven years old who used to go to the workhouse and read his Testament to a poor old man—and of a little girl who was in the habit of taking her Bible, and reading it, and praying with a poor widow who was sick: one day, having received sixpence as a reward, she gave that to the widow, though it was all she had—the poor woman described her to a visitor, who came in, by a beautiful title: she said—"She is a little angel;" and I cannot help thinking she was very much like one. On being afterwards asked what had induced her to do as

she had done, she replied, that she had read that "pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father was this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep herself unspotted from the world," and she wished to fulfil both.

I have heard of a good many children who, having learned to read in the Sunday-school, afterwards taught their parents, in order that they might be able to read the sacred Scriptures for themselves. One boy, having requested of his teacher books by which he might teach his mother, being afterwards asked how she got on, replied, "Oh, she has not patience enough; but grandmother is learning!" Perhaps the fact was, that he had not sufficient patience; but we will hope that that was not so. One little girl was so determined her father should not lose time, that she began with him when she knew only A B C, and then, as she told her teacher, when she had learned D E F, she taught him them too.

It is delightful to think how many children, who loved the Lord Jesus Christ, have prevailed upon their parents to attend a place of worship: one little girl intreated her mother to go and hear how beautifully the minister talked about Jesus Christ; and another offered to take care of the baby that her mother might go; and it is delightful to know that, in many instances, parents thus attending have been converted to God.

But it is not only to their own families that these little home missionaries have tried to be useful. There was a little boy who in going to school, observed many shops open, on the Sabbath-morning, and, knowing this was wrong, he got some tracts on the observance of the Sabbath, and left them at one and another of those shops: in a few weeks he had the pleasure of seeing ten of those shops shut up. I was a little amused on reading the account of another boy whose parents compelled him to go with them to a fair: he determined that, if he must go, he would not be

idle, so he took some tracts with him, and gave them away in the fair, and the next morning, before he returned to his home, he went round the village and told all the children what a pleasant place a Sunday-school was, and persuaded many of them to attend it.

Another lad who prized his school, was used, in going to it, to invite all the children he met : one morning meeting with a boy who was lame, he invited him ; " Oh," said the boy, " I should be glad to go, but I am so lame I cannot walk so far." " Oh, is that all ?" said he, if you are willing to go I will carry you on my back;" and from that time he carried him every Sabbath on his back to and from school. I have read of another lad, a Sunday scholar at Sheffield, who in going to a prayer-meeting saw a party of wicked boys gambling ; knowing one of them, he intreated him to leave such company and go with him ; the boy objected, saying he should be called a Methodist. " Ah," said his friend, " it would be much worse being called an impenitent sinner at the judgment, and condemned." The boy felt this, and he went with him, and afterwards became a very pious lad.

The old proverb says, " Where there is a will there is a way," and there are very few difficulties which may not be overcome where the heart is engaged. There was a girl of twelve years old, who lived in a village in which there was no Sunday-school ; she felt earnestly desirous of instruction, and walked every Sunday to the neighbouring town, then tried to persuade the other girls in the village to do the same ; but not succeeding, she began to think how she could secure their instruction and yet not give up her school. She determined on opening a school in her mother's cottage every Saturday afternoon : her mother cheerfully assented to this, and thus she collected thirty scholars, whom she instructed herself, opening the school by singing a hymn and praying : to encourage

them to come, she rewarded the most diligent with the tickets she had gained at her own Sunday-school.

There is another class of little home missionaries—young servants in families, like the little Israelitish maid in the house of Naaman the Syrian, but her history is so very interesting I cannot find it in my heart merely to refer to it at the end of this letter. I will, therefore, if the editor will permit me, tell you what I have to say about her in another number. In the mean time, I hope that each of you will be thinking what you can do for the good of others, how you can best show that you love the Saviour, and I hope you will pray to God to make you entirely his, and to enable you to do something to prove you are his. I might have said a word about making sacrifices of some of your pleasures in order to give for the support of missionaries, and I could have told you of a poor lame boy, who had nothing to give, but he was not satisfied with this, so he asked a gentleman, who was kind to him, to give him a long piece of string. "What for?" said the gentleman; the boy said he would make a net of it, which he could sell for threepence, and that he would give to print Bibles for the poor heathen, saying, "You know, sir, that may print one leaf." The gentleman told him to bring the net to him when it was finished; on his bringing it, the gentleman said "You are a good boy; there are threepence for you to send for the Bibles, and threepence for yourself." "No, sir," exclaimed the boy, "please send it all, perhaps then it will pay for printing both sides."

But I must not say more now. Another time I will write again, and remain,

Your old friend,

W. B. G.

• WORSHIP OF HEAVENLY BODIES.

OUR young readers who are acquainted with the Old Testament are aware that, very soon after the creation, man departed from God, the God who made them and preserved them,—their hearts were evil, and they desired not the knowledge of God. God is holy, and they did not like to give up their sins, and unless they did this their sacrifices were not acceptable to God. Every one has read the story of Cain and Abel—Abel was a good man, he loved God, and God accepted his sacrifice; but Cain was a very bad man, and God rejected his. But this did not lead him to humble himself before God, and to forsake his sins—he was angry and wished to be revenged, but as he could not be revenged on God, he resolved to be revenged on his brother, and he killed him.

Still, though men forsook God, they were not satisfied—they felt that they needed some protector, some friend—their minds were darkened, and they did not seek to have them enlightened by God, and in consequence of this they could not conceive of a God who was invisible, by which we mean a God whom they could not see.

There seems every reason to believe that the first objects which were worshipped as deities were the sun, the moon, and the stars. Seeing the heavenly bodies exalted above them in all their brightness and beauty, and feeling their usefulness, they were induced to ascribe to them divine honours. The picture represents men falling down and worshipping the rising moon, and the evening star, which appear in the heavens. But each, the sun, and the moon,

and the stars, the whole host of heaven as it is described, were made the objects of worship. The sun was worshipped by the Phœnicians, under the name of Bäl; by the Moabites, under that of Chemosh; by the Ammonites, under that of Moloch; and by the Israelites under that of Baal. Moses, in Deut. iv. 19, charged the people, "Take ye, therefore, good heed unto yourselves lest thou lift up thine eyes unto heaven, and when thou seest the sun, and the moon, and the stars, even all the host of heaven, thou shouldst be drawn to worship them." There are many passages of Scripture expressing the displeasure of God, and eight hundred years after the command delivered by Moses, good king Josiah, finding that this idolatry was practised and that there were in the temple of the Lord horses and chariots consecrated to the sun, removed the horses and burnt the chariots.

Some writers are of opinion that the moon was worshipped still more extensively than the sun, particularly by the Israelites, and there appears to be no doubt that human sacrifices were offered to both of them in some countries. Among the Syrians even fathers used to bring their own children in sacks, and throw them down from the top of the porch on the pavement, insensible to their shrieks and moans.

The idolaters among the Israelites used to describe the sun and moon as the king and queen of heaven, and the stars as their army—thus forsaking the true God who had so greatly distinguished them by his mercies, and especially by having given them his Sacred Word.

OUR COUNTRY.

THE WORDS BY MISS STODART; THE MUSIC ADAPTED FROM G. HAYDEN.

My Eng - lish home, - - - my

My Eng - lish home, my

Eng - lish home! O'er land - - - and

Eng - lish home! O'er land - - - and

p

sea let o - thers roam, o - thers roam, o - thers roam, o - thers

sea let o - thers roam, o - thers roam,

f

roam, o - thers roam, O'er land and sea let o - thers roam;

o - thers roam, O'er land and sea let o - thers roam;



2.

I love her on her glorious height,
The Bible land, the land of light!
Sounding the message far and wide,
That Christ our Saviour for us died.

3.

I love the soil her martyrs trod,
Who suffer'd for the truth of God;
The fire they kindled blazes bright,
And none shall ever quench the light.

THE INDIANS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

A LONG way from our own dear England, right across the deep blue sea, there is a very large country, of which we know very little besides the name. It contains many people—and people, too, of different colours; many useful and curious trees, bright and gay flowers, wild and savage beasts of different kinds, and a great number of birds of beautiful plumage. This country is South America. The greater part of this large continent is inhabited, most travellers think, by numerous tribes of Indians; many hundreds and thousands of whom know nothing of the Gospel, the good tidings from heaven. But, quite in the north-east corner of South America, there is a little country, called Guiana, or Guayana: one part of it belongs to England, and is called British Guiana: several missionaries have visited this little country, and we will now try and find out something about the people who live here, and what good the missionaries have done. There are several tribes of Indians in Guiana; the Arrawaks, the Accaways, the Carabeese, the Warraws, the Macusies, and some others, of whom only a few families are left. These tribes are distinguished from one another by certain peculiarities belonging to each, whilst in other respects they are all alike. The Warraws are very clever in making canoes, or boats, and the other tribes barter with them for the canoes they want: the Arrawaks are the most civilised, they are very short in stature, and of a dark brown colour; the Accaways are of a redder shade of colour, and very fierce and quarrelsome. The Indians of

the Macusie tribe make the worali poison, with which they all kill their enemies and animals for food, and the other tribes barter other things with them for it; but all or most of these Indians are very lazy, and will not work more than they are absolutely obliged to do, in order to obtain food. They are very restless, and do not like settling down for long at one time: their principal employments are hunting and fishing, but their principal food is made from the root of the cassava, a plant which grows easily in that country, and from which they make bread and cakes. They make bread, also, from the maize, the fruit of which is ripe two months after it is planted. They build their huts of branches and parts of the trunks of trees, thatched with palm-leaves; the only outlet for smoke is through the door.

The Indians do not worship idols; they know that there must be one God, the creator of the heavens, and the earth, and they call him "the great Spirit." They believe that all good comes from him, but they suppose that "the great Spirit" does not trouble himself about any of his creatures, and therefore neither love nor fear him; they know nothing of heaven or hell as the consequence of good or bad conduct, and only think of death as something which happens to all. They have a great fear of evil spirits, which they believe are constantly trying to do them harm; and when their friends are ill, they go to conjurors—men in whom they put great trust, and get them to communicate with the evil spirits about their sick friends.

The first missionaries who visited these Indians were Moravians; devoted Christian men who went from Herrn-

hut. In the year 1738, two of the missionaries landed in Berbice, (one part of British Guiana is so called,) and travelled about amongst the Indians, telling them about Jesus Christ. They had to endure many hardships in doing this, as the Indians were scattered about very much, and were frightened at first by their visits; but, after a few years, the missionaries saw that some had received the good tidings. The converts, and many Indians beside, came and lived at Pilgerhut, where the missionaries resided, in order that each day they might receive instruction. The Dutch planters tried to hinder this good work, and spread a report that the missionaries had come to make the Indians slaves,—but God blessed them, and in the year 1753 about 260 Indians lived at the Mission station. Soon after this, a severe famine visited the whole country for some years, and was followed by a fever, which raged violently amongst the people, carrying off both Europeans and Indians: some of the missionaries died, and, after many other trials and dangers, the others were obliged, after some years, to return to Europe. But another mission had been begun a little farther east, on the river Corantyn, by Mr. Daehne, one of the Moravians; whilst another band of missionaries had, for many years, a station called Sharon, a place not far off: the last station was given up in 1779. One anecdote about Mr. Daehne will show his devotedness and trust in God. He was alone at his station on the river Corantyn, without any friend or companion, but he said, “Our Saviour was always with me, and comforted me with his presence, so that I was always calm and happy.” But the Indians formed a plan to put him to death: one day about fifty of the Carabees

landed from their canoes, and came round his cottage with their swords and tomahawks in their hands. This was indeed enough to frighten this good man, but he went out and spoke gently to them. They asked him why he came there; he answered, "I have brethren on the other side of the waters, who heard that the Indians on this river were ignorant of God, and out of their great love towards you, they have sent me to tell you of the love of God, and what he has done to save you." The chief then said, "Have you not heard that the Indians intend to kill you?" "Yes," answered Daehne, "but I cannot believe it,—you have some among you who have lived with me, and can tell you I am the friend of the Indians." "We have done wrong," said the chief; and all the people quickly separated, without injuring the good missionary at all. He laboured many years, and at last, being old and infirm, returned to Europe; other missionaries followed him, and many Indians believed on the Saviour, and died happily. This mission was carried on until the year 1806, when a sad fire destroyed all the houses in the settlement. Since that time, another mission has been carried on in British Guiana; one of the missionaries, Mr. Bernau, has written a very interesting book, containing an account of his labours there. The facts in this paper are taken from this book, and an account of some of the converted Indians, whom Mr. Bernau has known there, shall be given another time.

THE LITTLE WORKERS.

THE pretty village of B—— lies at the foot of a range of hills forming the boundary of an extensive plain. It is a peaceful nook, where

“ ——— Erst my careless childhood stray’d,
A stranger yet to pain ;”

and it is endeared to me by many happy recollections of my school-boy days. Excepting my own “sweet home,” there is not a spot in all England I so much delight to visit. Especially do I love to go to the ancient meeting-house, with its high, old-fashioned pews, and join in the worship of God with many, now grown old and grey, who, when I was a boy, often reminded me of that passage in one of the Psalms—“ Young men, and maidens ; old men, and children ; let them praise the name of the Lord.” The “old men” are now, most of them, in their quiet graves, outside that meeting-house. When I was last there, I saw on one of those graves which the green turf covered, some daisies. It was early in the season of spring, and I rejoiced to think, that, just as those flowers were bursting out into new life where the old ones had decayed, so God was raising up successive generations to call him blessed. Since I first knew that village, one generation has nearly gone ; another is passing away, but a third is springing up to love and serve the Saviour.

Not far from the old meeting-house is the pleasant residence of a gentleman and lady who have five children. The oldest is in her tenth, and the youngest is in his second year. These dear children support an orphan in the Patna Refuge School. They

have missionary boxes, in which they put subscriptions and donations. They also make useful and fancy articles, which they place in a missionary basket, and sell as opportunities offer, putting the proceeds of their sales into their boxes. These are opened every New Year's Day. All above the four pounds required for the Patna School, is given to the Mission Fund, excepting the contents of one box, (Johnay's,) which goes to the Irish Society. He, however, assists the Foreign Mission, by knitting and working for the box of his baby brother. On the first of January last the boxes produced as follows :—

	£.	s.	d.
A. J. W.....	2	12	8
J. S. W.....	2	0	10
J. C. W.....	0	11	2
M. G. W.	0	11	6
A. T. W.	0	10	4
	<hr/>		
	£6	6	6

Deducting £2. 0s. 10d. collected by J. S. W. for the Irish Society, there remained £4 for the Patna School, and five shillings and eightpence for the Mission. I wish these FAMILY AUXILIARIES were multiplied. How important it is that children should learn to connect their first labours and gains with the cause of Christ!

I know a little boy in another family, whose father has lately given him a box of tools. He is most diligent in learning their use, that, by means of them, he may add to the contents of his missionary box. A *boot-jack*, made and sold by him, has, on more occasions than one, assisted to draw off the boots of a

TRAVELLER.

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE DOVE,

Up to the 29th February, 1848.

	£.	s.	d.		£.	s.	d.
Previously acknow-				Launceston	1	7	8
ledged	64	5	4	Lockwood	2	9	10
Ashdon	0	16	0	London—			
Ashford	1	9	2	Islington Green ..	5	0	0
Auchterarder	0	4	6	Salter's Hall S. S. .	3	6	9
Beaulieu	0	10	0	Collected by Miss			
Bedford	0	17	0	Bishop	0	9	6
Berwick-on-Tweed ..	3	0	0	Master Rackstraw .	0	6	6
Bilston	3	2	0	Mr. J. Hartley....	0	4	0
Birmingham—				Long Crendon	0	18	4
Cannon-street S. S.	0	10	0	Llangollen	1	4	0
Borough Green.....	1	0	0	Paignton	1	7	0
Brayford	0	9	0	Pontheer	2	7	6
Burray, near Wick ..	1	0	0	Roads	0	5	0
Caerswys	0	6	1	Rotherham	0	12	0
Card	0	9	6	Roxton	0	15	6
Cardiff—Tabernacle..	2	9	2	Salendine Nook	2	12	6
Chatham, by Miss				Salford—Great George			
Acworth	2	10	0	street S. S.	1	0	8
Chudleigh	0	4	9	Sharnbrook	1	8	6
Downton	1	0	0	Shiffnal	1	5	0
Edinburgh, by Rev.				South Wales.....	1	0	0
J. Clark	2	2	0	Stafford	0	10	0
Eye	2	0	0	Stanwick	1	3	0
Foxton	0	11	9	Street	0	14	0
Frome—Shepherd's				Swavesey	1	0	0
Barton S. S.	2	8	6	Tenterden	1	5	0
Halifax	1	10	0	Tullymet	3	8	7
Hertford	1	5	6				
Irvine	2	3	10				
Iale of Tyrie.....	1	0	0				
					£133	4	11

MIND HOW YOU GO ALONE.

WHEN first my infant feet essayed
 To step across from stone to stone ;
 My father smiled—my mother said,
 “ Mind how you go alone.”

As time advanced, and wilful I
 To seek for books and friends begun ;
 I heard my mother's cautious cry,
 “ Mind how you go alone.”

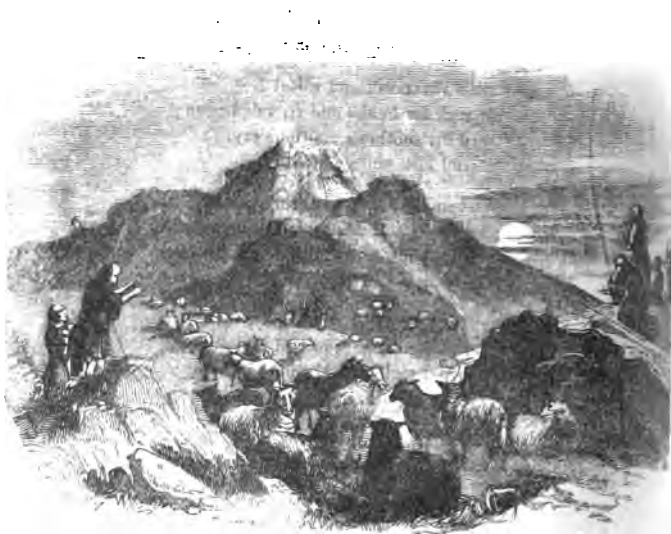
And when I reached maturer years,
 And love's soft dream came stealing on ;
 The whisp'ring sound still struck my ears,
 “ Mind how you go alone.”

Often I mused from day to day,
 O'er many dangers passed and gone ;
 And then I sighed, “ My plan will be,
 Never to go alone.”

If such the perils round my path,
 If snares be thus so thickly strewn ;
 'Twill be more safe, in life and death,
 Never to go alone.

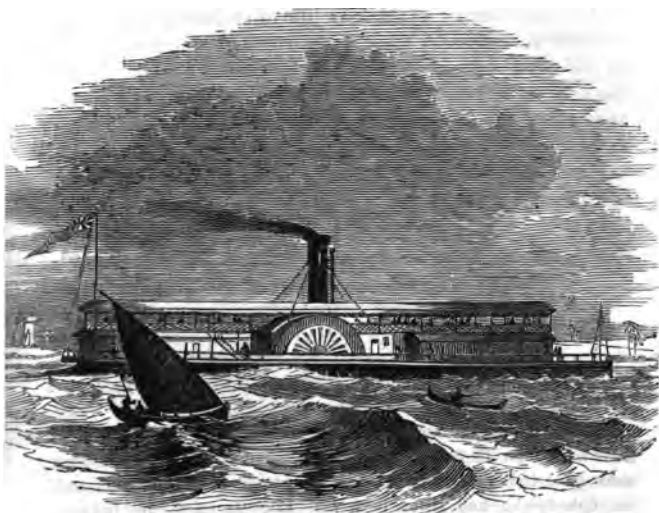
In travelling lands, or crossing seas,
 My constant aim is only one ;
 My cry is this, on bended knees,
 I'll *never* go alone.

ANNA. *Kingston Evangelist.*



**WORSHIP OF THE HEAVENLY BODIES AS PRACTISED BY VARIOUS
EASTERN NATIONS.**

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



"THE BENARES" STEAMER.

THE engraving represents one of the steam-ships built in England for the navigation of the Ganges river.

All these vessels are made and fitted with engines on the dry land, at Poplar; the parts are then carefully marked and taken asunder, the engines taken down and

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[MAY,

packed, and the whole sent to Calcutta in an ordinary ship; on their arrival there, they are put together with great facility, owing to the careful arrangements made for that purpose.

The main feature of this new line of steamers is that they contain the necessary freight and passenger accommodation in one vessel instead of two, one towing the other, as was the case on the old system, on which plan the fastest passage made has occupied eleven days from Calcutta to Rahmahal; while the *Bonares* has accomplished it in five.

Easy communication between different parts of India will prove a great blessing, and, when railways are formed, they will be no small help to the Christian missionary. Many will run to and fro, and knowledge will be increased.

FIRST MISSION TO BENGAL.

GOING HOME.

THE early missionaries were now growing old and weary. They had borne the burden and heat of the day, and grown grey amongst their toils. Mr. Thomas, Doctor Carey's first companion, had long since gone to his rest; and as years passed on, he himself, and the friends who had since been with him, began to long for rest too. They knew that a far better home than those they had left in England, or the one they had found in the East, was ready for them in heaven. They had nearly finished their pilgrimage—they were arrived in their land of Beulah, and, like Christiana and her band, were now patiently waiting, on the banks of the river of death, for the time when it should please the Lord of the glorious city beyond to send his messenger to summon them thither.

Mr. Chamberlain was called first. For some time he had been in weak health. Preaching and travelling constantly in that hot climate had been too much for his strength. His friends wanted him to try change of air, so he went to Calcutta. In passing, one day, through Berhampore, he could not resist the temptation of preaching to a regiment of soldiers there, in memory of old times. But the excitement made him much worse. He would go on preaching, however; and in the evenings, tired as he was, often sat up late, to work at two translations he had in hand. He went to the sea-side several times, and the fresh breezes from the shore seemed to do him good; so his friends, in hopes that a sea-voyage would quite restore him, proposed to him to visit England. He could not help wishing to see his own country; and he thought how pleasant it would be to see his dear friends there again, and to walk in the cool daisied meadows (there are no daisies in India,) and preach to the poor in the villages, and, above all, how delightful it would be to return to India strong and well again; so he consented to go. He determined to travel alone, to save expense. But God had other designs for him. One night, when he had been on board the ship about three weeks, he had gone to rest as usual. He was lying on his berth, alone in the small cabin. It was dark; and there was no sound to be heard but the pacing of the watch on deck overhead, and the plash of the water on the ship-side as she made her way through the waves. It was at this hour that the Lord chose to call his servant home. We do not know exactly how he felt, as he died alone there; but we know he was ready: and what a glorious change, for his weary spirit, from that narrow cabin to the presence of God in heaven! When the young man who waited on him opened the cabin-door next morning, he was startled to find Mr. Chamberlain dead. A letter from the captain to Mr. Ward brought the news to the missionaries at Serampore. Mr. Ward did not know, when he read it, how soon

he should follow his dear friend. He too had set out to go to England; but he had lived to reach it, to see his friends again and then to return to India. Not many months afterwards, he was taken to his rest.

Years passed away, during which they who were left behind "continued instant in labour," so far as their failing strength would permit. To the aged Carey, however, were appointed many days of feebleness. One after another, he had to give up most of his usual pursuits; and at last was obliged to spend most part of the day on his couch. But he still loved to know what went on at the school, the printing office, and the chapel; and I dare say, when he could no longer work actively for his Saviour, he did what he could by praying often for his blessing during the hours he lay on the couch. It was affecting to see him sometimes trying to sit in his old place at the desk, in the translating-room, and correct a proof of a translation. Sometimes he was wheeled in a chair into the garden, which he had caused to be planted with every kind of choice tree and flower from India; for even as a boy he had a passionate love for plants. He used often to talk of dying; he was not afraid of it. He asked to have a plain tombstone put over his grave, with only his name and these lines carved upon it,—

"A wretched, poor, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall."

Long he waited on the river-brink; and as the mortal frame, which kept his spirit from the world he longed for, grew weaker and weaker, the beautiful city on the other side shone more brightly. At last, at seven o'clock in the morning of Monday, the 9th of June, 1834, he died.

And now, of all the early band, Dr. Marshman was left alone, to await his summons. He lived till 1837. One Thursday he caused the bearer to bring him, though he was very weak, into the chapel in his tonjou; and there, for the last time, was present at the weekly

missionary prayer-meeting. He died peacefully, the Tuesday after. The mission did not stop because they who began it were gone to rest from their labours. When one wave of the sea dies away in surf on the beach, do the waters cease flowing? When one constellation sinks beneath the horizon, having finished its course across the sky, are the heavens then starless? Other waves, other stars succeed; and, in like manner, many others were ready to step into the places of the departed missionaries. It was not time yet to leave off labouring. The rajah of Sebolza once exclaimed, as he listened to a missionary reading the commandments, to a group of poor Hindoos gathered together in a shed, "Well, if the white people, and Chinese, and Hindoos, and Achinese, and Neas, and Batta people should all with one heart adopt these commandments, spears, swords, and guns would be of no more use; we might throw them away or *make hoes of them!*" Alas! the swords are not yet beaten into ploughshares, nor the spears into pruning-hooks! Not till they are, will the need for missions cease. Dear young friends, who have gone with me in these papers to Bengal, and watched the dawn of the Sun of Righteousness on that dark land, will you not now send your prayers to God that he will not withhold his blessing till "the earth be filled with the knowledge of his glory?"

F. F.

HINDU CURIOSITY AND IGNORANCE.

THE Hindus are perfectly ignorant of the state of the actual world. "Of the countries bordering on India they have none but the most foggy ideas. Until our late war with China, many of them had scarcely heard its name. Of England their traditions are choice. 'When you go from Madras upon the sea, what do you find beyond the sea?' once asked a respectable banker, in a crowd; 'is it a single town, or an extended country?' 'An ex-

tended country certainly.' 'Then you have fields?' 'Of course.' 'And who cultivates them?' 'Persons who follow that calling.' 'Yes; but what kind of people are they; are they black or white?' 'White, to be sure.' 'What! white like yourselves?' 'Yes, certainly.' 'And do they labour in the fields like ryots?' 'That they do, and far harder, too.' 'Only think,' they all cried out, with laughter and astonishment; 'only think of Englishmen working in the fields like ryots!' They had never seen an Englishman, but as a soldier or a gentleman. Curiosity was whetted by this discovery, and he proceeded: 'Then what grows in your fields, rice?' 'No.' 'What! no rice?' 'No.' 'Not in the whole country?' 'Not an ear.' They looked at each other with wide eyes, and cried, 'Abah, abah! how queer! a country without rice!' Had I told them of a country without either soil or sky, they could not have stared more exquisitely. 'Ah!' exclaimed a youth, less able than the rest to conceal his thoughts, 'I always knew how it was; originally they were inhabitants of this country, but a curse drove them away; and now they are trying to return.' The men who were taking part in the conversation glanced at me to see if I were offended, but did not seem disposed to differ with their indelicate neighbour. Not wishing to leave our nation in so low esteem, I said, 'I will tell you a tale out of one of your own books.' They always relish a tale, and forthwith I had every ear. A white crane was one day fishing by a tank, when, looking up, he saw a swan, and, struck with his plumage, thought he must be a relation of his own. 'Stranger,' he cried, 'whence do you come, and whither are you bound?' 'I come,' said the swan, 'from Satyaloka,' (the heaven of Brumha, whose chariot is drawn by swans,) 'and to Satyaloka am I returning.' 'And pray, what kind of a place is Satyaloka?' 'Oh, it is the dwelling of the glorious Brumha; I could not make you understand what kind of a place it is.' 'But you must tell me; I de-

sire to know.' 'Well, if you will know, it is a gorgeous place: for stones, we have jewels; for sand, gold dust; for water, ambrosia; and everything-equally superb.' 'But,' asked the crane, little excited by such fineries, 'have you any frogs there?' 'Frogs there!' rejoined the swan; 'no; we have no frogs there.' 'Then,' observed the crane, 'you may go back to Satyaloka, if you are in the mind; but I have no notion of a country without frogs.' Ever apt to catch the moral of a fable, they laughed, pointed to the youth, and said: 'He, then, is the crane, for thinking your country was cursed, because you have no rice or raagi.'
—From *Arthur's "Mission to Mysore."*

HOME AND FOREIGN MISSIONS;

OR, HOW THEY WORK.

A LETTER from a friend is published in "the Day Spring," and contains an instructive lesson:—

"I received your circular, read it to my people, preached them a sermon on the subject, and then directly asked them for their money, and the result has been £12 deposited with me for your treasury, (Foreign Missions.) And yet one-fourth part of my salary comes from the Home Missionary Society.

"The sum we have raised is twice as much as any one of us expected, yet it was easily done; and what is interesting, to me at least, is the fact, that the week following this effort, and even before it was completed, our people held a meeting to devise means for the support of the Gospel at home, and resolved, instead of raising 'three-fourths' of my salary, to raise 'four-fourths' of it; and probably will succeed, though their ordinary ability is no greater now than it was a year ago. Hence it is very evident, that giving £12 to the Lord has done us no harm. Enclosed is the £12."



A MISSIONARY TOUR.

THE following account is taken from a recent letter of Mr. Williams, of Agra, and shows what missionaries meet with in their journeys. The missionary starts on Monday morning, with a large package of tracts and Scriptures, and travels for a fortnight or longer, preaching every day, and expounding the Scriptures wherever he goes.

"Agra, February 3rd, 1848.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—I have recently returned from a short tour in the district ten lees wide of Chittoura. Brother Smith

accompanied me the first day's journey ; a memorable day indeed, on account of the assault offered to us at the village of *Taspoora*, when I narrowly escaped with my life. Brother Smith and myself having preached in the village to a large and attentive congregation, left to proceed on our way to another place. We had not gone far ere we heard a noise of parties quarrelling. We immediately returned to the village to ascertain the cause, when we saw Takur Das, our native preacher, mounted on his little pony, in the opposite field, and one of the government Chipprasi beating him with a lattee, or thick iron-mounted stick. We hastened to the spot to disarm the assailant, and while in the act, another Chipprasi gave me an awful blow on the head, with the same kind of weapon, and then ran off. I never received such a blow in my life before. I should have been killed on the spot, were it not that my Lollah hat saved me, a hat which is made of the pith of a tree, and hence is very hard, and not easily broken ; notwithstanding, my head was cut, and bled a little ; but is now quite well again. The man who struck me has absconded, for fear of consequences, I suppose ; but as we were roughly handled on account of our religion, we do not wish to get the offenders punished. We also wish to show the people, that Christianity teaches us to forgive our enemies, and to do good to them that hate us. After a poor night's rest, owing to the injury I had sustained, Takur Das and I started off for the village of *Harnouta*. During the whole of the morning I felt quite ill and unable to preach ; however, after arriving at the place above-mentioned, and resting a little in the shade, I got better, and preached first to a company of pilgrims on their way to some 'holy shrine,' some hundreds of miles distant. I endeavoured to convince them of their folly, and to turn them from their purpose, but failed : they would go on ; still I hope I did them some good ; at any rate they heard the glad tidings of a Saviour, and they appeared to be much interested. In the evening we preached to the village

people, who heard us with great attention. We also distributed a few portions of Scripture. On the following morning we set out for *Penaf*, preaching in one village on our way; the poor people seemed quite delighted with the message we delivered, and probably heard for the first time. This is a part of the country never visited by missionaries. As soon as we arrived at *Penaf*, I went into the principal street, and preached to two large and attentive congregations; the people were not willing that I should leave them even to take refreshment. In the afternoon we went into the market. An immense crowd soon assembled round us, and many heard well. The Mohammedans, however, were prepared to offer some opposition; but they did us little or no harm. On returning to our tent, we found many persons come for books, and after some conversation with them, they were supplied as far as we could. The next day was devoted to preaching in the surrounding villages, where no missionary had ever gone before. The people flocked around us, and listened attentively to the word of life; and in one village I left a neat volume of the Scriptures, the person who received it promised to read it to his neighbours. In the evening several persons came to our tent for books and conversation; two very intelligent men came and sat with us for hours. I explained to them the Gospel plan of salvation, and they declared themselves fully convinced of its truth. They took portions of the Word of God with them and departed. I felt deeply interested in these persons, as if they were not far from the kingdom of God."

JEWISH PRINCIPLE.

THE following striking incident is related by Dr. Abraham Capadose, the well-known Jewish convert:—

"The Jews sometimes display a lofty principle, which shows that the divine light exists among them, although frequently con-

ceased by the old incrustations of Rabbinical institutions. In my own family, an interesting and characteristic incident occurred. My worthy grandfather was a man of great sensibility, and of a warm heart, but easily excited to wrath. He had a brother whom he dearly loved. One day they fell into a dispute, and each returned to his home in anger. This happened on a Friday. As the evening drew near, my good grandmother, who was another Martha, full of activity, began to make preparation for the Sabbath day. 'Come, dear Joseph,' she exclaimed, 'the night is approaching; come and light the Sabbath lamp!' But he, full of sadness and anguish, continued walking up and down in the room. His good wife spoke again in anxiety: 'See the stars are already shining in the firmament of the Lord, and our Sabbath lamp is not yet lighted.' Then my grandfather took his hat and cane, and, evidently much troubled, hastened out of the house. But in a few moments he returned with tears of joy in his eyes. 'Now, dear Rebecca,' he exclaimed, 'now I am ready.' He repeated his prayer, and with gladness lighted the Sabbath lamp. Then he related the dispute which had occurred in the morning, adding: 'I could not pray and light my lamp before becoming reconciled with my brother Isaac.' 'But how did you manage to do it so soon?' 'Oh,' he replied, 'Isaac had been as much troubled as I was; he could not begin the Sabbath either, without becoming reconciled with me. So we met in the street; he was coming to me and I was going to him, and we ran to each other's arms and wept.'"

Might we not end this anecdote with those single words of Jesus, "Go and do likewise?"

LITTLE DAVID AND HIS TESTAMENT.

(A BLACK BOY.)

LITTLE David was born in the parish of St. John, about two years after the slaves obtained the blessing of freedom. His

parents were poor, but pious. His father was a sawyer, and he sometimes took little David with him. The parents, although pious people, and attending the chapel in the neighbourhood, yet did not keep their children so strictly as they should have done. For two or three years little David was permitted to run about in the woods and fields, driving pigs, climbing up trees for fruits, such as the mango, hog-plum, guava, and others. Sometimes he was sent to carry his father's breakfast or dinner. Little David was very weak and sickly, which constrained his parents to take the more care of him. Parents sometimes think too much about their children, and thus they injure them. It was so with little David to some degree. However, at last, little David was sent to school. Just before August he was taken under hand by one of the Baptist missionaries, who keeps a day school. Now little David is become a scholar. The strict discipline of the school was rather too much for little David's notions of happiness after his unrestrained movements in the woods and fields, and for a time he appeared rather uncomfortable, but in a few days he began to show signs of pleasure and delight. The instructions given to others, and the kind treatment towards him, soon gained upon little David, and he was soon able and willing to assist others in learning the A B C, and to take delight in his school.

Little David was then seen early in the morning with smiling face wending his way to school; in one hand a small book, and in the other, or on his head, a long sugar-cane, some four or five feet long, either for his breakfast or his teacher.

Little David's first book was a little book called the "Primer," with which he was as much pleased as though it had cost a crown. The Primer was soon taken under hand by him, and read through. He next had the "First Class Book," which he very soon got through; then the "Second Class Book" was placed hands, which he accomplished in a short time. Next he

had the "Third Class Book," which was soon finished by little David.

These four books referred to were printed by the Sunday School Union, where so many children's books come from.

Next, little David rises to a Testament. His father buys it for him, and gives for it tenpence-halfpenny. When his father gave him this New Testament he was so delighted ! Little David goes another step higher. He now stands with the Testament class, with his new New Testament before him, and soon becomes worthy of his promotion. From little David's first day at school to the time he can read his New Testament, was scarcely five months. In that short period, the ignorant and wild little David has learned to read the words of Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," &c.

On the Lord's-day, whoever is absent from the Sabbath-school and house of God, little David is present ; and whoever forgets the word of God, little David has his Testament. He is so pleased with it, that he opens it not only in singing, but even in prayer time. This he should not do, as God requires the whole attention in prayer.

How pleasing to see a child born in heathen land taking so much interest in the word of truth like little David. Many of his play and school-mates act differently, and almost despise the word of God. Little David becomes very sick, and is sick now, and he may soon die. Little David in his sickness, perhaps, will remember that

"There is an hour when I must die,
Nor can I tell how soon 'twill come ;
A thousand children, young as I,
Are called by death to hear their doom."

Think upon little David, and love your books as he did.

J. T.

Away with the sun in his radiant flight,
From his rising at morn to his setting at night—
From the eastern gate to the western star,
Christ's love, 'tis longer, broader far!

The earth around thee, the heavens above—
The universe floats in that infinite love!
"My sin's prison walls reach up to the sky;"
Despair not, poor spirit, Christ's love is as high.

Higher, ah higher! behold it shine
From above their height, that love divine!
"My sins have plunged me in deepest abyss;"
The love of thy Jesus is deeper than this.

Poor soul! thou despairest; despair not, but flee
To the bosom of Jesus—he waiteth for thee!
"I have slighted his love,"—it yearneth o'er thee,
"Resisted his Spirit,"—he striveth with thee.

"The divine wrath is kindled." But Jesus has stayed it.
"The debt is past reckoning," but Jesus has paid it.
"I have crowned him with thorns—my sins have him slain,"
The blood thou hast shed was to wash from that stain.

"Alas! I am guilty, and naked, and weak."
Pardon, garments of glory, and strength, thou mayst seek.
"Ah, yes, I would come, but in darkness I grope;
I am cheerless and hopeless." Then hope against hope.

"Ah, yes, I would come, but I fear his stern frown."
Why fear'st thou? lo, Jesus in love looketh down!
"Ah, lovely is Jesus! but can he be mine?"
Receive him, poor trembler, and Jesus is thine.

Fairburn's Songs for Wayfarers.

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



REV. JOHN CLARKE.

Our young friends will be happy to hear of the arrival in England of our friends Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, of Western Africa. They reached Southampton on the 23d April, and are in better health than they were.

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[JUNE

Mr. Clarke hopes to have an opportunity of visiting several of the missionary districts during the year ; and we trust that God will bless his visits, to extend and deepen the interest in poor Africa.

Dr. Newbegin has already visited a great part of Scotland, and hopes to spend a considerable part of the summer among the churches.

The Dove, with a freight of invalid missionaries and orphans, is now on her voyage to old England. She was to leave Jamaica in the early part of April. The wife of her captain is the eldest daughter of the honoured missionary William Knibb.

ON THE PRICE OF THINGS.

BY OLD HUMPHREY.

WHENEVER I want anything I always ask the price of it, whether it be a new coat, or a shoulder of mutton, a pound of tea, or a ball of packstring. If it appears to be worth the money I buy it, that is, if I can afford it; but if not, I let it alone; for he is no wise man who pays for a thing more than it is worth.

But not only in the comforts of food and clothing, but in all other things, I ask the same question; for there is a price fixed to a day's enjoyment as well as to an article of dress; to an excursion for pleasure, as well as to a joint of butcher's meat. Old Humphrey has now lived some summers and winters in the world, and it would be odd indeed if he had passed through them all without picking up a little wisdom from his experience. Now, if you will adopt my plan, you will reap much advantage; but if you will not, you will pay too dearly for the things you obtain.

The spendthrift sets his heart on expensive haubles, but he does not ask their price; he is, therefore, obliged to give for them his

houses, his lands, and his friends; and these are fifty times more than they are worth. The drunkard is determined to have his brandy, his gin, and his strong ale; and as he never makes the price an object, so he pays for them with his substance, his health, his character, and his peace—and a sad bargain he makes of it! It is the same with others. The gamester will be rich at once: but riches may be bought too dear; for he who in getting money gets also the habit of risking it on the turn of a card, or the throw of the dice, will soon bring his noble to mincepsence. The gamester pays for his riches with his rest, his reputation, and his happiness.

Do you think if the highwayman asked the price of ungodly gain, that he could ever commit robbery? No, never! But he does not ask the price, and foolishly gives for it his liberty and his happiness.

Old Humphrey has little more to say; for if a few words will not help to make you wise, many will not do so. Ask the price of what you would possess, and make a good bargain. A little prudence will secure you a great deal of peace. But if, after all, you will have the pleasure of sin, I pray you consider the price you must pay for them.

Yes, thine may be the joys of vice,
And thine without control:
But ah! at what a fearful price!—
The price will be thy soul!

“What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?” Matt. xvi. 26.

HINDU IMPORTUNITY.

“In India no god is thought sufficiently honoured without a *parashd*—a day of devotional festivity, once a year. With modifications from our climate and local customs, the *parashd* is fairly

represented by the patron, or annual feast-day of a patron-saint or tutelar god, in Ireland. The patron is the great day of the year, a day for the exercise of all kinds of devotion, and the indulgence of all kinds of depravity, for penances and gambling, for paying vows and drunkenness, for matches and match-makings, for invoking saints and seeing showmen. Such also is a *parashé*, but with more parade, less intemperance, and abundantly more of nocturnal license. Goobbee Appa being far above the ordinary rank of tutelar divinities, his *parashé* extends over a whole week. One day, as this festive season was drawing nigh, we saw a train of well-dressed natives make for the mission-house, led by the *sherti* and *yajamāna*, the two great municipal authorities. Leaving their slippers at a short distance from the house, they advanced with that graceful formality in which they excel, made low *salaams*, presented some limes and plantains, and proceeded to pay compliments, which, if 'done into English,' would sound more ludicrous than respectful. After a while, we were informed that they had come to ask a favour, which they hoped would not be denied. The *parashé* was approaching; but one wheel of the great car was damaged, and it was found difficult to obtain suitable timber for a new one; for they are not made with spokes, but of solid wood, in the ancient fashion. When Mr. Hodson was building the mission-house, he had bought and felled some trees; one of these remained; it was the very thing for their purpose; and now they had come to entreat that we would 'be favourable, and command them this tree.' In vain did we protest that we could not in any way abet idolatry. All who have been in India can bear witness to the importunity of a Hindu applicant. You are entreated, wheedled, and bepraised, until, if you persist in refusing till he is beaten off, you feel very much as if you had gained a battle. In the present case they did not want for numbers, for skill, or perseverance; they argued, they prayed, they cajoled;

but all in vain; it was a matter of conscience, and we stood there. At length, one who was very familiar with me turned to me, and said, 'Are you not my friend?' 'Certainly.' 'Well, then, as you are my friend, and as you have an objection to give the tree to Goobbee Appa, you can just make a present of it to me, and I will be very thankful for it.' This was a stroke of rhetoric by which they plainly thought I was fairly placed in a dilemma. 'It would delight me,' I replied, 'to give you any private mark of friendship; but, knowing that you want it for the service of an idol, it would be a sin for me to give it to you; and one must not commit sin for any friend.' This evidently disconcerted them; and I added, 'Now, does it not strike you as strange? We came here for the very purpose of turning you from the worship of Goobbee Appa, declaring that he is only an image; that he can do nothing for you: that, indeed, he can do nothing for himself. We have never asked anything from Goobbee Appa since we came, yet we have everything we want; but here comes Goobbee Appa to us, saying, 'I am a very great god, and have many worshippers; they are going to make me a grand feast, and I want to go and see them; but I am lame, and cannot go: won't you help me?' Is it not strange that Goobbee Appa should come as a petitioner to us?' They soon took leave, with obeisances far less dignified than those of their introduction."—*From Arthur's "Mission to the Mysore."*

OUR BOOKSHELF.

Lecture on Idolatry. By W. B. GURNEY. Price 4d.

OUR pages have been so often indebted to this lecture for woodcuts and anecdotes, that we cannot and need not do more than name and commend it to the attention of our friends. All that they may have seen before will please them, and all that is new. Ten thousand copies ought to be sold.

NEWS FROM AFAR.

INDIA.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—The following was placed in the hands of a missionary in India, one morning, by a youth with whom he had been reading. The missionary's name is well known to the Society, but cannot be given here; the consequence might be very serious to the youth who wrote the paper. Hindoo parents have no mercy towards a child who may be favourable to Christianity. Several affecting cases have occurred but lately. The writer is the son of a heathen priest, intimately connected with a celebrated shrine in India—but notwithstanding, the lad feels a sincere regard for the Bible, and a growing contempt towards Hindooism.

The missionary has many such lads around him. Will you not remember them in your prayers, that God would pour his Holy Spirit upon them? I am, dear young friends, yours affectionately,

A MISSIONARY.

IS FEMALE EDUCATION BENEFICIAL?

By a Brahman Youth.

It is not the custom of the people of this country to instruct their females; and, at the same time, would it not be beneficial to instruct them? Supposing they were not to be engaged in worldly affairs, yet they would be better prepared to do many things for their children. It is as necessary for our wives and daughters to be instructed as ourselves, for knowledge is the foundation of happiness. From it arise virtue and goodness; it dispels idleness and wickedness, as the sun dispels the darkness. If men instructed their females, it would be a cause of happiness to each and to all. Do not women possess understanding and

reason as well as men? They possess the same faculties and the person who takes to wife a well-instructed woman will be happy. She will be found capable of taking care of her children, and even of superintending her husband's affairs; she will be able to assist her husband in many things, for which he is now indebted to strangers. If these remarks be true, it is very foolish, not to say wicked, to keep them in ignorance, as is the custom among Hindoos. They treat their females in such a way that they are sunk in the grossest ignorance; and ignorance always leads to crime; sometimes they commit such abominable deeds, which the world could scarcely believe; they even sometimes kill their own children: if they were educated, such wickedness would not be allowed to exist. For instance, if a man has planted a tree in his garden, and supplies it with proper nourishment, the tree will grow and yield fruit; but if it be without water, will it not die? so with everything else. But the Hindoos have not always been foolishly prejudiced; there were among the Hindoos, formerly, many learned females; a female well known by the name of Neelabutee, the wife of Kornat Rajah, was skilled in every art, even in mathematics and astronomy. The best book of which the Brahmins can boast, they owe to a woman; this book is a standard book at the present day. This has been translated by learned Europeans into their own tongues, for Europeans are not ashamed to be taught by women, neither are they afraid to instruct them. Another woman, named Khona, might be mentioned here, and others also. Have they not the same reward as men? These, you will say, were wise women; but what made them wise? Education. Let the Hindoos then be ashamed, that they do not instruct their females, so that all wickedness will depart from them, such as quarrelling, murder, adultery, and idleness, which is the very source of all evil things.



“WE BRING 'EM UP TO IT.”

SUCH was the good negro mother's reason for putting money into the hands of her child that he might place it on the plate at a collection made in Jamaica. She wished to bring him up to aid the cause of God.

How different is this scene! A child is giving here; but not for God. A mother is leading her, but it is to the altar of a religious beggar, or Fakir.

His attendants are round him, and perfuming the air with odours.

How infinitely more noble is our work ! How much more devoted and active should we be !

AN ALLEGORY.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN ?

IN a beautiful island in the Northern Hemisphere there dwelt, about sixty years since, a large and united family—richly wooded and smiling valleys surrounded them. Many of them being employed as labourers to break up the fallow-ground, their farms were at some distance from each other, but having some leisure time they agreed to meet once a week at their father's house. Oh, what a happy day that was ! they thought of it every morning when they rose, and every night when they retired to rest. There their kind and tender parent met them with his loving smile and solemn blessing : they laid all their plans before him, and asked his counsel ; together they compared their different methods of breaking up and tilling the waste ground, spoke of their families, formed new plans for ploughing and sowing ; they talked also of their difficulties and discouragements—these principally arose from the noisy and violent conduct of their neighbours, who hated them very much, broke down their fences, scattered garlick over their cornfields, and let the wild asses trample down their vineyards. Their father, who was very wise and gentle, urged them to bear meekly all this unfriendly and wicked conduct, and to try in every way to do them good ; he provided means for the establishment of schools, employed some of his own children to go out into the lanes and roads to ask them to come and learn ; some of the children too went day by day to teach the ragged boys and girls, and men and women, what their good father had taught them.

One sunny day their father met all his children in his study, a sweet little spot it was, so cool, so shady, so quiet—it was always

a holiday long remembered, a season of special enjoyment, when he graciously talked with them there: looking kindly on them, he said, "My children, far beyond these beautiful hills, and this widely swelling ocean, there live a very great number of persons in a state of extreme destitution, well nigh perishing, for they have no bread, and are living on weeds, nettles, and briars, whilst here we have plenty and to spare." One of the boys exclaimed, "O father, let us fill some of our large waggons, and send them plenty directly;" another proposed sending a flock of sheep, or a drove of cattle; whilst one of the girls thought she had a great many garments if she had only some boxes to pack them in. At length William, who had been very thoughtful, said, "My father, if we send all this bread how shall we know the poor creatures get it, or are able to use it? let me go and distribute it, dear father. I am young, but if you will teach me the best way, I will try to remember all you tell me." "My son, the way is long, the road perilous, there are wild beasts and serpents there; some parts are very dark, and full of pits and difficulties, such as you have never calculated on, the people are ignorant, and rude, and may perhaps treat you ill, or murder you!" "But, father, they are so ignorant and are famishing for want of food, you will let me carry some to them; then you will think of me often, and send me letters, and kind messages to cheer me." After many meetings, and much serious talk about the matter, it was agreed that William, whose heart was set upon the work, should go: his brothers and sisters wept much, as they filled the waggons, and made all the preparation they could for his journey, whilst his father gave him much valuable counsel, and many cautions as to his future conduct.

All his success, and some of his difficulties, you have already seen in the *Missionary Herald*.

But all his brothers and sisters did not sympathise in his enterprise; they said, "It is quite enough to send the bread,

without being so enthusiastic and foolish as to leave this comfortable home on such a wild-goose, Quixotic errand. I dare say he will be murdered by the savages, or eaten by wild beasts:" so they contented themselves with putting a few bags of corn into the waggon, and were soon so absorbed in their own concerns, as to think very little about poor William, who was toiling over the hot plains and sandy deserts, beseeching the starving natives to eat the nice bread he brought them; indeed, they scarcely rested from their ordinary labours to read a letter, or listen to the messengers, which he sometimes sent to tell of his welfare.

There was one little boy, named John, born a long while after his brother, who was deeply interested in all William's doings, and when very young, he went to his father and begged him, with eyes filled with tears, to let him go with food to the starving creatures in the west; but his father, with a kind smile, told him he was too young and inexperienced yet—he must wait till he was older and better able to bear fatigue. For some years John very diligently studied everything that was likely to be useful to him in his long journey. One of his sisters who was dearer than all the rest, obtained their father's consent to go also, and watch over and cheer him if he were ill. They met with a great many things to discourage them, for some of the wretched creatures refused to touch the bread; others tasted, and threw it away; but there were some who came again, and again, and at length liked it so well, they would feed on nothing else, and they tried to persuade their neighbours and friends to eat it also. Every day they sent messages to their father, who never forgot them for a moment; but was constantly supplying their wants, and sending them such kind tender letters it seemed as if he loved them better than ever. —William grew old, and then went to live with his father—John will very soon be home—perhaps the readers of this little tale will see him, and hear from his own lips, what success has attended

his work, how many have eaten the bread and been saved from starvation ; but he is not so young and active as he was some years since, and greatly needs some healthy, vigorous, devoted young persons, who will enter with all their souls into the work, and travel over the wide country where he lives, to carry this bread to the natives. Perhaps he will ask some of you if you are willing to help him ; before he comes, think much about it, talk about it, pray about it, that you may be quite ready with your answer to him, and to his father. The question is, who will be an ambassador from the King of kings, to the heathen ?

E. C. S.

FINGERS.

Look at your hand, see the fingers and the joints. How curiously it is fixed, so that you can shut it up just as you please, and take things. There is the thumb, what a convenient thing a thumb is ! How well you can take things up, with that on one side, and your fingers on the other ! And who made your thumb, my little boy ?

" God."

And what did he make it for ?

" I don't know," perhaps you say.

Don't know ! why he made it for you to use, and to lead you to remember him, when you use it ; and to love him for it. And all your fingers, too, with all their joints. He did not forget to make joints in every one ; if he had, you would have had to hold that one out straight all your days. How admirably he has made them all ! And you do not know how many curious contrivances there are inside of your hand, to keep it alive, and to make it grow. And yet children, when looking at their hands, and using them, very seldom think of God, or feel grateful to him.

But one of the best ways which God has devised, for making children think of him, and love him, is by making them well when they are sick or hurt. Suppose you cut your finger, how do you suppose you can ever make it well?

"Oh, it will get well of itself! just put a rag round it, or a piece of court plaster on."

Get well of itself! That is what boys generally think, but how foolish! You have cut the flesh, and there must be new flesh and new skin over the place; now do you suppose a rag can make flesh and skin?

"Oh, the rag don't make it, it comes of itself!"

No, it does not: nothing ever comes of itself. Suppose you were to put down a piece of board on the ground, and then sit down by the side of it to watch it, waiting for something to come on it of itself. Flesh and skin could never come of itself, if you were to cut your hand. It is God's power and care which make it grow there.

Now if, when anybody comes to help you up, when you fall down, or to take care of you when you are sick, you feel grateful to them for their goodness, I do not see why you should not feel grateful to God, for making the flesh and skin grow again, over the place you cut. Do you know of any reason?

It seems to me, that it is very ungrateful, and very sinful, to forget and neglect God, when he is so kind and good to us, and when he does so much for us too, on purpose to win our love. When children are young they are taught to say their prayers, and perhaps, when they first say them, they feel some awe and reverence for the mighty Being they are speaking to. But after a little while, they gradually cease to think of him, and only say over the words without thinking what they mean, or, if they think what they mean, they do not feel it. Perhaps their prayer asks God to take care of them during the night; but they do not really think

that God hears them, nor really desire to have him to watch over their beds, and keep them safe until the morning. They want to be kept safe it is true; but then they do not think or care about having God to keep them. So if the words of their prayer ask God to forgive them their sins, they say the words, but they do not in heart feel sorrow for sin, and ask God to forgive them. Their prayer is only words. It does not come from the heart; now it does no good to pray so.

Then when children do wrong, they are not grieved and sorry because it has offended God. A child, perhaps, is fretful and impatient at table, and is sent away. Now he committed a great sin by that fretful and impatient temper, and has displeased God; but he never thinks of that. If you tell him about it, he does not care. All he cares for is, being sent away from table. Children very seldom think of God at all when they have done wrong.

So they live without him. They learn something about him when they are very young; but they soon cease to think about him. They say their prayers as a mere form of words. When they do wrong, they do not think of his being displeased. When they are sick, they do not think of his making them well; when they are happy, they do not thank him for their enjoyments. Their hearts are not grateful and affectionate towards their heavenly Father, but cold, unsubmitive, impenitent; and God looks upon them as upon disobedient and ungrateful children. This is the greatest sin which children commit, though they do not often think so.

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE DOVE,

Up to the 30th April, 1848.

	£.	s.	d.		£.	s.	d.
Previously acknow-				Midhurst	0	12	6
ledged	254	6	5	Norwich	1	7	6
Berkhampstead	0	10	0	Ramsgate	1	4	0
Broughton	0	12	0	Reading	2	10	0
Cambridge	4	6	0	Salisbury	3	4	6
Diss	2	3	6	Stony Stratford	1	7	3
Edenbridge	6	13	0	Swaffham	6	10	0
Framsden S. S.	6	11	5	Torrington	0	10	0
London—				Walsall	1	10	0
Alie Street, Little,				Westray	1	3	3
S. S.	0	6	6				
Prescot St., Little,					278	8	6
S. S.	0	10	0				
Trinity Chapel S. S.	0	10	8				

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATION.

PSALM lxiii. 10.—“They shall be a portion for foxes.”

This passage appears obscure; but give it the probable rendering, “they shall be a portion for jackals,” and then the anathema or threat becomes plain and striking to a Hindoo, in whose country the disgusting sight of jackals, devouring human bodies, may be seen every day. So ravenous are these animals, that they frequently steal infants as they lie by the breast of the mother; and sick persons who lie friendless in the street, or by the side of the Ganges, are sometimes devoured alive by these animals in the night. Persons in a state of intoxication have been thus devoured as they lay in the streets of Calcutta.

THE HINDU'S FLOWER.

THE interesting fact, narrated in the following lines, was related by Mr. Eustace Carey, nearly twenty years ago, at a missionary meeting in Plymouth. These lines were then penned.

ONCE o'er the unmeasured waste of eastern India's plain,
Where Ganges winds, to pour his waters in the main,
A Hindoo pilgrim trod his weary, lonely way,
Scorched 'neath the fervid noon of oriental day.

When 'twas demanded, why he wandered to and fro,
In metaphoric words he answered, "Thou shalt know ;—
Brother, I have a flower, a very precious flower,
I wish to offer this before some worthy power.

Among our gods I've sought, with unrequited pain,
For one divinely true, in all the unhallowed train."
But by the precious flower, his inmost heart he meant,
An undivided sacrifice, devoutly to present.

Then Mercy's hand displayed before his longing eye,
Him—who, as Moses' serpent was, must be lift up on high.
Adoring then he bowed, and, humbled in the dust,
Committed to our Lord, his treasured, sacred trust.

"I know whom I've believed," he now is heard to say,
"He'll keep my precious flower against *that* awful day :"
Yes—and we trust 'twill then unfading bloom above,
Transplanted to the paradise of God's eternal love.

Reader ! shall we withhold, or yet *neglect* to pay
Our vows, our grateful sacrifice to Him who guides our way ?
No, let each heart to Him, through faith in Christ, arise,
He'll own the "precious flower" and bless the sacrifice.

L.

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



COLOMBO—CEYLON.

HERE we have a view of the capital of Ceylon, and its fort. It contains upwards of 30,000 inhabitants, and is in the centre of the cinnamon country. The inhabitants are Singhalese, Dutch, Portuguese, and English; and among all classes our missionaries carry on their labours.

The following account of the station will be read with interest; it is from our missionary, Mr. Davies.

NEW SERIES, VOL. I.]

H

[JULY.

"We have thirty schools, with about eight hundred and sixty-five children. Owing to the reduction of our funds we were obliged to abolish some of our more expensive schools, and we also discontinued some other unpromising ones. While these changes were being made, we commenced some new schools, in more favourable situations, and at a less expense; so that at present, after deducting seven schools with two hundred and fourteen children, for Matura, contained in the last report for Colombo, we have an increase of two schools, containing about eighty-nine children. These schools are visited and examined about once a month. I am happy to testify to a decided improvement in most of them; while in some it has been in a very high degree. I have been highly gratified with some of the candidates who were baptized during the latter part of the year. I hope there are a few of the children, in some of the schools, under serious impressions. In some districts, also, the spirit of inquiry seems to be awaking among the people. Oh, that these indications may not prove as the early clouds!"

LITTLE HOME MISSIONARIES.

(Concluded from p. 59.)

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—I promised, that if the Editor would permit, I would say something to you about the little maid who was taken prisoner by the Syrians, and was a servant—not such a servant as some of you may be, but a slave in the family of Naaman. Her history in the fifth chapter of the second book of Kings, is a very beautiful one, and so simply told that every child may understand it.

Has it not struck you sometimes, that there are nowhere else such interesting stories as are contained in the Bible, and that they have this great recommendation over many others, that they are all quite true?

Whenever I read this little history, I cannot help admiring the interest which this little girl took in the welfare of her master. Seeing that he was afflicted with a grievous and loathsome disease, she expressed a great desire that he should visit the prophet in Samaria, who would, as she thought, be sure to cure him. I fear that some little girls in her situation would have thought it sufficient to obey the orders which were given them, but though she was a slave, and not a servant by her own free will, she was not on that account the less disposed to promote her master's interest; she felt that the way to be happy herself, was to promote the comfort and happiness of those around her; and what a lesson does this teach to every one who is a servant, or is looking forward to being one, to study the good of those with whom they are placed!

What a happy thing it was that this little maid had made herself acquainted with the prophet while she was young! Many little girls, perhaps, would have known nothing about him, or would not have known that there was anything particular in the cures he had performed; just as some young persons now, if we were to talk to them, would tell us that the Bible is a very fine book, and that there are many very important things in it, but if you ask them what they are, they can give you little account of them. I have heard of a boy who attended a Sunday-school, who, being asked by a gentleman which class he was in, said, The Testament; the gentleman immediately asked him, what he had learned of the Lord Jesus Christ: Oh, he said, he knew there was a great deal about him, but he could not recollect just then what it was—that he was only in Luke. Only in Luke! so that he had read through the Gospels of

Matthew and Mark, and yet was not able to give an account of the wonderful life and death of Jesus Christ, or of the Divine instructions He had delivered.

You observe this little girl expresses herself as knowing all about the prophet—she felt, no doubt, that he was able to cure her master, and she knew so much of his kindness, that she felt quite sure he would do it. That which she said was well received by her mistress, and her master was informed of it: it appears that, after that, what she had said reached the ears of the king, which, I dare say, she never expected: and the king, who was much attached to Naaman, wrote a letter to the king of Israel, taking for granted, that as this little girl knew the prophet, the king must know him, and would order him to cure Naaman of his leprosy. The prophet heard of this, and sent to desire that Naaman would come to him; and he came and was healed, and not only was healed of his disease, but he became a worshipper of the true God. Oh, how the little maid must have rejoiced when she saw her master return in perfect health, and acknowledging that there was no God in all the earth but the God of Israel!

We should learn from this story, the duty, if we have anything to say which will be for the good of another, to say it; it should be said modestly, and then it will not give offence. You observe this little maid did not go boldly into the presence of her master, and tell him she had something very important to say to him; if she had, he might have been offended, and not have permitted her to stop and say it; but, waiting upon Naaman's wife, she took an opportunity of respectfully expressing her wish, that her master were with the prophet, feeling assured that he

would heal him. But do not you think there is something very remarkable in so much being thought of what she said? How can we account for it? Surely she must have been a girl whose conduct gave them a very high opinion of her: she must have been a girl of strict veracity. I am sure, if we knew all about her, we should find that she never told a lie. If she had been in the habit of talking as some young persons do, so that we never know whether they are in earnest, her master never would have thought of taking a long and expensive journey in consequence of what she said; he must have placed the greatest confidence in her statement, as it is, you know, sometimes with young people, if anything remarkable is stated, and a doubt is expressed of its correctness, it is sufficient to say, "Oh, I heard it from such an one, it must be true, for she would not tell an untruth for all the world."

But whatever her regard to veracity, she would have had nothing to tell if she had not diligently used the means she had possessed of obtaining information. She was taken when she was very young from the land where the true God was worshipped, to a country of idolaters. If she had put off the thought of gaining information till she had become a little older, thinking, as some young persons do, that there is plenty of time, she would never have had the opportunity of gaining that knowledge which was so important to herself, as well as enabling her to be useful to her master, and would have been deprived of the pleasure she received from seeing him return recovered in health, and no longer a worshipper of idols, but of the true God. Now it may be that, even if your lives are

continued, you may be removed to a distance from the advantages you now enjoy, or may be shut up in a sick chamber; then how delightful it will be, if your minds are well stored with the sacred Scriptures, and with the hymns you have learned! Like the poor Irish girl, whose priest took away her Testament, and burned it, you may be able to say, "Well, I am thankful no one can deprive me of the precious chapters I have learned."

Probably some of you may remember the history of Nummia, the captive maid among the Iberians, in the volume for 1843. I am sure you must have been very much interested in it. She was a Christian, and was taken captive by idolaters, and her conduct was the means of inducing those around her to seek an acquaintance with the Saviour, who was dear to her; and I hope, my dear young friends, that some of you love the Saviour so much, that you would feel a pleasure in telling others of Him, wherever you may be. There is no knowing what a blessing God may put on what you say; but then it must be seen, that you, like the little Israelitish maid, are influenced by a desire to do good, and that you have a strict regard to truth, and that, like Nummia, you have pleasure in approaching the throne of God in prayer. You may be placed in families in which God is not honoured, and then oh how important to you will be the knowledge you have gained in your school, and how delightful to teach some dear children, who are committed to you, what you have thus learned about Jesus Christ, and to read the Scriptures to them! Perhaps they may find as great interest in reading your reward books as you have

done, and be as much profited. There have been instances in which whole families, first the children, and then the parents, and fellow-servants too, have been converted by the instructions and the example of a pious servant. They have been convinced by the pious and consistent conduct of a religious servant, and by the cheerfulness she discovered, that there was something in religion which they had never known, and they have, under the Divine blessing, been led to seek an interest in the Saviour's love. It would occupy too much time to refer to all the various ways in which you may render yourselves useful, not only to the members of the family, but to all around you. But let me also ask, did you ever, when you were reading the parable of the Talents, think of the fact that there is not one to whom God has not committed at least one talent? Perhaps you may say, "Why a child's talent must be a little one." Well, but still each child, who loves the Saviour, has a talent to be used for his glory.

But perhaps some of you may be saying, "Ah, this is not for me; I fear I do not love the Saviour." If that be so, let me entreat of you to seek the Saviour without delay. Give your hearts to Him. Do not be kept away by the fear that you are too young; call to remembrance those delightful words, "I love them that love me, and those who seek me early shall find me." You cannot be too young to seek the Saviour and enjoy his love, if you can read what I am writing; be encouraged by the words of a little boy of seven years old, who, when he was dying, said, "Oh, mamma, what a precious word this word 'little' is! 'Suffer *little* children to come unto me, and forbid them

continued, you may be removed to a distance from the advantages you now enjoy, or may be shut up in a sick chamber; then how delightful it will be, if your minds are well stored with the sacred Scriptures, and with the hymns you have learned! Like the poor Irish girl, whose priest took away her Testament, and burned it, you may be able to say, "Well, I am thankful no one can deprive me of the precious chapters I have learned."

Probably some of you may remember the history of Nunnia, the captive maid among the Iberians, in the volume for 1845. I am sure you must have been very much interested in it. She was a Christian, and was taken captive by idolaters, and her conduct was the means of inducing those around her to seek an acquaintance with the Saviour, who was dear to her; and I hope, my dear young friends, that some of you love the Saviour so much, that you would feel a pleasure in telling others of Him, wherever you may be. There is no knowing what a blessing God may put on what you say; but then it must be seen that you, like the little Israelitish maid, are influenced by a desire to do good, and that you have a strict regard to truth, and that, like Nunnia, you have pleasure in approaching the throne of God in prayer. You may be placed in families in which God is not honoured, and then, oh, how important to you will be the knowledge you have gained in your school, and how delightful to teach some dear children who are committed to you, what you have thus learned about Jesus Christ, and to read the Scriptures to them! Perhaps they may find as great interest in reading your reward books as you have

done, and be as much profited. There have been instances in which whole families, first the children, and then the parents, and fellow-servants too, have been converted by the instructions and the example of a pious servant. They have been convinced by the pious and consistent conduct of a religious servant, and by the cheerfulness she discovered, that there was something in religion which they had never known, and they have, under the Divine blessing, been led to seek an interest in the Saviour's love. It would occupy too much time to refer to all the various ways in which you may render yourselves useful, not only to the members of the family, but to all around you. But let me also ask, did you ever, when you were reading the parable of the Talents, think of the fact that there is not one to whom God has not committed at least one talent? Perhaps you may say, "Why a child's talent must be a little one." Well, but still each child, who loves the Saviour, has a talent to be used for his glory.

But perhaps some of you may be saying, "Ah, this is not for me; I fear I do not love the Saviour." If that be so, let me entreat of you to seek the Saviour without delay. Give your hearts to Him. Do not be kept away by the fear that you are too young; call to remembrance those delightful words, "I love them that love me, and those who seek me early shall find me." You cannot be too young to seek the Saviour and enjoy his love, if you can read what I am writing; be encouraged by the words of a little boy of seven years old, who, when he was dying, said, "Oh, mamma, what a precious word this word 'little' is! 'Suffer *little* children to come unto me, and forbid them

not; ' if it had not been for that word *little*, I never could have dared to come. I could not have believed that Jesus Christ would listen to such a little boy as I am."

Praying that you may all experience the pleasures of religion in early life, and be useful in promoting the best interests of others,—I remain, your old friend,

W. B. G.

THE CHILDREN'S BOOKSHELF.

The Bedfordshire Tinker. By G. E. SARGENT.

London: B. L. Green.

All who have read that delightful book of John Bunyan's, "The Pilgrim's Progress," will be very pleased to read this account of him,—here is a Life of that wonderful man, in children's words and style; so interesting and simple, that all can read and understand it.

Death-Bed Repentance—Amiable William—Irish Dick—Old Betty and the Ragged Money. By ANN JANE.

A Letter from Ann Jane to the Parents of Sunday Scholars.

London: B. L. Green.

A new series of little books for children, simple and lively; our Sunday scholars will be much pleased with them. The last is a touching address to their parents.

INDIAN CARRIAGE.

AN Indian *gháree*, or carriage—drawn by oxen—and driven by a *śáyce*! How different from all we have ever seen of carriages, horses, and drivers in this country! The carriage, represented in the engraving, is divided into two apartments, with a covered front seat for the driver, when, during the heat of the day, he may wish to ride.

In the first apartment there is a Hindoo sitting, with the curtain



drawn aside a little. These conveyances are sometimes single, and are often seen amongst the natives of India, but are chiefly used by native *Babus*, or gentlemen. At other times, they are used with the curtains drawn closely together, to convey Hindoo ladies from place to place; and at other times to the *ghât*, for the purpose of bathing in the Ganges. Hindoo ladies are always covered when they go from their houses, except a few only of the poorest of their sex.

You see that the carriage is without springs, but being made of *bamboo*, or cane, it is somewhat elastic, and, after all, is not a very inconvenient mode of conveyance. It is drawn by oxen, as they are the principal beasts of burden in India, and other eastern

countries. Horses are, indeed, very scarce and valuable. The *tattoo*, or Indian pony, is a very feeble, diminutive creature.

You perceive that the oxen are differently shaped from English ones, especially as it respects the peculiar hump above the forehead. I am sorry to tell you, that these poor animals are often treated with great cruelty by their heathen drivers, who sit behind them and goad them fearfully. *Idolaters are cruel*, for the worship of idols leads to all that is vile and wicked; in confirmation of which, you can read Psalm lxxiv. 20.

Dear young friends, let me entreat you to pray often and earnestly for the time to come, when the remarkable prophecies, (Zechariah xiv. 20, and Habakkuk ii. 14,) shall be literally and gloriously fulfilled; and, as far as you have opportunity and ability, try to aid in sending to all idolatrous people "the glorious Gospel of the blessed God," (1 Tim. i. 11,) remembering always, that Jesus Christ, the great Master and Lord, has said to all his disciples, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," (Mark xvi. 16,) assuring them, in the most gracious and condescending manner, that, in obeying his command, and doing his will, he will be with them, even to the end of the world, (Matt. xxvii. 20.) You *can* help in this blessed work; try to do so with all your heart, and then you will act as *Christian* children ought to do.

Dear young friends, may the Lord ever bless, guide, and guard you!

W. W. E.

THE LADDER.

In the year 1830, there lived a little boy who spent all his Sabbaths in studying the Bible, in which he felt the greatest interest. To be free from interruption, he would repair to the garret; and that no one might find him, he used to "*take the*

ladder up after him." This little boy loved Jesus Christ, and delighted to do his will. He had read these words of the Saviour,—"And when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father in secret." He had no closet; but he could climb into a garret by means of a ladder; and that he might study the Bible, and pray to God in secret, "he took the ladder up after him." In 1831, this youth died—he climbed to heaven. He is now enjoying the presence of Jesus in a mansion where he needs no ladder; but, free from the approach of interruption, can unite with angelic spirits to praise the God of the Bible, and in adoring the love of that Saviour who died that even a little child believing on him might inherit the kingdom of heaven.—*From Christian Treasury.*

THE INDIANS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

(Continued from page 67.)

You will remember, dear children, reading about that pious missionary Mr. Daehne, and how he persevered through many difficulties, in trying to do good to the poor Indians. The missionaries who next visited Guiana went from England; they were sent by the Church Missionary Society. Mr. Armstrong went out in 1829, and Mr. Youd in 1833; they built houses for themselves at Bartica Point and the Grove, and then travelled about amongst the Indians in the interior of the country, trying to persuade them to send their children to school, and to come themselves and hear what the missionaries could teach them about God and Jesus Christ.

Some Indian families soon came and settled at the Grove, around the missionary's house, and then Mr. Youd instructed them every day from the Scriptures, and taught

them besides how to labour in the fields, to produce cassava and other articles of food. Mr. Youd hoped that God was bringing some of these poor heathens to a knowledge of himself, when a great trial occurred. Mr. Armstrong was obliged to return to England in 1886, and just about the same time the measles broke out amongst the people at the Grove, and carried off about seventy of them. Mr. Youd was very busy attending to the sick people, but those who were left were frightened and ran away to the woods again, leaving their kind missionary nearly worn out with his many trying labours. He was obliged to go away to the island of Barbadoes for a few weeks.

Shortly after Mr. Youd's return to the Grove, he was cheered by the arrival of Mr. Bernau, a new missionary, who was come to help him. Mr. Bernau was much disappointed to find that all the Indians had left the settlement, but he and Mr. Youd began at once to try and bring them back again. Mr. Youd went through the woods, into the interior, and Mr. Bernau built a house for himself at the Grove; he was helped by a few boys, but most of the people ran away when he approached them to ask for assistance. Mr. Bernau then visited the Indians who lived round about, but wherever he went the mothers and children, and fathers too, if they were at home, ran away into the bushes quite frightened; he was obliged to tempt them to come near him, by throwing small biscuits amongst the children, and, gradually finding that touching him did not kill them, as the conjurors had prophesied, they stayed round him and listened while he told them that the Great Spirit had "so loved the world, that he sent his only begotten Son into the world, that whosoever believeth on

going to the angels in heaven, and this evening I shall be there." John seemed much affected and began to weep, but she said, "Brother, weep not, I shall soon be very happy. You learn, love." Her friends prayed around her hammock, and commended her to the Saviour, and she lay quite still, but unable to speak. In the afternoon she entered into her rest.

You will easily guess, dear children, how pleased Mr. Bernau would be to see this poor Indian family dying so happily. God had indeed blessed his labours; there are many other interesting accounts of other men and children in his book, but we must close here at any rate, for the present, and remember, when praying for missionaries and heathen people, not to forget Mr. Bernau and the Indians in South America.

A.

ARE YOU UNHAPPY?

A few Sabbath evenings ago, I heard a sentence of a letter read, which was written by a young woman living some distance from home at service, and who was once a scholar in a Sunday-school in Suffolk; it was addressed to her parents. She said, "I feel very unhappy, I am comfortable in my situation, but am unhappy about my soul." A sense of sin makes the mind unhappy, but a sense of interest in the love and salvation of Jesus, makes it happy. This is

A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

The Holy Spirit teaches first our badness and helplessness, and then Christ's suitableness and all-sufficiency. Are our young friends unhappy about their souls, weeping over their sins, and desirous to know about Jesus, who "is able to save them unto the uttermost that come unto God by him?"

Rattlesden.

W. A.

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE DOVE,

Up to the 31st May, 1848.

	£.	s.	d.		£.	s.	d.
Previously				London—			
acknowledged	278	8	6	Keppel Street	2	6	10
Aberchirder	0	8	6	Mrs. Tatnall's Chil-			
Battersea	0	16	5	dren	0	13	3
Biddenden S. S.	1	8	7	Long Parish	0	10	0
Birmingham—				Maidstone	0	8	0
Cannon Street	2	9	9	Margate	1	0	0
Heneage Street ..	6	1	0	Maryport	1	5	6
Bishop Burton	0	10	0	Newcastle-on-Tyne—			
Bonnyrigg	2	0	0	Tuthill Stairs	0	14	2
Braintree	1	0	0	Paulton	2	15	10
Brickhill	0	12	0	Potter Street	0	12	6
Brocklesby	0	6	0	Preston	1	1	0
Calne	0	5	6	Rochdale	2	6	6
Chatham—				Saffron Walden	1	17	6
Zion Chapel	1	17	3	Shaldon	0	17	6
Chesham	1	0	0	Southampton—			
Cookermouth	0	14	0	Portland Chapel			
Colchester	4	0	0	S.S.	1	10	0
Darlington	1	12	11	St. Albans	2	13	0
Dover S. S. near Wigan	0	11	6	Stockton-on-Tees ..	0	8	0
Guernsey	0	17	7	Stow-on-the-Wold ..	1	5	6
Guildenborough	1	0	0	Watford	3	2	3
Hamsterley	0	7	0	Wigan—			
Harlow	1	4	0	Lord Street S. S. ..	3	9	3
Keynsham	1	12	0	Commercial Hall ..	1	0	0
Kingsbridge S. S.	1	4	0	Windsor	0	16	6
Leeds	3	19	8	Wokingham	1	12	8
London—							
Camberwell	5	5	9				
Hackney	0	15	6				
					352	13	2

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



THE MISSION HOUSE.

We like to think of places where those we love have "lived, and moved, and had their being." There are many such in our happy country, dear to every English child. Our birth-place—our happy home—our Sunday school—the house where our fathers worshipped God and taught our infancy to worship Him—even the "old arm chair," where a mother may have sat and smiled—and died perhaps—it is a precious thing. Other places have, an interest not to ourselves only, and to brothers, and sisters, and cousins—but to happy children everywhere, in England, in India, in Jamaica, in Africa, "all the wide world over." Who does not love the Old Meeting-house at Bedford, where good John Bunyan—the "pilgrim" martyr—wrote, and preached, and prayed?

And shall we not look to the places where Milton, and Bunyan, and Whitfield, and Cowper, once uttered "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," and say, Happy England—happy is the people whose God is the Lord!

Among the places so blessed for memories of goodness shall not our Mission House have an honoured room? It is not old, indeed; the street in which it stands is new within some twenty years. And now what a street of business, and what a thoroughfare for traffic! Surrounded by offices of trade, the Mission House stands almost alone as a building devoted to God.

We all know that the Mission was begun at Kettering, where good Mr. Fuller lived; and for many years its meetings were held in different parts of the country, at Northampton, at Oxford, at Birmingham, at Kettering, as well as in London. As the Mission prospered, and its business increased, it was found necessary to remove to London, as a centre to which all contributions should flow, and from which all operations should proceed. Its first place of business was part of a house in Wardrobe Place, Doctors' Commons, a narrow street behind St. Paul's Cathedral. In 1822, the business was removed to Fen Court, a narrow passage in Fenchurch Street, and there it continued under the management of Mr. Dyer, the late respected secretary, and the good and honoured men who formed the Committee from time to time till 1842, when the present house in Moorgate Street was built—built, not with money contributed for the support of Missionaries, and given year by year by the liberality of the churches, but from the "Jubilee Fund," a special contribution raised for this among other purposes in the fiftieth year of the Society's existence and labours.

Fen Court, though dark and dingy, was very dear to many who had taken sweet counsel together there. How many a missionary took his last farewell of the Committee and friends and England there—and how often have thoughts travelled home over the wide

Atlantic and Pacific, and centred there! How often have angels looked from heaven and smiled on what was planned and determined and accomplished there! And better still, how often has God honoured and encouraged the Committee in permitting them there to promote his kingdom and advance his glory!

The house in Moorgate Street is bright and pleasant. Let us turn to the picture, and we shall see a window to the right of the entrance; that is the office, which is entered by a side door. There all questions about the Mission are answered, letters are received, payments made, and general business done. Passing through the office you enter the other room, the window of which is to the left of the doorway—that room contains all the correspondence of the Society with missionaries abroad and friends at home, and is used, while we are writing, to pack up the Annual Report for 1848, to send all round the country. Behind that is the Secretary's Room, where Mr. Angus writes all his letters, sees friends who call on the business of the Mission, and directs all that is to be done to promote the usefulness and comfort of the Missionaries, to interest and stimulate the contributors—not forgetting the young, and to counsel and direct the agents and friends in this good and happy work. Down-stairs, in the basement, are the packing and store-rooms, and a strong-room, proof against fire, as a place of safety for valuable papers, &c. On the first floor is a large Committee-room, No. 1, where the Committee meet every Thursday for business; a small room, No. 2, (the left-hand window in the picture,) where Mr. Trestrail transacts the business of the Baptist Irish Society; and another, No. 5, (the window is on the right) occasionally used for holding the Committees of the different denominational Societies; and behind is an Accountant's room, where the account is kept of all the money received and paid by the Society. Still higher, on the third floor, is a large and handsome room, fitted up for a Library. Here are a great many valuable

books, and there is still room for many more. The Holy Scriptures, in almost every language into which they have ever been translated, fill many shelves. Books of travels and Missionary voyages and labours, the works of learned and pious men, ancient and modern, many dead and some still living, are treasured here. Here, too, are some portraits and memorials of honoured men—of Booth, and Kinghorn, and Hall, and Ryland, of Ivimey, and Knibb. The paintings of the baptism of Christ, for which a prize of £1000 was offered not long ago, are placed here for friends to see. Up another flight of stairs you reach the gallery, which runs round the library filled with shelves, asking for books to fill them. Another flight of stairs brings us to the flat roof of the house, which overlooks a large extent of London; and we can count the churches and conspicuous buildings of the great metropolis as we look from east to west and from north to south. Coming down again to the ground-floor, we pass through a back door into a yard, to the porter's dwelling, and through the yard into Coleman Street, which runs at the back; and by this entrance all heavy boxes and parcels are taken in and carried out.

Such is the Baptist Mission House; those who have seen it will understand our description best, and those who have not will long to have an opportunity of doing so, that they may be quite familiar with it. Whether we have seen the house or no, we hope we all love the Mission, and are determined to do all we can to help the Committee, and Treasurers, and Secretary, when they meet in it, that they may help the Missionaries to labour for God in preaching the Gospel, in supporting schools, and in translating the Holy Scriptures among the poor heathen. "Then shall the wilderness be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."

MARIA.

A LITTLE negro girl, just seven years of age, was one day playing about amongst the long tall grass which grows so rankly under the bright sun of Africa. She had been always accustomed to that burning sun, and she seldom thought it too warm. When she was tired of wandering about over the hills, she could lie down under a bush, and go to sleep. She thought herself a happy child, for she had never known any better pleasures than these. There was no school near, so she could not learn to read, and she had never once heard of the God in heaven, who had made all the beautiful things around. On the day I have mentioned, she was playing not far from the hut in which her parents lived, when she was seized roughly by some strong men, and, in spite of her struggles and cries and tears, was carried on board a ship which was lying near the sea shore.

Poor child! she soon found that she was never more to see her dear father and mother, nor hear their kind voices, nor might she ramble again, as she had been used to do, among the hills and woods of her own country. The ship set sail, and she soon lost sight of Africa for ever. She was taken to the island of St. Vincent, and sold as a slave. Her new master called her Maria. She was very angry at being taken so unjustly from her home, and forced to work for those she did not love, and she tried to show her anger by her sullenness and self-will. She gave great trouble, especially when her master was away from home, though he always punished her severely when

he returned. At the end of a few years, she was sold to another planter, and sent to the island of Trinidad.

Her work was now to be among the sugar-canes every day, in the hot sunshine.

The overseer who looked after her was so pleased with her conduct, that he gave her some pleasant work, such as washing clothes, to do at home, instead of field labour. Maria was very thankful for this. Fifty years of slavery passed by, before the joyful day came when Maria, with many others, was set free. Maria was about sixty years old. Her hair was grey, her eyes were getting dim, she was rather lame, and she looked as if she had lived a life of toil.

About this time, a school was opened near to where she lived, by a kind teacher from England.

As the grown-up people had not had an opportunity of learning how to read, they were allowed to come in the evenings and on the Sabbath, for instruction. Maria was one of the oldest scholars. The teacher feared she was too old to learn. Many of the grown people gave it up after a few lessons, for they found it more trouble than they expected; but Maria determined to persevere. In the day she went to the school amongst the children, and again in the evening, with the older scholars, so she made double progress. Long before school-time in the morning, Maria was there, and, seating herself on the floor, she would read or spell to herself, calling aloud, now and then, to ask the teacher to explain any difficult word. If he was busy, she followed him about the house with her book, till he sometimes got rather tired of her earnestness. There are not many English scholars who

tire the patience of their teachers in this way. It is not surprising, with all this diligence, that Maria was one of the first in that school who learned to read the Bible.

And this was delightful indeed. Wherever she went she carried her New Testament under her arm, and if she met any one who would be likely to explain it to her, she asked for help. She was also willing, at any time, to read it, as well as she could, to any who could not read it themselves; and she would urge them to get instruction, telling them how glad she was she had been taught.

Maria's Testament proved a better treasure than even she, in her eager delight, had imagined it. God's Holy Spirit blessed the reading of it and the instruction of the missionaries, and she was led to believe in that Saviour of whom it told her, and to ask through Him, the forgiveness of her sins. She is still living in Trinidad, and has proved, by her whole conduct, for the last few years, that she does indeed, as she says, love her Saviour more than all besides.

E. S.

NO SURRENDER.

FOR MUSIC.

EVER constant, ever true,
Let the word be, No surrender;
Boldly dare, and greatly do!
This shall bring us bravely through,
No surrender, No surrender!
And though fortune's smiles be few,
Hope is always springing new,
Still inspiring me and you,
With a magic—No surrender!

Nail the colours to the mast,
 Shouting gladly, No surrender !
 Troubles near are all but past—
 Serve them as you did the last ;
 No surrender, No surrender !
 Though the sky be overcast,
 And upon the sleety blast
 Disappointments gather fast,
 Beat them off with, No surrender !
 Constant and courageous still,
 Mind, the word is, No surrender ;
 Battle, though it be up hill,
 Stagger not at seeming ill,
 No surrender, No surrender !
 Hope—and thus your hope fulfil—
 There's a way where there's a will,
 And the way all cares to kill,
 Is to give them—No surrender !

HACTENUS.

HINDU WOMEN.

ANOTHER obstacle to the progress of the Gospel, is the great ignorance of the mass of the people. They are not allowed ever to hear the sacred books read, or to learn to read any others. And the most discouraging feature in their ignorance is, their contentment in their present state. They have no idea of aspiring to anything higher. They were born to be ignorant, as their fathers were, and they must not surpass their ancestors in wisdom. This is peculiarly the condition of *women* in India. The Brahmans say they are *bad* enough *without* learning, and with it they would be *too bad*. It is only the vilest class of females who

learn to read and write. These are therefore considered, among the more virtuous women, disreputable acquisitions.

The Hindus will not admit that their women, as such, can ever be saved. They must, after a number of births, be born as men before they can enter heaven. They are not allowed to sit with their husbands or brothers, or to eat with them, or in their presence, in this life. How then could they be permitted to share heaven with them? Such being the degraded state of by far the majority of the people, it is hard to reach them by argument, or to arouse them to a just sense of the dignity and responsibilities of man.—*Foreign Missionary Chronicle.*

HOME PROCEEDINGS.

TAUNTON.

ON Thursday evening, May 25, the children of Silver-street Sunday School, Taunton, held a meeting, with several of their teachers, to decide what to do with the money which some of them had been contributing to the Missionary cause. They had not been long at work, nor had they been able to do very much, but they had given with their whole hearts; and their smiling countenances and cheerful words showed, quite plainly, how happy they were.

Mr. Green, the minister, took the chair. A hymn was sung, and prayer offered. It was then reported, that the money found in the School Missionary Box amounted to £1. 7s. 6d. One of the boys soon discovered that this sum amounted to 330 pence; and all seemed pleased that so much had been given, to send the glad tidings to their perishing fellow-creatures.

A great deal was said, which there is not room to print here. But the readers of the Juvenile Missionary Herald would like to see some of the answers that the children made, and the resolutions that they passed.

"You know," said Mr. Green, "who were the first missionaries?"

"The apostles."

"Yes, the word apostle means"—

"Missionary."

"Exactly; and who sent them forth?"

"Jesus Christ."

"Where did he tell them to go?"

"Into all the world."

"But where first?"

"To Jerusalem."

"And why were they to begin there?"

The young folks could hardly tell.

"Were the people in Jerusalem better than others?"

"Oh no, Sir, worse."

"Were they *dearer* to Christ and his disciples?"

One little girl thought they were.

"But why, my dear?"

"Because it was their own home."

"Quite right; their own friends lived there, their parents, and brothers, and sisters, and beloved little children. First of all, they were to go and speak to those they loved the best. That was natural; and plainly shows the kindness and grace of Jesus. Now then, my dears, what place is *your* Jerusalem?"

"Taunton, Sir."

"Ah, to be sure! your home, and the home of your friends. Then where should you begin in doing good?"

"At Taunton."

"Certainly; but do we want missionaries here?"

Two or three boys say, "No."

"What! do all the people here love God, and worship with his people, and know of Jesus? Are they all Christians? Have they all Bibles?"

"Oh no, Sir."

"Then I think they *do* want missionaries. Do not you?"

All now answer, "Yes."

"But are there any missionaries in Taunton?"

"Yes, Sir, the town missionaries."

"Quite right. You shall hear them speak by-and-by. The Taunton Town Mission supports them, and sends them into our streets and courts, to tell poor, careless, wicked people of Jesus. Should you not like to help them?"

"Very much, indeed!"

"Suppose, then, we begin in this way, at our Jerusalem! But, I wish you to determine yourselves what to do. Mr. Brooks will please, therefore, to move the first resolution."

Mr. Brooks, then, with several most appropriate remarks, moved—

"That we are very glad to hear about the missionaries to poor and ignorant people of our own town, and have great pleasure in giving twelve shillings and sixpence from our missionary box to the Taunton Town Mission."

Mr. Cook, (town missionary,) seconded the resolution; and observed, among other things, that nothing was ever really lost by doing good to others, or helping the cause of God.

The resolution then was put, and all the children held up their hands right gladly.

The next resolution was about the "Dove." Mr. Tucker moved, and Mr. Perkins (town missionary) seconded—

"That twelve shillings and sixpence be given towards the expenses of the Dove. We hope that God will still watch over it, and bring it safe home to England."

Mr. Tucker spoke of the dove which Noah sent forth over the waters, and entreated his young hearers to fly to Jesus, as the Ark of Refuge from the anger of God. Mr. Perkins asked for what reason the ship was called the Dove.

"Because it is a messenger of peace," said one of the boys.

"Very good. I can think, too, of another reason. We hope that its sails will carry it, like a dove on its white wings, safely over the waves, and bring it, with the dear missionaries, swiftly home to us."

All hands were again lifted up for the resolution. The chairman then asked how much money was left.

"Half-a-crown, Sir."

"True. And now we have one resolution more."

It was this—

"That two shillings and sixpence be put back into the box, to make another beginning. We will still do all we can; and pray to God for the coming of the time when the whole world shall know of Jesus and his love."

This was passed like the others, heart and hand. A few words were said to the dear children, about their own need of a Saviour, after which they sang—

"Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
Till all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound,"

and went to their homes, resolving, if possible, to do still more in this good work, and hoping to have, at the end of the next three months, another equally delightful CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY MEETING.

NEWS FROM AFAR.

THE Ceylon School.

To the Scholars of the St. Albans Baptist Sunday School.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS—I embrace an early opportunity of fulfilling the promise contained in my last letter. For many years past, it has been usual to teach children the Singhalese

alphabet, in a manner so peculiar, that it is difficult to describe it. The teacher and children all sit down on the ground, on which has been strewn a coating of fine sand. Then the teacher, at one end of his pupils, with the ground for a book, and the fore-finger of his right hand for a pencil, writes the first letter of the alphabet in the sand, chanting at the same time, not only the name of the letter, but a description of it, or the points in which it differs from another letter, nearly like it. The boys then follow his example, and, in a moment after the letters are made, they are wiped out with the palms of their hands, and in the same place the next letter is made, while all unite in chanting its name and shape. To translate what they say into English, so as to give you a perfectly correct idea of their performance, would be impossible; but you may form some idea of it by supposing a number of children seated on the ground, in the way I have mentioned, and writing, after the teacher, the letters of the English alphabet, at the same time chanting, as fast as ever the tongue can move, a description of the letter, such as this :—

This is A, you know—a capital A, you know;
One line up and one line down,
Another across, and two little feet,
And thus is completed a capital A, you know.

This is B, you know—a capital B, you know;
One line straight, and two half round,
One on the top, and two on the ground,
And thus is completed a capital B, you know.

With this specimen, I must leave it to the inventive genius of some little boy, (if he thinks it well to introduce into England the antiquated Ceylon method of teaching,) to complete the alphabet. It is not, however, our desire in Ceylon to continue so tedious a method of instruction. We have, therefore, in most of our schools, adopted a new system, resembling that of the

infant schools in England. The alphabet and reading lessons are printed in large characters, at our lithographic press. These are pasted on boards, and the teacher, with a stick, points to each letter, saying its name. Then the boys, all at once, repeat it after him. This plan is much quicker than the old one, as you will suppose when I tell you that, formerly, a *year* was the time allotted for a boy to learn the fifty letters of the alphabet in. Besides reading, the boys learn Watts's First and Second Catechisms, Milk for Babes, (a poetical catechism,) the Lord's Prayer, and other lessons, which have been translated into the Singhalese language. Many of the boys are very intelligent, teachable, and good tempered, but they learn all sorts of wickedness from their parents and neighbours. In the words of Dr. Watts, it may be said that,

*"They are early taught to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal."*

I could mention many instances of their deceit, such as would make you grieve that they were not taught better, but one will be enough. A few days ago, I visited the Walgama school, three miles from Matura. One of the boys had two wounds on each arm, near the shoulders, and on inquiry, I found they were purposely made, and with the boy's consent. The juice of the cashew-nut had been rubbed on, and the skin removed; leaving four open wounds, which, though they will heal in a week or two, will leave four scars, that will remain for life. What could this be for? you will ask. And you will be shocked to hear the reply. It is customary for vaccinators, appointed by government, to go round at stated times, to vaccinate all the children of each district. This measure has been thought wise, in consequence of the dreadful prevalence of small-pox, at some seasons, and the great number who die with it. Now, although some of the natives are convinced of the benefits of vaccination, others are

stoutly opposed to the practice, and will use any artifice to keep their children from the operation. The most successful one is, by making wounds on the child's arm, the scars of which remain, and then, when the vaccinator comes, declaring that the child has already been vaccinated, and boldly pointing to his arms for proof! Thus the poor boy is made to bear for life the marks of its parents' lies. This was the case with the boy whom I saw, and I am told that, in this part of the island, it is a common practice. Do you not pity poor children who have such a bad example set them, and will you not resolve to do all you can to have them taught the way of truth?—Yours sincerely,

C. C. DAWSON.

Matura, March 12th, 1847.

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE DOVE.

Up to the 30th June, 1848.

	£.	s.	d.		£.	s.	d.
Previously acknow- ledged	352	13	2	London—			
Anstruther	0	12	6	Church Street S. S.	0	10	0
Beckington S. S.	0	9	0	Henrietta Street ..	3	2	8
Bourton	0	7	0	Mr. Marten	0	5	0
Cupar	2	4	3	Pontypool	0	11	8
Downham S. S.	1	0	0	Swansea	0	10	0
Dunfermline	1	15	6	Westbury Penknapp ..	1	0	0
Gillingham	0	19	6	Wincanton	0	5	6
Hereford S. S.	0	14	0				
Llanfyllin	0	8	0		371	11	9
Liverpool—							
Myrtle Street, Dove							
Missionary Society	4	4	0				

TROPICAL SCENERY.

THE TALIPUT TREE.



THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



THE GOOROOS, OR INDIAN SCHOOLMASTERS.

SOME of the Brahmins of India spend their time in the temples of their idols : others go from one family to another as teachers. Those who do so are called Gooroos, and the Hindoo who follows their directions believes that he is quite safe, because his Gooroo answers to God for his soul. The Hindoo is taught to repeat prayers in a language which he does not understand, and to learn absurd stories from the Shasters, or sacred books. This is generally all the education they give, and more is thought to be very dangerous.

The Hindoos are divided into castes. The lowest of the people are called Pariahs, the Goroos will not teach them. They even say that if a Pariah should by accident hear any of the sacred books, he must have his ears filled with wax, as a punishment of his sin.

It is easy to see that among such a people all that the Christian missionary teaches is opposed by the Goroos. He preaches glad tidings to *all* people. He proclaims, in their hearing, that God hath made of *one blood* all nations that dwell upon the earth, that in Jesus neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision—no outward form, but a new creature: that any other Gospel than the Gospel which he preaches is accursed; that men must pray with the understanding, and that to be saved each man must himself believe and obey (not the priest, but) the truth.

In several cases, however, many of these scribes and teachers have believed and become, themselves, useful missionaries.

SOMETHING MORE WONDERFUL THAN THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

George and Thomas Bates had often expressed a desire to visit the telegraph office. They had heard of the strange doings of this wonderful machine, and had often stood and looked at the wires stretched along from one high post to another, seeming like cobwebs in the air.

One day, as they were thus occupied, George asked Thomas how it could be that on those wires unseen messages were passing to and fro. "I don't know how it is," replied Thomas; "father says it is by means of electricity, and lightning is electricity, and that is the reason news travels so quickly by the telegraph."

One day, after school, these boys went into their father's shop,

which was just opposite the telegraph office, and asked him if he would be so kind as take them to see this wonderful invention.

Their father assented, always ready to gratify his children, and to add to their stock of useful information; and at once they were by the side of the clerk, looking at the performance of the little instrument, that noted down intelligence like a living thing.

The boys asked their father to send a message to their uncle in Newcastle, but the little machine was so busy, that the agent could not gratify them for some time.

Tic, tic, tic, dot, dot, dot, click, click, click, went the little pointer. By-and-by it ceased for an instant, but just as the clerk was going to put in his claim, it began again.

That is B for Birmingham, said the clerk, we must wait till the message is finished. As soon as the sentence is written, there was an E for Edinburgh, and then a Y for York; and the boys were almost out of patience, as little boys are apt to be, when their wishes are not immediately gratified.

After a while their turn came. The clerk hurried to put in an N for Newcastle, and "Ay, ay," was the reply, to let him know that his wish was attended to, and the message was sent.

Returning home, the boys could talk of nothing but the wonders of the magnetic telegraph. "Is it not the most wonderful thing you ever heard of, father?" said Thomas. "No," replied his father, "I have heard of things more wonderful."

"But father," said George, "you never heard of any message being sent so quickly as by this means, have you?" "Yes, I have, my son."

"And receiving an answer as quickly?" added George. "Yes, much sooner," replied his father.

"Are you in earnest, father?" said Thomas, looking eagerly in his face. "Is it possible you know of a more wonderful way of communication, than by telegraph?" "I never was more in earnest, my son, than I am, when I say 'yes' to your question."

"Well, father," said George, "do tell me what it is, and in what respect it is better than the telegraph?" "In the first place," said his father, "you do not have to wait to send your message, while the others are attended to; for your message can go with thousands of others, without any interruption or hindrance."

"So *that* is an improvement," said George, "for we had to wait a long time, you know."—"And in the next place," continued his father, "there is no need of wires, or electricity, or any machinery, to aid the mode of communication of which I speak: and what is more wonderful than all, is the fact, that you need not even express the nature of your communication, as before you do so your answer may be returned, though it is quite necessary that you truly and sincerely desire a favourable reception for your request. Besides all this, the plan of communication of which I speak is superior to all others, from the fact, you need not resort to any particular place to send your request. In the lonely desert—on the trackless ocean—in the crowded city—on the mountain top—by night or by day—in sickness and health, and especially in trouble and affliction, the way of communication is open to all. And the applicants can never be so numerous that the simplest desire of the feeblest child, properly presented, shall not meet with immediate attention."

"Is there any account published of this wonderful manner of communicating your wishes?" inquired Thomas. "Yes, there is, my son; it is to be found in *the Bible*."

"*In the Bible*, father!" exclaimed both the boys. "Certainly, my sons, and if you will both get your Bibles, I will tell you where to find the passages."

The children opened their Bibles, and found, as their father directed them, the twenty-fourth verse of the sixty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, which Thomas read, as follows:—"And it shall come to pass that *before they call*, I WILL ANSWER; and *while they are*

yet speaking, I WILL HEAR." Next, George found and read the ninth verse of the fifty-eighth chapter of Isaiah: "Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall answer; thou shalt cry, and He shall say, Here I am."

"Now turn," said the father, "to Daniel, ninth chapter, verses 20—23:"—"And while I was speaking, and praying, and confessing my sin and the sin of my people Israel, and presenting my supplication before the Lord my God; yea, *while I was speaking in prayer*, even the man Gabriel, being caused to fly swiftly, touched me about the time of the evening oblation. And he informed me, and talked with me, and said, O Daniel, I am now come forth to give thee skill and understanding. At the *beginning of thy supplications* the commandment came forth, and *I am come to show thee,*" &c.

"I see, father, from these passages," said Thomas, "that you refer to prayer." "And I am sure you will both agree with me, that this mode of communication with heaven, is more wonderful than any other; for, by these means, our desire can be immediately known to our Heavenly Father, and we receive an answer."

NEWS FROM AFAR.

AFRICA.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—The following extract from a letter just received from Mr. Merrick, will, I think, interest you greatly:—

"Little Fanny, to whom I alluded in my last letter, is still getting on well. My hopes of her are stronger than when I wrote to you about her. Her delight is the Word of God, and frequently while we are in bed she is reading the Scriptures. She is not, I think, more than eighteen years old, but her whole deportment and conduct is like that of a steady woman. The thought of her returning to Cameroons, and becoming another of

the wives of the man from whom I had her, is truly melancholy. The history of her coming to Cameroons is deeply distressing; I shall relate it in few words.

"Her father, who resides in the 'Bo' country, the farthest trading district on the Cameroons river, took a great deal of goods from a chief residing here, called 'Josh,' and not being able to pay, his wife, with an infant, and little Fanny, were seized one day at the market-place, by 'Josh's' people, and put in their canoe to be brought down to Cameroons. The 'Bo' people rescued the woman and her infant, but in the scuffle, and excitement, and noise of the occasion, little Fanny was forgotten and brought down to Cameroons. Two years ago, I requested 'Josh' to let me have a little girl to assist Mrs. M.; he brought me three, from whom we selected Fanny. The poor little thing was seized at the beach, where she had gone to draw water, and put into our boat, and such were her bitter cries when she saw that we were taking her away, that I felt quite inclined to send her back; but 'Josh,' who was in the boat, said she would soon give up crying, and spoke very kindly to her. Little Fanny has since that time been with us. She reads both English and Isubu very well, and daily improves. She has grown very fast, and will, I fear, soon be dragged away. Indeed, when I called on Josh on Sunday last, to preach in his village, he said it was time for 'Uggoko' (her country name) to come back. As Fanny's father is indebted to Josh, he will perhaps keep her as his own wife, or give her to some other individual.

"The case is a very difficult one, and how it will end, I am at a loss to conceive. Fanny is disinclined to go back. The difficulty lies in my detaining a servant that was lent to me by the kindness of a heathen man. I have thought that some negotiation might be entered into with Fanny's father and Josh for her liberation from Josh's hand, but this would cost at least £20 sterling, for women are sold at a very high price.

"May the Lord be our guide in the whole matter!"

This little tale should call forth our deep sympathy and our warmest efforts on behalf of our poor heathen sisters. What a debt of gratitude we owe to Him who has placed us in a land of liberty, a land of Bibles! Great is our privilege, proportionably great is our responsibility. How fearful our condemnation, if we neglect the offers of salvation!

Let me add one parting word to my young friends who have rested their hopes, for time and eternity, on the rock Christ Jesus. "How much sweat thou unto my Lord?" All the intellectual, social, domestic, or Christian blessings which you enjoy as daughters, sisters, or members of society, you owe to the glorious Gospel of the blessed God.

All your time, talents, wealth, and energy are the Lord's. You are his stewards, see that you are faithful!

Let us never present as an offering the gleanings, when the vintage is done, but let the first-fruits, the grapes of Bashcol, be devoted to our beneficent, our bountiful Lord.

Let us, dear sisters, commence anew. This year, let us pray more fervently, labour more perseveringly, remembering—"There is no work, nor knowledge, nor device, in the grave whither we are hastening." Believe me, faithfully yours in Christ Jesus,

E. C. S.

HAPPY DEATH OF A SINGHALESE BOY.

ONE instance of encouragement is that of a young boy who attended our school at Yacaduwa, a sub-station of Bysamville. The people of this village had been lamentably debased by superstitions and ignorance. But a few years ago, we began to preach the Gospel to them, and opened a school for their children, and this boy was one of the scholars. He learned to read in a short time, and, from his Bible and his teacher, he soon acquired a knowledge of the elementary truths of Christianity; but he was

particularly interested in the life of Jesus Christ, which seems to have made a deep impression upon his mind. He had felt a strong desire, for some time, to make a public profession of his love to the Saviour, but, for some reason, had never expressed it. At length he was taken ill, and all means of his recovery were tried in vain, which greatly distressed his parents. One day, he said to his father, "If the Lord, who has given me to you, intends to spare my life, he will bless some means to heal my sickness; if not, he will take me to himself, by washing me in the Saviour's blood." As he grew worse, he often repeated that "Christ, who had died on the cross, would pardon his sins, and take him, although a little heathen boy, to heaven." The missionary had once told the children in the school, how the little children in England collected money to send the Gospel to the heathen; from that time, this boy began to lay by his quarter farthings, which at the time of his illness amounted to fourpence. One day he told his parents of this money, and wished them to give it to the missionary cause, saying although it was very little, it was all he had, and God would not despise it. A short time before his death, his uncle came to see him, and entreated his father to have devil ceremonies performed for his recovery—the last resource of the Buddhists; but when the boy heard of it, he firmly prohibited anything of the kind being done, saying, he was in God's hands, and if it did not please God to spare him by proper means, he had no confidence in the healing powers of the devil, or his priests. This was a noble triumph of faith in a heathen boy; for it is a common thing for *men* who have faith to overcome all other difficulties, to yield on occasions like this: all their early impressions suddenly gain a giant's strength; all their relatives and friends excite their fears to the highest degree, so that they eagerly perform ceremonies in sickness, that they would despise in health. A few hours before his death, he sent for all his school-fellows, and told them he was going to heaven, and exhorted them all

to believe and obey the same blessed Saviour, that they might soon follow him to glory. His death produced for a time a strong sensation in the village. The people all talked of it with wonder. They said they had never seen a person die in this manner before. Its influence has been most salutary, in confirming the faith of the converts in that place. This was the first Christian's death in that village.

HOME PROCEEDINGS.

LIVERPOOL.

Liverpool, 5th June, 1848.

DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in enclosing you a post-office order for £4. 4s. *for the "Dove."* It is the amount of the second year's contributions of the "Dove Missionary Society," established in our boys' Sabbath school, at Myrtle-street Chapel, Liverpool. I shall be glad of its acknowledgment in the *Juvenile Missionary Herald*.

A short account of this society will not, I am sure, be uninteresting to you, and those friends who take an interest in the missionary movements among our young people. The society was established by a few boys in our school, in June, 1846. They then elected officers, and carried on their operations during twelve months, without the knowledge of a single teacher in the school. They told us afterwards, that they intended trying it for a year, and if it failed they would tell the teachers nothing about it. Two letters written by themselves, however, will best explain their whole history. The first of the following letters was received by the superintendent in June, 1847, at the period of our holding the anniversary of the Baptist Missionary Society in Liverpool, and was the first intimation the teachers had of its existence. The second letter is addressed to their fellow-scholars in the girls' school, and the boys and girls in our branch school. It was occasioned as follows:—The anniversary of our schools is held

at Easter, and these boys, hearing that we intended giving the children tea, applied to the committee of teachers, who had the management of the meeting, to know if they might have a collection in behalf of their little society. At the same time they stated that if their request was acceded to, they would send addresses to the scholars in the other schools informing them of the collection, and the existence of the society, and soliciting their co-operation and support. The teachers very willingly and gladly complied with their request. I may say that the teachers have not in any way interfered in the management of their affairs, and both letters originated entirely with themselves.

“Liverpool, June, 1847.

“DEAR SIR,—I take the liberty of addressing these few lines to you concerning a subject, which I am confident you will be glad to promote. No doubt you will be surprised when I inform you that during the past year a missionary society has been established in our (adult) class. In explanation, I will add a few particulars. Soon after the last yearly meeting one of us proposed that we should form and support a Society to aid the funds of the “Baptist Missionary Society;” we accordingly enrolled members, and elected officers: most of the members belong to the adult class, and the remainder to the school promiscuously. Each member pays one penny per week the average number of members is about twelve, though a great number have left of late. Perhaps you will think it singular that we did not mention the circumstance, but I beg leave to inform you that at that time we had obvious reasons whereby we could justify our conduct.

“In conclusion, I, in the name of the Society, beg leave to deliver the cash (£3) into your hands, and request you will give the amount, though small, to the person assigned to receive such contributions at the ensuing juvenile or general meeting.

“I am, Sir, yours truly, *The Treasurer.*

“To Mr. J. Gibson, Jr., Superintendent.”

"Dove Missionary Society, Myrtle Street Sunday School,

"Liverpool, 22nd April, 1848.

"DEAR FELLOW SCHOLARS,—I write this to inform you, that there is at present such a society as the above in existence, how it was first formed, and to endeavour to interest you in its success. It was first formed by some of the senior boys of the school, (one of whom is since dead, and almost all the rest have left the school,) immediately after the missionary anniversary of June, 1846, in consequence of hearing how much other schools had done, and more especially their own girls' school, and the thought that they themselves had done nothing. After the anniversary of 1847 it, however, was almost entirely broken up in consequence of most of the principal scholars having left the school, but at the end of December last one of them returned, and immediately began to try to bring the society once more into full force, which he has succeeded in doing; and even obtained a larger number of members than it ever had before; but the funds of the Society, in consequence of the falling off between June and December last, are very low, and we intend having a collection on the evening of Easter Tuesday, at the tea meeting, and hope you will do all you can to help us. Last year the funds were given in for general missionary purposes, but this time we intend giving them to aid in supporting the missionary ship, "Dove," from which the Society derives its name. Hoping you will do all in your power to help us,

"I remain, yours sincerely,

"W. MAJOR, *President.*"

The youth mentioned in the last letter as the means of re-establishing the society, was at one time the worst lad in the school, and at a teachers' meeting some years back it was all but resolved to expel him as unmanageable. Of the boy who died, and who was the originator of the society, the teachers have good hope to believe that he was led to feel his lost and ruined condition by nature, and to flee to Christ for salvation. The committee of the society, last

Sabbath, sent a letter to the girls, through the superintendent, inviting them to commence a similar society in their school. I hope they may do so. If you think that the insertion of these facts, or letters, in the *Juvenile Herald*, would be of any service to the cause, they are at your disposal. They were a source of much encouragement to our teachers, and should be to those in all our schools, that they may not grow "weary in well-doing, for, in due time we shall reap if we faint not." "My word shall not return unto me void; it shall prosper in the thing whereto I send it." It is my earnest prayer, that those who are thus endeavouring to send the gospel to their fellow-creatures, who sit in darkness, may themselves experience that change of heart, without which they cannot see God. Trusting you will excuse the length of this letter, much longer than I expected,

I remain, Rev. and Dear Sir, yours respectfully,

EDWARD MOUNSEY,

Secretary, Myrtle Street Boys' Sabbath School.

GATESHEAD.

CAPTAIN THOMAS MELBOURN, of the missionary vessel "Dove," having returned to his native town, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, from Western Africa, *via* Jamaica, with his wife Kate, daughter of the late Rev. W. Knibb, on Sunday, the 25th June, addressed the scholars of Garden-street Branch of Tuthill Stairs Sunday schools, on the past history, present state, and future prospects of the Baptist mission in Western Africa, in which he narrated many of the superstitions and cruelties of that country, fully verifying the Scripture, that "the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty." He was attentively listened to by the scholars, who promised to bring their pence and half-pence next Sabbath, to aid the mission in sending the Gospel to the little black boys and girls of Western Africa, and which will be found acknowledged in an early number of this *Herald*. Let every school go and do likewise.

KING-STREET CHAPEL JUVENILE MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION,
CANTERBURY.

THIS Association continues to do nobly. The following are the receipts of the four years since the formation :—

	£	s.	d.
1844 to 1845	61	16	9
1845 to 1846	65	13	9
1846 to 1847	60	10	8
1847 to 1848	56	17	10
	<hr/> £244 19 0 <hr/>		

This amount has been collected by collecting boxes and cards.

A GOOD HEARER.

WE hear much said about good preachers, but the text above named is worthy of a discourse.

1. A good hearer will come to the sanctuary to *hear*. He is hungry and thirsty, and wants living bread and living drink. Other people come there for divers other purposes than that of hearing: but that is his errand. Therefore he will have ears to hear.

2. And he will *come promptly*. He is interested, and in earnest, and he feels that he has something to do with the Alpha as well as the Omega of divine service; and he cannot interrupt other people's hearing, by a late arrival. You will find the good hearer in his place in good time.

3. And he must hear with *much prayer*. He did not forget that before he left home, but warmed up his heart into a fit state to receive the Word ere the hour of public worship arrived, and he kept on keeping his heart warm, by frequently lifting it up to the throne of grace. "These frequent looks of the heart to heaven," says Leighton, "exceedingly sweeten and sanctify our other em-

ployments, and diffuse somewhat of heaven through all our actions." So the good hearer thinks, and his own practice eminently sanctifies the employment of hearing the Word, and makes it profitable.

4. The good hearer *hears for himself*. There are a plenty of people who turn all the arrows of divine truth to the souls of other people, and apply the discourse most carefully and faithfully to the cases of those about them. But the good hearer ventures to suppose that the being addressed by the speaker is himself, and acts accordingly.

5. The good hearer is a *doer* of what he hears. *Hearing* is one thing, and a pretty easy and comfortable thing. But *doing* is another thing, and quite often a very uncomfortable affair. People are not very fond of putting them together. But the good hearer will not suffer them to be separated.

Besides all the good they do to *themselves*, good hearers accomplish another most important object; they make *good preachers*. How it sets a speaker on fire to see the hearers wide awake; all eyes and ears are drinking in his words, as if life hung upon them! The sight kindles him wonderfully. The warm blood shoots rapidly along his veins. There is a powerful stimulus to increased energy and zeal. He preaches an hundred fold better for having these good hearers.

I have heard of "preachers preaching people to sleep;" but I have seen hearers hearing preachers to sleep. They hear so stupidly, languidly, sleepily, that they put all the fire out there was in the speaker's heart. Their indifference disheartened him. How could he preach zealously and fervently when those who had not *gone* already to sleep were nodding around him, on the verge of it, in all directions?

"But it is his business to keep us awake by his zeal and energy." But so it is your business to keep him awake by your felt and manifested intense interest in his preaching. Such attention

would rouse, comfort, and animate him. Why not give it to him? If you wish him to be a good preacher, be a good hearer. It will do more toward that object than all the other things together which you can do. Try it.

THE GOSPEL BANNER.

MARK xvi. 15.

LIFT up the Gospel banner,
Wide be its folds unfurled;
Display the love of Jesus
Before a guilty world:
Go forth to every creature
That dwelleth under heaven,
Proclaim the wondrous tidings
Of grace and mercy given.
O stay not—time is passing;
Work while 'tis called to-day:
Thousands of heathen perish
Each hour that you delay.
They die without the knowledge
Of God's most holy word,
Without the hopes you cherish,
In Christ our gracious Lord.
Remember your Redeemer,
Obey his last command,
And resting in his promise,
In faithful service stand.
Lift up his glorious banner,
Grace, mercy, peace proclaim
To all repenting sinners,
In Christ the Saviour's name.

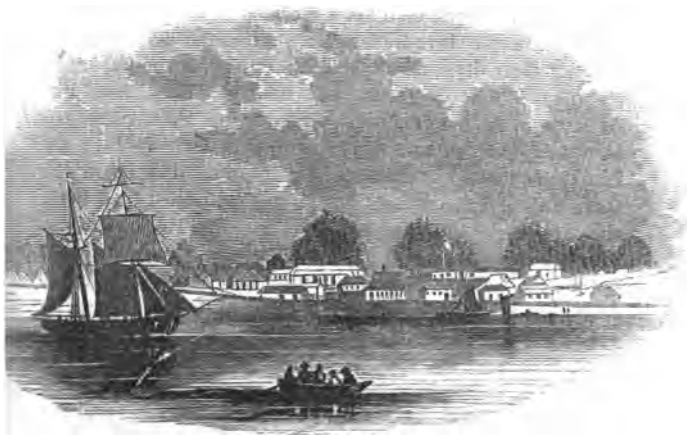
From Hymns and Poetry for Infant Schools.

IDOL DEITIES.

VISHNU.



THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



BISSAO, WESTERN AFRICA.

You have here a representation of Bissao, a Portuguese settlement on the Senegambia, at which the schooner "Marys" called in 1843, when on her way to Fernando Po. In this vessel, Dr. and Mrs. Prince and daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. Merrick, and the late Mr. Alexander Fuller, left England for Africa. They sailed from London on the 14th of June, 1843, and called first at the river Gambia, and next at this place, where they remained about fourteen days; during which period, on the 8th of August, Mrs. Merrick gave birth to her firstborn child. Here many of the sailors became sick, and the captain was soon near to

the point of death ; but, with the blessing of God upon the means used by Dr. Prince, the captain was saved, though one or more of the men fell a sacrifice at this sickly place. The Portuguese slave-traders are a miserable class of men ; and all their dependants and the natives around are in a state of moral darkness and misery, which few but Africans could long endure. . One of the Portuguese inhabitants took offence at something spoken to him by Dr. Prince, and ran furiously for his gun, that he might shoot him upon the street ; but he was restrained by others, and did our brother no harm. While Dr. Prince, to assist the sickly captain, was trying to obtain two additional sailors, the " Marys " got under way, and "*dropt*" down the river, leaving the doctor and his daughter behind. The wind was strong, and the river waves were high for a small boat, and considerable danger was encountered by Dr. Prince before he could overtake the vessel. He did so, at length, with two additional seamen ; and on the 6th of September, they reached, in safety, the island of Fernando Po.

The limits of the coast of Senegambia are, from the southern extremity of the Desert to Sierra Leone, about eight hundred miles ; and include the regions watered by the Senegal, the Gambia, and various other streams, with their tributaries ; and may be said to extend about seven hundred miles inland from the sea. The country, in many parts, is flat, marshy, and very unhealthy to Europeans ; but the English, French, and Portuguese, have settlements in it.

THE MISSIONARY'S SACRIFICE.

It was an interesting season; for a noble band of missionaries were about proceeding to their various destinations; and Christian friends had assembled to designate them to the high and holy office, bidding them farewell, under the safe conduct and guidance of the Lord of hosts.

The large chapel was filled to overflowing, and Edith, in her youthful zeal and inexperienced ardour, would have willingly accompanied them. Mrs. M. had been detained by an invalid, but listened with deep interest to her daughter's glowing description of the service. Edith finished her account by exclaiming,—“O mamma, how I should like to be a missionary!”

“Well, my dear,” replied her mamma, “you know the Saviour's direction is, before building a tower to count the cost. Have you done this?”

“I am not sure about that. What can be the sacrifices which were so continually alluded to by all the ministers?”

“Quitting one's native country, my love, is no inconsiderable trial.”

“That was particularly mentioned; but then,” continued Edith, “I could not help thinking, that each young lady went with her husband; and if he is her dearest friend, it could not be a very great sacrifice to go anywhere with him. Besides, when people are married, they often have to go so far from their old friends that they never see them, even if they remain in their own country.”

“That is true; but you know many missionaries go out singly, like Henry Martyn, or the devoted ladies connected with the Female Education Society; and, when married, it is sometimes needful to separate for a season, as our African pioneers did: but when entering the field, pious missionaries yield themselves to *whatever* service their Lord may appoint. Then there is the voyage, with all its *certain discomforts*, and *probable perils*.”

"Do you know, mamma, I think, after the sea-sickness was over, the voyage, with all its *novelties*, would be quite delightful."

"I believe it would be so to *you*, my love; but do not forget the miseries of the initiatory sea-sickness, which you know completely incapacitates any one for enjoyment. I knew one missionary who had crossed the Atlantic *thirteen* times, and was always confined to his berth the whole of each voyage with this distressing malady. Still, I grant his is an extreme case, and we may feel thankful, on behalf of our enterprising fellow-Christians, that their rough and dangerous transits to the sphere of labour so often yield a compensating meed of pleasure."

"Then what *can* be those great sacrifices, mamma?"

"The leaving home, and the voyage, my dear, I believe most experienced missionaries would deem but a small and temporary part of their sacrifices. The difficulties and discouragements of their future duties, which would be of daily occurrence, are circumstances which would tinge most gloomily the anticipations of devotion to a missionary career."

"Oh, you mean learning a foreign language, I suppose; but I would go where the people speak English or French, and then I should not have that difficulty."

"I trust, my dear Edith, you would be willing to go *wherever* the Lord called you, even were it to China, whence a missionary writes,—'Oh the language! the language is *really* difficult! Learning to speak it is no sinecure;'—still, for consolation, he continues,—'but when you can speak it, what news you may tell! what multitudes you may teach!'"

"Dear me, mamma, I never thought before that I might be promising when joining in that sweet hymn,

'Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found!
I'll point to His redeeming blood,
And say, Behold the way of God.'"

"Then you know, my love," resumed Mrs. M., "that the progress of the Gospel is continually illustrated in Scripture by the growth of seeds; and while slight and ephemeral roots quickly wither away, the firmer trees of the forest are years and years ere they arrive at maturity. So similar results attend the moral plants of the missionary's training!"

"Do not all ministers feel those sort of trials, mamma? I am sure when I have been visiting your friends Mr. and Mrs. H., I have wondered how they could be so happy amidst the many discouragements arising from characters they had sometimes thought hopeful; and in my Sunday-school class I have felt something of it, which led me to talk to Mrs. H."

"No doubt, my love, all zealous and spiritually-minded ministers can, more or less, experimentally sympathise in these trials; but the missionary is always surrounded by the fascinations of refined heresy, or the abominations of gross idolatry; while not unfrequently he has to stem the torrent of iniquity *alone*; and it is this isolation from all Christian aid and all Christian sympathy that so deeply depresses the human mind, that voluntarily to incur such a probability seems a sacrifice too great to venture, except in dependence on that Almighty Friend with whose presence we need '*fear no evil*.'"

"O mamma, I see, indeed, I have not counted the cost of being a missionary."

"Have you considered the possibility of persecution ensuing? the opprobrium and violence which may assail—or the prison and ignoble death which may await you?"

"Surely, mamma, in these days one need not fear persecution or death as a missionary fate?"

"You have forgotten then, Edith, how recently our West Indian missionaries were imprisoned and fined; those of Madagascar banished; and others, in the South Sea Islands, barbarously murdered; still, the volumes of Missionary Records in

your papa's library will afford melancholy testimony to the sufferings faithful missionaries have been called to endure, from the days of the apostles to the present time."

"I am afraid, if ever I should share in such dreadful trials, my weak faith would fail."

"Nay, my love, those excellent men could not have sustained them alone, but all would say with St. Paul, at the court of Nero—'The Lord stood with me, and *strengthened me.*'"

"But, mamma, all missionaries do not have to undergo such scenes as these."

"No, Edith, and I believe many of these devoted Christians find their hardest sacrifices consist in a multitude of circumstances almost too insignificant to be detailed, and perhaps only yielding their real consequences at a remote period."

"I do not understand you, mamma."

"My meaning will be clearer, if I give an illustration. Suppose a young missionary couple have surmounted the trials of parting with early friends, and are beginning to make progress in the foreign tongue, and address themselves with interest and success to their new duties. A little babe is born; but their parental delight is chastened by the remembrance of the deadly nature of the climate, and the corrupt moral associations from which they can scarcely hope to screen it as its mind developes."

"Poor little missionary children, they must be exposed to many dangers!"

"Their parents often feel it preferable to choose the distress of sending them home for education, rather than to retain them in a region so hazardous both to physical and mental health; but numbers, you know, die under its fatal influence."

"Well, we know that those dear little infants are safe in the fold of the good Shepherd—but it must be a sore trial to lose one after another."

"A trial none but a parent can fully understand, my love; but,

perhaps the missionary himself is suddenly prostrated with severe illness, and the mother is compelled to trust her infant to a strange nurse, while she devotes all her energies to her sick partner; and his shattered frame is raised from the bed of death, only just able to sustain hasty preparations for an immediate return to his native air."

"Mamma, are you describing a real case, or only an imaginary one?"

"I was thinking, my dear Edith, of a real case, in which the early death of a dear little boy seemed the final completion of one of these missionary sacrifices."

"How was that, mamma?"

"The young couple I mentioned were obliged to risk a long voyage with the tender infant, when only a few months old. Often it was difficult to supply it with a proper quantity of suitable food, as there happened to be many children on board the same ship; and sometimes, when the cow was milked, the weary animal would restlessly upset the precious draught, or a sudden lurch of the vessel deluge it with salt water, and render it useless."

"How provoking!"

"The weather, too, was rough and stormy, and more than once it was necessary to keep the poor little babe for two or three days together in his little padded cot, lest his limbs should be broken; and when it was comparatively calm, an unexpected ocean-swell not unfrequently tossed him from one side of the cabin to the other. Possibly on one of these occasions the little boy received some injury, for, after the lapse of a year or two, disease appeared; and, notwithstanding every watchful care, a delicacy of habit continued, which, when fever attacked him, speedily consumed his feeble strength. He died after a brief period of intense suffering, attributed by his medical attendants to the disorder which, in all probability, originated as the effect of a voyage so early in life."

Edith's tears flowed as she exclaimed—"O mamma, such trials are enough to make people regret becoming missionaries!"

"And yet, my love," replied Mrs. M., "I have never heard nor read a single instance, in which a pious missionary, even amidst his keenest sufferings, repented of the step he had taken; but all have borne testimony to the faithfulness of the Saviour's promise, that 'there is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive *manifold more* in this present time, and in the world to come, life everlasting.'"

E. W. P.

NEWS FROM AFAR.

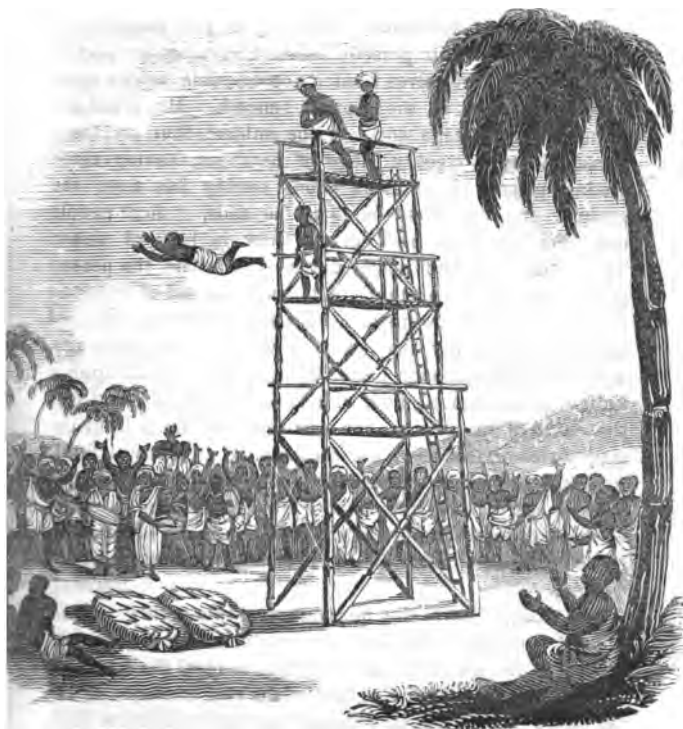
A MISSIONARY and his wife, who had been in China about three weeks, were drowned recently by the upsetting of a small vessel in which they were passing from one part of their field of labour to another.

Two other missionaries have been murdered by the natives of an island in the Eastern Archipelago. "They counted not their lives dear unto them."

In *Haiti* there have been serious disturbances. The school under Miss Harris has been sadly reduced in numbers, the parents being afraid to let their children leave home: they hope, however, for better times.

In *France*, our missionaries preach the Gospel in places where they were forbidden some time since: doors are open on all sides. Two colporteurs aid our missionary in the work of distributing the Scriptures.

In *Germany*, Mr. Oncken has been successfully engaged in preaching at Vienna and at Pesth; at both places some have been baptized, and he is greatly encouraged.



HEATHEN CRUELTY.

How awful and unmeaning are the cruelties of the heathen! Here is one mode of self-torture adopted by them.

This kind of voluntary infliction, as you perceive, is that in which certain persons called Sunyasses (or *perfect ones* !) throw themselves from a considerable height upon iron spikes fixed in the ground beneath. Mr. Ward informs us, in his large work on the subject, that, on these occasions, they erect a stage of bamboos, having three resting places, the highest about twenty feet from the ground. "From these heights," he adds, "these people cast themselves on iron spikes, stuck in bags of straw. These spikes are laid nearly flat, so that when the person falls they almost constantly fall down, instead of entering the body. There are instances of persons being killed, and others wounded, but they are very rare. A few years ago, a person at Kidderpoor, near Calcutta, cast himself upon a knife used in cleaning fish, which entered his side, and was the cause of his death. He cast himself down from the stage twice on this day; the second time (which was fatal) to gratify a wicked person with whom he lived. In some villages, several of these stages are erected, and as many as two or three hundred people cast themselves down on these spikes in one day, in the presence of great crowds of people.

"My heart," says the missionary, "thoroughly sickens when I hear and recite these cruelties, and these remarks are made for no other purpose than to recal the attention of Christian friends in England to the real condition of the people of Bengal, lest they should be ready to suppose that, because the Gospel has been sent here, and some few missionaries are actually gone forth, that little more need be thought of for the evangelising this part of the heathen world. Let it be remembered, that such is the actual state

of India, and of Bengal in particular, that the five barley loaves and few fishes were literally as competent a provision for the thousands who were to eat of them, as the few labourers in Bengal are to cope with the numbers and the absolute moral wretchedness of the inhabitants."

THE FOUR FERNANDIANS.

Berwick, August 16th, 1848.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—You will like to hear of the six black men who came from Africa in the Dove; and I am very willing to tell you something about them. Four of these are natives of Fernando Po, a fifth is a Fantee from Cape Coast Castle, and the sixth was born at Sierra Leone. I shall begin with those three who have been sent away to their own land, in a large ship, called the *Majestic*; and may afterwards tell you something of the others who are still in London.

The first I shall mention is Thomas Thompson; he is a Fernandian, and lived as a servant and interpreter, for some time, with one of the teachers, at a native town called Bassipu. It was at this place the good missionary died after whom he was named. Thomas went with the missionaries, in the Dove, to many places in Fernando Po, and on the continent of Africa. When Mr. Saker, Capt. Milbourne, and myself, went up a river called *Madiba di Diwalla*, in the Wuri country, where the people were very wild, and had the skulls of their enemies, whom they had killed, hung up at the end of one of the houses, this man was with us, and showed a wise and a brave spirit in the midst of dangers. At another time, Thomas went with Mr. Merrick and myself to a place on the Jamoor river, called Ganggi, but here he was not quite so calm in his conduct; for, as I passed near a house filled with *Dyenggo* people, who were shut up in it to learn the superstitions of their country, one of them threw, with all his strength,

an unripe plantain at me, which gave me a very severe blow on the face. Thomas ran to the door of the house to force it open, and the people were afraid of him, and all ran out at the back of the house into the woods; when I looked up, I saw he had his clasp-knife open in his hand. I told him to put up his knife, for we did not come to hurt anybody, but to do good to the poor Ganggians if we could. I never saw Thomas do anything of this sort again. Poor man! he has been in the Dreadnought Hospital, on the Thames, most of the time he has been in England, with a very sore arm; and now goes back to his country: but I fear he does not yet know Jesus Christ as the Saviour, so as to love Him. I think the dear young friends who read this, if they love Jesus, will pray for Thomas, that the many good words he has heard may reach his heart, and lead him into the fear and love of God.

The next is Thomas Williams, who was born at Sierra Leone; and of him I cannot say much, except that he is a very good sailor, and was in England, I think, once before. He is without the right knowledge of God, and His Son Jesus Christ, and needs an interest in the prayers of all the sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty.

Of William Knibb I could say a great deal, but the little "Herald" will not admit of a long account. He is about fourteen years of age, and came to me in 1846. He was a poor orphan boy, from a dark town on the top of one of the Fernandian mountains. In Clarence he had a bad master, who would not pay him any wages, but who did not oppose his coming to stop at my house. I gave him food and clothes, and taught him to read, and he was very happy. When I went to Bimbia to live there, he and three other lads went with me, and worked for the mission. One became a carpenter, another was our cook, a third carried wood and water, and William Knibb laboured in the garden and did other work. All were fond of reading, and sometimes they would sit up until a late hour, in the kitchen, by their palm-oil lamps, to con over

their little books. William was, in general, truthful and honest, and would not allow stealing to go forward if he knew of it, without warning the thieves they were doing wrong, and telling the person in charge of the goods to take better care of them: once the cook stole something out of the store, and it was known to the water-carrier, but he was afraid to do more than tell it to William. The indignation of the boy quickly arose, and he said,—"You *seev* (know) Thomas go tief, and you no tell! Must we all lose we character for Thomas? I go one time tell all to massa Phillips." In this way he got the ill-will of bad people, and a slave-boy even spoke about giving him a poison-drink. When the Dove was to leave Africa, he was very anxious to go in her to see Jamaica and England, and no danger from the sea or the cold could hinder him from leaving his country to visit yours. He acted as a cabin-boy on the way, and was obedient and happy; but thought the sea very wide, when for six long weeks we sailed onward and saw no land. When Antigua appeared he jumped for joy, and ran to me to say he saw *shuba*, or bush, growing upon it. On reaching Jamaica, Mr. James Hume took him under his care, and diligently taught him to read more correctly, to write, and to cypher. Of cyphering William was very fond, and after knowing a rule he very seldom made any mistake. At Mount Hermon, where Mr. Hume resides, he was a great favourite, and got very much useful knowledge; and when he was indulged with a ride on horseback, his face beamed with the joy he felt within. In England he has been on board the Dove, and with a kind friend at Moorgate. He got into a school, but has soon had to leave it to return to his native land. The extracts I give from a letter I have to-day received, will show his feelings on leaving school, and lead all the dear young friends, I hope, who read it, to pray that William may become a good man, and be of great use to the poor dark people who live in Fernando Po.

*Extract of a Letter from Wm. Knibb, dated
London, August 11th, 1848.*

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have taken this opportunity, by the blessing of God, to write a few line, that you may know all my sorrow. Dear Sir, I thought I was put to school that I might learn much, to go and do what I can to my country; but, however, I cannot help it. I did not know they would take me out of my school so soon, and oh, I am very, very sorry indeed. Mr. and Mrs. David begged so hard to let me learn a little; but, however, I must satisfy for what has come before me, because I know the Lord will be my guide through all my trouble. . . . The captain says I cannot bear the cold, but I sure I would have comfortable bed to sleep on. I have very good room to sit down on, and very good food to eat; but I leave all to the Lord. . . . And please let Mrs. David know how much will be charged for my school in Africa, and I hope Mr. Merrick will keep me as a father and a mother to me. I hope you will soon be well again; and dear father and mother, good bye, and good bye. I hope we shall meet once more, and if not, I hope we will meet in heaven, where we shall never, never to part again. Again, good bye, and good bye again. I am your affectionate son in Christ,

"WILLIAM KNIBB."

I again ask you who pray to remember poor William, and remain your affectionate friend,

JOHN CLARKE.

NEWS OF HOME.

ONCE A YEAR, OR ALL THE YEAR.

At two places in Monmouthshire, Pontheer and Newport, the friends have raised last year for the mission £30 each. At other two (the names we do not like to give) they have raised not more than £12 each. At all the four our friends are willing to help us, and very cordial; but there is this difference—at the two latter there are no boxes nor cards; at the two former there are several.

The latter work *once* a year, the former work *the year round*—they raise their £30 as easily as the others raise their £12.

Four elder boys of Bible classes have for some months held a prayer meeting on behalf of the young among the heathen. They meet once a week, read some account of a heathen school, and ask God to bless the labour of our missionaries to the conversion of the children. Is not this a good example ?

A Young Men's Missionary Association in connexion with the Baptist Missionary Society has just been formed for the purpose of diffusing missionary intelligence, and promoting more systematic efforts on behalf of the Society. We hope to give their rules in an early number.

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

“ We may not live to see the day,
But earth shall glisten in the ray
Of the good time coming.
Cannon balls may aid the truth ;
But Thought's a weapon stronger ;
We'll win our battle by its aid ;
Wait a little longer.”

“ Men of Thought, be up and stirring :
Night and day !
Sow the seed, withdraw the curtain !
Clear the way !
Men of Action, aid and cheer them,
As ye may.
There's a fount about to stream ;
There's a light about to beam ;
There's a warmth about to glow ;
There's a flower about to blow ;

There's a midnight blackness changing
 Into gray.
 Men of Thought, and men of Action,
 Clear the way!"

"Once the welcome light has broken,
 Who shall say
 What the unimagined glories
 Of the day?
 What the evil that shall perish
 In its ray?

Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
 Aid it, hopes of honest men;
 Aid it, paper; aid it, type;
 Aid it, for the hour is ripe;
 And our earnest must not slacken
 Into play.

Men of Thought, and men of Action,
 Clear the way!

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE DOVE,

Up to the 31st August, 1848.

	£	s.	d.
Previously acknowledged	371	11	9
Farsley	1	0	0
Gloucester.....	0	10	0
Iisleham	0	10	0
Landbeach	0	17	6
Seaford S. S.	0	5	0
Thorpe	0	10	0
West Drayton S. S... ..	0	7	4
	375	11	7

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



THE REFORMATION.

L. MARTIN LUTHER.

IN the former series of this Magazine will be found a short paper called OUR OWN COUNTRY. The subject is now resumed with the hope of its being made instructive, especially to those of you who have few books at command.

The reformation from popery is very properly thought to be one of the most important events recorded in history. Its value cannot be told. To it, under God, we in England owe all our common, as well as our religious advantages.

Many were the good men who laboured to effect this change; and it would gratify the writer to mention here

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some English worthy, such as our Wycliffe, well called the morning star of the Reformation, but from a sense of grateful remembrance which is due, first, to one of another country, by far the most eminent of all the reformers; and who, by the blessing of God, delivered not one nation only, but Europe itself, from the awful delusions of the papacy. This is none other than DR. MARTIN LUTHER.

Mr. John Luther, the father of this wonderful man, was very poor, but sober and industrious. At the time of Martin's birth, November 10th, 1483, he resided at Eisleben, a small town in the county of Mansfeld, Saxony; and was employed as a woodman. In spite of all their care and industry, Martin's parents were for many years in great poverty. He says, "My mother often carried the wood upon her back, to earn support for us her children." Cannot you imagine that you see little Martin going with his mother to the wood to gather *his* little bundle, and then taking many a weary step to sell it? Should we not learn, if poor, to bear with patience the trials of our lot, and cheerfully to share them with our parents?

Besides poverty, little Martin had other hardships to endure. His father, when correcting him for his faults, would often treat him very severely, and make him tremble for fear. Even his mother, who used when he was corrected by the father to dry his tears, "whipped him one day so severely for a trifling offence that the blood came."

And the religion also which they taught him produced only fear and trembling; so that he says, "at this time, when he heard the name of Jesus Christ, he grew pale with dread; for the Saviour had never been presented to him but as an angry Judge." This slavish fear, you know, is

far from being an attendant upon true religion. Let us be thankful that, in the pure light of the Gospel, the Lord Jesus is set before us in the most tender and inviting aspect; and the Divine Father also as "commending his love towards us." And may we not pity the condition of those who, like Martin Luther, have had in early life every faculty of the mind and every feeling of the heart benumbed by dismal superstition? The Roman Catholic religion, assuming as it does to be the only guide to heaven, is, in truth, the very opposite. That you may judge for yourselves, compare the following instructions of the church of Rome with a few plain texts of Scripture.

They teach, that "the pope is God upon earth, superior to all in heaven or on earth, spiritual or temporal. All things are the pope's, to whom no man dare say, 'What dost thou!'" Other blasphemous titles are given to him.

"All bishops are commanded that they instruct the faithful as to the invocation and intercession of saints in heaven, the honour due to relics, and the lawful use of images; that the bodies of the holy martyrs, and others living with Christ, are to be venerated; and that the images of Christ, of the virgin mother of God, and other saints, are to be had in churches, and due honour paid to them." Thus, you see, they have gods many, and lords many. It is said that "St. Anthony the Abbot secures his worshippers from fire, and St. Anthony of Padua delivers them from water; St. Barbara is the refuge of the timid in times of thunder and of war; St. Blass cures disorders of the throat, and St. Lucia heals all diseases of the eyes." Many others might be mentioned; almost every day is devoted to the memory of some one of their supposed saints. In a word,

the true God is not in their thoughts; the intercession of the Saviour is forgotten; while that of the creature is all that they depend upon. Besides the above shocking idolatry commanded by the Romish church, it promises the forgiveness of sins on the payment of money, and admittance into heaven by the means of the sacrament, whilst the people are forbidden to read the Bible.

Will you now take the trouble to search out the following texts of Scripture?—Exod. xx. 4; Deut. iv. 15—18; Matt. vi. 6; John xvi. 23; 1 Tim. ii. 5.

These verses are very plain, and may be understood by the youngest child who reads this little book. Should not the Bible be more than ever precious to us, and ought we not to be jealous of whatsoever interferes with its teaching? To God's authority, as made known in his word, you should submit with all the powers of your heart and mind; but beside it never place any authority or word of man.

E. C.

THE BLASTED BOWER.

(From an admirable Series of Tracts entitled THE HAPPY HOME.)

THOUSANDS of years ago there lived a prince-philosopher. In his youth he was single-hearted and devout. He loved to pray, and the beautiful hymns which his father had written he delighted to sing, and he made some of his own as beautiful. And the Most High God loved this pious prince, and prospered him wonderfully. And as, harp in hand, he sat on one of the knolls of Zion, singing Jehovah's praise, there began to sprout and burgeon from the soil sweet scents and brilliant blossoms; and as the psalm proceeded, the vines and creepers mounted, and the tendrils took hold of one another, till they mantled overhead, and the minstrel

was in a nest of flowers. The young prince was very fond of this alcove, and spent in it many a sultry noon. But, by-and-by, he began to love God less, and soon forgot Him altogether. He did not care to sing psalms and pray. And a bad wife taught him to worship her god. It was a gilded idol, shaped like a beautiful woman; and the silly man said his prayers to this image of gold. And at last he took the image into his beautiful bower. But no sooner had it entered than a shudder passed through the alcove, and every leaflet trembled. The jasmine breathed sickly, the rose flung down its petals, and the heart's-ease died. The prince was much mortified. He vowed that he would make the bower blossom again. So he took a costly urn, and filled it with a rare elixir—an infusion into which he had melted music and precious gems and daintiest delights, and poured the voluptuous draught around the roots. But without effect. All continued bare and blighted. Then he filled the urn with conquest, and with the blood-red irrigation soaked the reeking soil. In vain. And last of all, he travelled far, and climbed a lofty steep in quest of a famous dew. And in his pilgrimage to the World-Top Mountain he amassed such knowledge as no mortal had ever gleaned before. He learned the entire of things, and spake of birds and beasts and fishes; and when he returned so wondrous wise, his compatriots raised a shout with which the welkin vibrates still. And from the chalice he poured the boarded draught,—the largest flood of fame ever wasted on weary land. But still there was nothing seen except the wiry trellis against the burning sky; and on his blasted bower the broken-hearted monarch wrote, "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity."

Years passed on, and visiting the spot, the soul of the Prince was moved. It felt as if all his youth had been a balmy trance in this bower of blessedness, and as if he had tasted no real joy since then. And, observing beneath the withered canopy the crumbling stack of Asharoah, he seized the rotten pagod and hurled it far

away. Then, sinking on the ground in a paroxysm of bitter grief, he cried, "My Father, my God, wert not thou the Guide of my youth?" His spirit relented. To the God of his early adoration he felt his early love returning, and soon sank into a sleep which ingenuous shame and godly sorrow pervaded. As he woke, the smell of a delicious flower startled a youthful memory; and gazing upwards, roses of Sharon looked down through the lattice, whilst amongst them, like pulses of Paradise, exquisite odours went and came. Heaven's window had opened whilst the penitent slept, and had sent a plenteous rain. And rising from the fragrant couch, as a conclusion of the whole matter, and as the business of his remaining days, Solomon wrote this inscription, "Fear God, and keep his commandments; for this is the whole of man."

THE RAIN-MAKER DISAPPOINTED.

In the south of Africa there are conjurors who pretend that they can make it rain when they choose; and, as that country is very dry, and rain very much wanted, these rain-makers are greatly sought after by the chiefs. I will introduce one of them to our readers.

"Why do you not let it rain?" said Masapa one day to his rain-maker; for there had been no rain for a long time, and all the grass was actually burnt up with the heat of the sun.

"I cannot make it rain," said the conjuror, "because there is a man near Shiloh who goes to the missionary preachings, and he hinders it from raining."

"What shall we do?" said Masapa, "for we must have rain."

"I shall tell you what to do. Make that man pay a fine of five oxen, and when he has brought them here to me, we shall have plenty of rain." (He said this because the clouds had overspread the sky, and he was certain that the rain would come very soon.) Masapa accordingly sent an order to the man who had been

accused by the rain-maker, to appear before the chief on a certain day, and to bring five oxen with him as a fine.

When this poor man received the order, he dared not refuse; but he prayed to God that he would confound the conjuror, by keeping it from raining at the time that he ordered it to come, and thus show that God alone had power over all things.

A great number of Tambookies were assembled to see the rain-maker fulfil his promise; but no sooner did the man arrive with his five oxen, than the black clouds, which had been so long promising rain, began to clear away, and gave place to sunshine. The rain-maker was evidently disconcerted, and the accused person openly declared to the whole assembly that his craft was a mere pretence. "Look upwards," he said, "there dwells one, his name is Tixo, (God,) who alone can give rain, and make grass grow for the cattle: call on Him, and he will help you; your rain-maker can do nothing for you." The conjuror was enraged, and told him that he would be struck by lightning on his road home for his mockery; and that there was no Tixo who made the rain, but the lion, the tiger, and the seal, and at present they were asleep.

After long contention, the man was allowed to drive his oxen home.

GOOD THOUGHTS OF GOOD MEN.

THE greatest saint is not without sin, but the least is without guile.

What we are afraid to do before men, we should be afraid to think before God.

He that has slight thoughts of sin never had great thoughts of God.

He that would be little in temptation, let him be much in prayer.

Nothing but the death of Christ for us can be death of sin in us.

He that has tasted the bitterness of sin will fear to commit it; and he that has tasted the sweetness of mercy will fear to offend it.

A Christian may be brought very low, but can never fall below a promise.



"HIS ENEMIES SHALL LICK THE DUST."

You have often read that beautiful Psalm, the seventy-second, which foretells, in a manner so distinct and encouraging, the progress of the Redeemer's kingdom, and its final establishment among all nations upon earth. The

engraving above is designed to illustrate one clause in that description, which declares that "his enemies shall lick the dust." The allusion of this passage is to the reverence paid to an oriental monarch; and it may predict either the willing subjection paid by believing converts to the great Messiah, or the involuntary homage rendered by those who are compelled to bend beneath his power. In both ways, we are privileged to witness the growing triumphs of our King, and have abundant reason to expect yet greater things from year to year.

The oriental custom, thus represented, exists to the present day. Mr. Hugh Boyd, in his account of his embassy to the King of Candy, in Ceylon, describes the manner in which his companions approached him. "They almost literally licked the dust; prostrating themselves, with their faces almost close to the stone floor, and throwing out their arms and legs."

The lower class of people in Japan, also, observe a profound silence when their princes pass, and fall prostrate on the ground, in order to show their respect. Mr. Judson testifies to a similar act of homage, as paid to the *golden-footed* monarch of Burmah, by his assembled courtiers. Among the Turks, also, as soon as an ambassador sees the Sultan, whether at the window or elsewhere, he immediately falls down on his knees, and kisses the ground.

NEWS FROM AFAR.—CEYLON.

To the Scholars of the Baptist Sunday School, St. Alban's.—No. 6.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—You have been told from your infancy, that, in countries far distant from your own, there live countless thousands of heathen people, who know nothing of the

true God, and worship idols of wood and stone. This has made your hearts sad; and when you have thought of your own happier condition, I trust you have felt thankful to your heavenly Father for the blessings you enjoy. If you could only spend one day in Ceylon, and see the heathen bowing before their dumb idols, and presenting offerings to pieces of moulded clay, you would indeed pity their ignorance, and be shocked at their wickedness. I could take you to places where idols are made in great numbers. I could show you "the smith with the tongs," heating the metal in the fire, and then "fashioning it with hammers;" or the "carpenter," with his "rule," his "line," and his "compass," making "the figure of a man." "He maketh a god, and worshippeth it; he maketh a graven image, and falleth down thereto;" he "prayeth unto it, and saith, Deliver me, for thou art my god." Well may we say, in the language of the prophet, "a deceived heart hath turned him aside, that he cannot deliver his soul, nor say, Is there not a lie in my right hand?"

A short time ago I was visiting a school near Matura, and passed by a temple in which I heard they were making a gigantic image of Buddhu. On my return, I went in and saw the half-formed idol. There was a frame erected about its head, and a plumb-line hung down in the centre, that its nose might be made straight! There were about half-a-dozen workmen, and as many priests; all very civil and conversable. They evidently thought they were "doing a great work," and should be bountifully rewarded for it in the next world. I endeavoured to show them that it was a very foolish and wicked work, and told them of the true God who should alone be worshipped, and who will hereafter call all men to account for their actions in this world. I pointed them to the leaf of a tree, as affording sufficient evidence of his existence, his power, and his wisdom; and then told them of the greatness of his love as it is revealed in the Bible. But their objections were numerous and frivolous in the extreme. *They* did not blame *me* for *my* belief, and they thought *I* should not inter-

fare with *theirs*. One thing was evident. They had begun a work which they were resolved to finish; so, on they went, and after due squaring, and chiselling, and painting, the god was finished, and the temple is now thronged with adoring worshippers.

Besides these gigantic idols, there are numerous smaller ones in most of the temples, made of gold, silver, copper, brass, alabaster, ivory, stone, and wood. Buddhists have also, like all other idolators, their household gods, which they worship in private, and trust in for protection. When an opportunity occurs, I will send you one as a specimen. It may seem to you an easy thing to convince idolators of the folly and wickedness of their conduct, but this is a mistake. In their very infancy they are carried by their parents to the temples, and they grow up in the practice of what they believe to be essential to their present prosperity and their future happiness. They can see *their* gods, which they think is a great advantage over us; but such is their stupidity, that they think it no disadvantage that their *gods* cannot see *them*. I have read, in the hearing of idolators, the 115th Psalm, and have many times held in my hand an idol, and pointed out its impotency; but they imagine that though the idol itself cannot see or hear, the respect shown to it will be regarded by the god whom it represents as shown to himself. According to Hinduism, there are three hundred and thirty millions of gods; but according to Buddhism, their number is beyond all calculation. They were once human beings on the earth, and signalised themselves by deeds of cruelty and bloodshed. Their histories are full of ridiculous, and often disgusting stories. These are read with avidity, and admired on account of the marvellous actions they relate. It is evident that they are intended chiefly to inspire the reader with terror, and thus lead him to make costly offerings to the priests, who profess to be able to secure at any time the favour of the gods. Their *present* condition is also minutely described, and the glory of their abode represented to be very great. I will

just refer to one of them. Sakra Rajah is said to live in a palace 160,000 miles long, and 11,200 miles high. The elephant on which he rides is 2,400 miles in height, and his coach is drawn by a thousand horses proportionally large. He has one chief queen, and 20,005,000,000 inferior ones, all, like himself, of an incredibly gigantic stature, and arrayed in the most brilliant apparel. Such stories as these, and others too silly for a sensible child to listen to, are steadfastly believed by Buddhists, who hope, through the merit of their offerings, to be born hereafter, in a world where they will see the glorious things they read of, and perhaps in the course of time become gods themselves. It is difficult to get men whose heads are filled with such nonsense to argue seriously on religious subjects; and yet without argument they can never be convinced of the truth of Christianity. Many will assent to all we say, in order to avoid an argument; or else raise objections which they are determined not to have removed. A short time since a Buddhist, in the course of an argument on the respective merits of Buddhism and Christianity, gravely proposed, as a short and easy method of settling the controversy, that one party should read a portion of the Bible before going to bed, and the other a portion of the Buddhist Banna book, and then see who slept the more soundly! Be thankful, my dear young friends, that you are not the children of Buddhists—brought up in the degrading and soul-destroying practice of idolatry.

Yours very sincerely,

Matura, April 17th, 1848.

C. C. DAWSON.

JUVENILE MEETING

TO CELEBRATE THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF FREEDOM AT
SALTER'S HILL, JAMAICA.

On Wednesday, the 2nd day of August, 1848, the day and Sunday school scholars connected with this missionary station met to celebrate freedom. At ten o'clock in the morning they met in

the school-room, engaged in singing, and in repeating portions of Scripture, and afterwards went to the chapel, and sung a verse or two of an African hymn, which Mr. and Mrs. Duckett, their teachers, had taught them. Mr. Duckett occupied the chair; and after explaining to the scholars the object of the meeting, called upon Mr. Plummer, one of their teachers, to tell them something about what slavery used to be; for the young persons now in Jamaica know nothing about what their parents used to suffer in slavery, only as it is told them by others. The following resolutions were moved and seconded by the elder scholars:—

We resolve—That we ought to be very thankful that we are not slaves, but that all persons in Jamaica were made free ten years ago.

We resolve—That we ought to be glad that we have a Bible to read that tells us how we may be made happy now, and become more happy when we leave this world; and that we have kind teachers to instruct, watch over, and pray for us.

The juvenile audience entered into the spirit of the object of the meeting, and held up a little forest of hands in token of approbation of the resolutions. After the meeting, they retired for a little recreation, and again assembled to take refreshment of beer, fruit, and beverage made of orange-juice, sugar, and water. Mr. Duckett, their teacher, was one of those who went from Jamaica to Africa, there to instruct the young, but was obliged to return in consequence of ill health. Connected with Salter's Hill, there are three day schools, namely, Salter's Hill, with about a hundred in attendance, and Malden, having in the books about one hundred and thirty-five, and sixty-six in attendance, and Sudbury, which is at present shut up, in consequence of the death of the teacher; there were one hundred and forty on the books when the teacher died. The juvenile and adult Sunday schools at Salter's Hill have about two hundred in attendance, and the Malden Sunday schools about one hundred and fifty.

The missionary who preaches at these stations, when he first

took charge of the congregation, had not five among those who heard him who could read a chapter in the Bible; for all were slaves, and were not allowed to learn to read; but, since freedom, every one who is disposed may now go to chapel, the children can be sent to school, and learn those things that are useful to them now, and make them happy hereafter.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATION.

1 SAM. xviii. 6, 7.—This is quite characteristic of the manners of the East. Everywhere in that part of the world, the people are accustomed, in this manner, to hail the arrival of those who have been any time absent from them—more especially do they do so on the return of a victorious army—multitudes then issue from the towns and villages through which they are expected to march, in order to form a triumphal procession to celebrate their valour; the principal part being composed of women and children who band together, and, as they go along, gratify the heroes with dancing, music, and songs in honour of their martial deeds, particularly of such of the chiefs who have greatly distinguished themselves. We find this custom in Persia, Turkey, &c. Mr. Campbell, the missionary, witnessed it even in Africa. When he was leaving the city of Lattakoo, he fell in with a party of men who were returning from a distant expedition, after an absence of several months. The news of their approach had reached the town, and the women were hastening to meet them. On joining the party, the females marched at their head, clapping their hands and singing with all their might, till they arrived at their homes in the town.

CALAMITIES OF GENIUS.

HOMER was a beggar; Plautus turned a mill; Terence was a slave; Boethius died in gaol; Paul Borghese had fourteen trades, and yet starved with them all; Tasso was often distressed for a few shillings; Bentivoglio was refused admittance into an hospital

he had himself erected ; Cervantes died of hunger ; Camoens, the celebrated writer of the *Lusiad*, ended his days in an alms-house ; and Vangelas left his body to the surgeons to pay his debts, as far as it would go. In England, Bacon lived a life of meanness and distress ; Sir Walter Raleigh died on the scaffold ; Spenser, the charming Spenser, died forsaken and in want ; and the death of Collins came through neglect, first causing mental derangement ; Milton sold his copyright of *Paradise Lost* for fifteen pounds, in three payments, and finished his life in obscurity ; Dryden lived in poverty and distress ; Otway died prematurely, and through hunger ; Lee died in the streets ; Steele lived a life of perfect warfare with bailiffs ; Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield was sold for a trifle, to save him from the law ; Fielding lies in the burying-ground of the English factory at Lisbon, without a stone to mark the spot ; Savage died in prison at Bristol, where he was confined for a debt of eight pounds ; Butler lived in penury, and died poor ; Chatterton, the child of genius and misfortune, destroyed himself.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

TUNE—GABRIEL.

HARK ! across the mighty waters,
 Sounds a voice that rends the air ;
 England's happy sons and daughters,
 Listen to its fervent prayer :
 " Come and help us ! "
 Listen to its fervent prayer.

Afric's sons in darkness wander,
 India's daughters lie enslaved ;
 Will you let them perish yonder ?
 Shall not heathen souls be saved ?
 Shall they perish ?
 Shall not heathen souls be saved ?

"Come and help us!" slaves are crying,
 Crushed beneath a tyrant's sway:
 Linger not while souls are dying!
 Send them truth's enlightening ray.
 Oh, delay not!
 Send them truth's enlightening ray.
 Fast by India's sacred fountains,
 Christians Jesus' love proclaim;
 Soon shall Afric's distant mountains
 Sweetly echo back the name.
 You can help them,
 You can spread a Saviour's fame!

L. W.

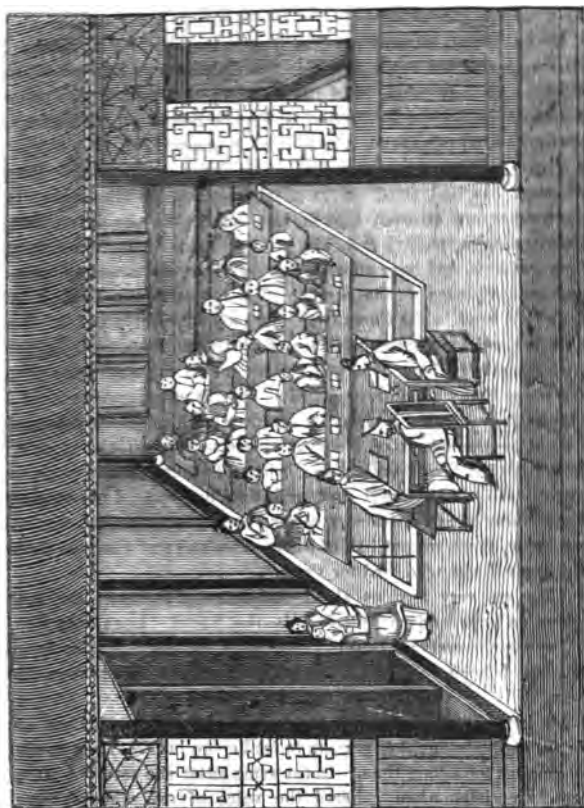
THE LITTLE CHILD'S PRAYER.

"I am the way, the truth, and the life."—JOHN xiv. 6.

GRACIOUS Saviour! dost thou say,
 In thy word, "I am the Way?"
 Lost and helpless, guilty, poor,
 Lord, a wandering child restore.
 "I am the Truth," hast thou not said?
 By thy Holy Spirit led,
 May I in thy name believe,
 All thy precious words receive!
 Blessed Lord, dost thou not say,
 "I am the Life?" to thee I pray:
 Raise me from the death of sin,
 Make my heart and conscience clean.
 Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way!
 Keep me, Saviour, lest I stray;
 Till o'er life's rough, stormy sea,
 Thou my ALL in heaven shalt be.

E. C.

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



NEW SERIES, VOL. I.]

N

[DECEMBER.

GOOD NEWS FROM CHINA.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—The frontispiece to this number of your magazine is a representation of a Chinese boarding school at Ningpo. It was taken by a native artist, and sent to the committee of the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East, by whose kind permission it is allowed to appear here.

The children are assembled in a large hall, which Miss Aldersey has had fitted up as a school-room. At the table sits the teacher, and on each side of him are seated the interesting Javanese converts, Ati and Kit, who followed their friend from Java to China, and have afforded her valuable assistance in gaining the confidence of the people. A letter written in English by Ati's own hand to the Committee, gives a delightful proof of the elevating and sanctifying influence of Christian instruction.

She says, "I hope you will excuse me in my writing to you. We are so thankful, and praise God for his great goodness and mercies to us, in that he has made known his blessed Gospel, and has put in the hearts of his good people to pity us; and some of them have left their comforts and beloved friends behind, to go so far to teach the ignorant and perishing heathen. I am so glad when I hear of any missionary coming to teach our nation, for, as you know, there are not half of them yet who know the true God, and Jesus Christ who died for sinners.

"We are very anxious about our parents, for they are still having no hope, and without God in the world. I can only pray for my dear parents; I cannot teach them, for they are far from me, but I hope that the Almighty God will hear my prayers for them."

Ati left Miss Aldersey for some time, but she could not be happy, and entreated her parents to let her go back. They would not consent for a long time. In the same letter she says, "I often wept, especially when I heard the voice of my school-fellows learning their lessons, and singing; I then wept bitterly. I in-

treated my mother again and again to allow me to go: at length she allowed me. Oh how glad I was! no one could tell my joy, though at that time I was unacquainted with the holy religion of Jesus; now I know that it was God who made me so anxious, to prepare me to love him, and to be his adopted child through my blessed Saviour. I hope you will pardon the errors of this letter: finally, pray for us, that we may grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen.

“I am, yours respectfully, RUTH ATT.”

I must now tell you something about Miss Aldersey. This lady went to China about eight years since. She had long wished to go out, and had been studying Chinese for that purpose. At length providence opened the way for her, and having property of her own, she was willing to employ it, as well as herself, in the good work. So she left England for China; and you must now read what she says about that wonderful country and people. She says, “I ventured to take a house in the midst of the Chinese and Javanese population, remote from any European, that I might not be fettered in my exertions for enlightening the heathen.

“At the commencement of my mission I had neither scholars, nor books, nor help, nor sympathy. I used to occupy myself in my early walk in composing a verse or two in Malay, for the children were very fond of learning and singing hymns. I was also in the habit, at this time, of calling on the sick, and giving away a considerable quantity of medicine. The success God was pleased to favour me with in prescribing, promoted my endeavours to circulate religious truth. The Javanese regent having heard of my success in cases of asthma, sent for me. He was much relieved, and ever afterwards was ready to yield me valuable aid, although not favourable to the truth I presented to him. Here I could never collect more than fifteen boarders, and about the same number of day scholars.”

After five years' residence in Java, Miss Aldersey went to Hong Kong, and then to Ningpo. Referring to the last place, she says : "I find myself in precisely the situation I would be in, and have no desire or intention ever to leave it.

"I have lost one little girl by death; she died in my own chamber, where, during the presence of dangerous symptoms, I had watched over her day and night; but the unhappy parents raised injurious reports, and had I not observed much vigilance and unbending determination, I should have had some of my remaining pupils taken from me. One child, who had been on a visit for a few days, not returning, I was informed it was the intention of the parents to send her to a distance, never to return." Miss Aldersey succeeded in bringing the child back, much to her own amusement she says, "Never having acted as constable before." From the following extract it is evident that these self-denying labours are not in vain :—

"Many of the children have expressed a great desire to engage in private prayer; they requested the youngest of my elder pupils to teach them. She readily met that request; but when away on a visit once, I was pleased to find that the eldest of the children who had requested her aid, took the little band into a private room for the same purpose: and this was the more gratifying, because this girl had given me great trouble in managing her on her first entrance into the school. She occasioned constant disturbance in the family, and often quarrelled with another girl of about her own age, and had on one occasion determined to take poison. I was urged by many friends to allow the girl to be beaten, but I carefully observed her character, and adapted my punishments and my general conduct to the peculiar traits observable in her disposition. After a few months she became docile and tractable, and interested on the subject of religion."

When your editor has room to spare, I can tell you of two other Chinese girls who love the Saviour.

E. C.

"OUR OWN MISSIONARY."

From the American Messenger.

WHILE our young readers are enjoying the perusal of a fresh *Messenger*, a ship bound for China will be taking leave of our shores, and in it two young missionaries and their wives.

One of them, Rev. H. V. Rankin, is to take the place of Rev. Walter M. Lowrie, who was murdered by pirates, on his way home from Shanghai to Ningpo. He goes out under the direction of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, but *supported by the contributions of a Sabbath-school in St. Louis*. They call him "our missionary;" they love him as their own souls; they deny themselves, and labour for his support; they surround him, a little army of warm hearts, with their sympathies, and importune God in his behalf with their prayers.

One little girl, in zeal for the good work, begged of her mother and sister to show her what *she* could do; and, with their help, made up in two weeks articles enough for a little parlour-fair, from which she obtained thirteen dollars for the missionary box.

A circle of young ladies are fast making out by their own exertions the sum of one hundred dollars, to constitute their beloved missionary a life-director of the board. They meet once a week to pray for the cause of Christ, and to entreat special blessings for "their own missionary;" and have made arrangements to spend the day of his embarkation in religious exercises and prayer for him. As he goes on his long way over the waters, many kind thoughts and prayers will track his course; and when he reaches his new home far hence among the Gentiles, no day will pass in which his arm will not be strengthened and his heart cheered by the remembrance of those warm hearts and busy hands at St. Louis.

What *youth or child*, that is now reading and thinking about

those happy Sabbath scholars in St. Louis, but will say, "*That is right*. Christ will be pleased with that. I will try and do so too." What *Sabbath-school* but will feel the impulse of this good example, and begin to do something for Christ? If you cannot support a missionary, you may perhaps sustain a colporteur, or supply one with books to give to the poor, or maintain a teacher in some heathen land, Who will "go and do likewise?" Would God that all our children, before they are spoiled for Christ's service, like too many of their fathers, might learn to live for him! Then surely his kingdom would be nigh, even at the doors.

NEWS FROM AFAR.

CALCUTTA.

THE Rev. Dr. Duff reports that in the Female Orphan Refuge at Calcutta, supported by the Free Church of Scotland, seven of the Orphan children were baptized in the same day in a credible profession of their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, as the only all-sufficient Saviour of lost sinners. The interesting yet singularly diversified appearance of these young persons, one a Jewess, the others Gentiles but of different races and castes, the manifest seriousness and solemnity depicted in their countenances, the distinctness and deep-toned utterance of their replies, all tended greatly to impress the audience, some of whom were visibly affected to tears."

PATNA.

Our good friends have sent us their usual contribution, £4. 3s. 4d. from the Juvenile Auxiliary at Patna, Northern India.

THE DOVE.

THE DOVE is going again to Africa. She has done so much good already, and has been so necessary to the comfort and health

of our dear missionary friends, that it has been decided to send her out in a few days. Perhaps before these lines are read she will be on the wide ocean, sailing to Africa, the land of ignorance and cruelty.

Many of our dear young friends remember the sailing of the Dove from London in February, 1845, and we want them to know how she has been employed since that time. They have kindly helped to pay the expense of keeping her afloat, and now she is going to Africa again, we must ask them again to help us, and that right heartily, in this most useful work. But they must be told something about her services and usefulness, that they may be encouraged, and so cheerfully continue their efforts.

The first good service rendered by the Dove was to carry seven missionaries to Africa. The little vessel was full, and for part of the voyage the weather was stormy; but, under the protection of Him in whose service she was employed, the missionaries were landed in safety and comfort at Clarence. Two of these missionaries have since died in their work, and the little vessel was therefore honoured in taking to Africa two good soldiers of Jesus Christ, who, as Christian warriors, fell gloriously at their post.

While in Africa, the Dove was very useful to the missionaries who were sick. In that sickly climate a little trip to sea is often an excellent means of restoring health. Our missionaries there have been very often "nigh unto death," and often the Dove has taken them on board, and sailed with them to sea, or to a spot where a physician was to be found, and thus they have been quickly restored again to their usual labours.

The mission in Africa was begun, as our young friends will remember, in the island of Fernando Po, about thirty miles from the main land, and God has very much blessed the labours of the missionaries in the island. But at first they had very few opportunities of going over to the continent. After the arrival of the Dove, however, this difficulty was removed, and they have many

times been to towns and villages on the coast, and there have preached the Gospel to the people, and mission stations have been established at Bimbia and Cameroons.

Besides all this, the Dove carried Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, and some of the Jamaica teachers, from Africa to Jamaica. Mr. Clarke went there to arouse the Jamaica churches to more active exertions for the good of Africa. And then at last the little vessel brought from Jamaica to England several missionaries whose sickness made it needful for them to visit their native land.

But the Dove is going out again, and on board her will probably be Mr. and Mrs. Newbegin, Mrs. Saker, Capt. and Mrs. Milbourne, and possibly another missionary; and should the protection of the great and good God be mercifully granted to the little ship, and the missionary party be landed safely at Clarence, or at Bimbia, she will continue in Africa for some time, ministering to the wants and health of the missionaries, and taking them to the dark villages and towns on the continent, where they will go with the Bible in their hands to preach the Gospel to those who are ready to perish.

We again need the help of all our young friends. Some have already begun, and have anticipated the cards which are now ready for use, and may be had at the Mission House. We hope that the number of those who will help us this year will be largely increased. The sum of £500, at least, is needed, to meet her expenses for the next twelve months; and our friends must not let her be in debt for want of a good Christmas collection.

GOOD THOUGHTS OF GOOD MEN.

SOLITARY moments are the most happy and most profitable moments of my life. If I have them not, I seem to have been all the day from home.—*Charles of Bala.*

It is one thing for our *spirits* to bear us up under a cross, and another to be supported by a living faith.—*Ibid.*

He who lives by faith shall never die by fear. The more you trust God, the less will you torment yourselves.—*Flavel*.

The drowsy, careless temper, will not last long. Conversion and condemnation are both awakening things, and one of them will make you feel ere long.—*Baxter*.

However diligent we may be in our callings, yet the ability and the blessing can only come from God. We pray for daily bread, and he gives it, though we labour for it. There is a gift of success, and unless it be given us from above, we shall then, with the disciples, only toil, but catch nothing.—*Dr. Sibbes*.

"NOT TO MYSELF ALONE."

"Not to myself alone,"

The little opening flower transported cries—

Not to myself alone I bud and bloom ;

With fragrant breath the breezes I perfume,

And gladden all things with my rainbow dyes ;

The bee comes sipping every evening tide

His scanty fill ;

The butterfly within my cup doth hide

From threatening ill.

"Not to myself alone,"

The heavy-laden bee doth murmuring hum—

Not to myself alone from flower to flower

I rove the wood, the garden, and the bower,

And to the hive at evening weary come.

For man—for man the luscious food I pile

With busy care,

Content if this repay my ceaseless toil—

A scanty share.

"Not to myself alone,"

The soaring bird with lusty pinions sings—
Not to myself alone I raise my song;
I cheer the drooping with my warbling tongue,
And bear the mourner on my viewless wings;
I bid the hymnless churl my anthem learn,
And God adore;
I call the worldling from his dross to turn,
And sing and soar.

"Not to myself alone,"

The circling star, with honest pride doth boast;—
Not to myself I rise and set;
I write upon night's coronet of jet
His power and skill who formed our myriad hosts;
A friendly beacon at heaven's opening gate,
I gem the sky,
That man may ne'er forget, in every fate,
His home on high.

"Not to myself alone,"

O man, forget not thou—earth's honoured priest!
Its tongue, its soul, its life, its pulse, its heart—
In earth's great chorus to sustain thy part.
Chiefest of guests at love's ungrudging feast,
Play not the niggard, spurn thy native clod,
And self disown:
Live to thy neighbour—live unto thy God,
Not to thyself alone.

JACMEL, HAITI.

H. W.

From the Kingston Evangelist.

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THE
JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD
FOR
M.DCCC.XLIX.



SCENERY IN THE TROPICS, PRINCES' ISLAND.

LONDON:
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PREFACE.



ANOTHER Year is closing. One Thousand Eight Hundred and Forty-nine is about to follow its predecessor, and to carry to God the account of how Readers and Editor have used its blessings, and how far both have joined to consecrate the strength derived from them to a good cause. What is its account? Does it leave us better than it found us? We are not where we were. We *have* made progress during the stay of this visitant. Has it been in evil or in good? Are we better or worse than in 1848? and are others better or worse for our labours and example?

Readers cannot *now* hear what is said by the Editor in reply to this question, nor can the Editor hear what is said by his readers. But the whole is known, and one day it will be *heard*. May we give the account with joy, and not with grief!

Five Volumes of this little periodical are now completed—a Sixth will commence with the New Year. We commend it still to the support of our young friends.

Many friends have aided the Editor in his task, and he now passes it on to other hands, with the feeling that among the most interesting of his engagements, in connexion with the Baptist Mission, has been the opportunity it has afforded him, of speaking every month to some tens of thousands of children.

J. A.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE



NEW SERIES, VOL. II.]

B

[JANUARY

SIDON.

HERE we have a view of the oldest commercial city in the world. It is mentioned in Joshua xi. 8, and is the parent of Tyre.

Sidon was anciently governed by kings, one of whom was the father of Jezebel, the wicked queen of Ahab (1 Kings xvi. 21); and joining the other oppressors of Israel, it was prophetically doomed to destruction, Ezek. xxviii. 22. It has since been repeatedly destroyed, having been conquered by the Assyrians, Persians, and Greeks, the Romans, Saracens, and Crusaders. It is now an important town, and contains about 7000 people. Sidon stands on an elevated plain on the sea coast, having a mole which joins what was a small island with the shore, and which once formed a harbour. This harbour, however, has been long destroyed, being choked up with columns from the ruins of the ancient city.

ARE THE HEATHEN SAFE WITHOUT A KNOWLEDGE OF THE GOSPEL?

In a pleasant country district, there resided a number of intelligent young companions. The children of pious parents, they had from infancy been trained "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," and as their own minds were awakened to comprehend and value the atoning sacrifice of the Redeemer for their own hope of salvation, they gradually sympathized in their older friends' anxiety to spread the knowledge of "this glorious Gospel" throughout the world.

Once a week the youthful circle were permitted to assemble in their pastor's study, where a few hours were spent in deriving the

religious instruction he so well knew how to adapt to their various need.

Amongst his most delightful methods of communicating valuable knowledge was free *conversation*, in which all were encouraged to take part, the pastor himself holding the reins to prevent any desultory remark or trivial details.

The newly-aroused consciousness of personal responsibility to the Divine Being, naturally excited in some young minds a desire to escape its awful consequences, and gave rise, on a certain morning, to the following discussion with the beloved friend to whom most of their moral difficulties were referred.

"Do you think, Sir," inquired Edith, "that the heathen world are safe in their ignorance of their Saviour?"

"No human being is competent to answer so grave a question, my young friend," replied the pastor; "but the subject is one of such importance, we will pursue it, and seek the decision of infallible judgment in the Bible."

"But the Bible, Sir," interposed Ellen, "says that 'a man is accepted *according to what he hath*, and not *according to what he hath not*.' So if the heathen have no Gospel taught them, how can they be condemned for not believing it?"

"True! but Alice, you wish to speak—let me hear *all* your thoughts on this topic."

Alice.—"Is it not kinder, Sir, to let the heathen die and go to heaven in their ignorance, than to offer them knowledge which, if they neglect, they must perish for refusing it?"

"But that, Alice, is the solemn *doubt*. *Will* they reach heaven in their ignorance?"

"Surely, Sir," rejoined Edith, a perfectly just and merciful God would not condemn persons for living in darkness and sin, when He had placed them where they had no opportunity of learning anything better. How could any one be guilty of disobeying that will of which he had never heard?"

"Now we have arrived at the true point of inquiry. *Are the heathen thus left to ignorance and darkness?*"

"What means of light and knowledge do they possess, Sir?"

"The natural light of conscience."

"And is that enough to render them responsible persons, Sir?"

"Let us turn to the Scriptures, and take an inspired opinion—In St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, we read, chap. i. 18—21, 'The wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men, who hold the *truth* in unrighteousness; because that which may be known of God, is manifest in them; for God hath shewed it unto them. For the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead. *So that they are without excuse.* Because that when they *knew God, they glorified him not as God.*'"

"How then, Sir, does St. Paul, in the same epistle, remark that 'sin is not imputed where there is no law?'"

"That is perfectly consistent with a previous declaration that 'the work of the law is *written in their hearts*, their conscience also bearing witness, and their thoughts meanwhile accusing, or excusing one another;' *and, therefore,* it is added, 'as many as have sinned without the law, *shall perish without the law.*'"

A shudder passed over the *attentive* group as their pastor read these solemn passages of Scripture in a tone of grave commiseration. He perceived their deep feeling, and paused for a few minutes, then resumed—"How urgent, therefore, is the need of *immediate* aid to the heathen world! Most of our missionary brethren remark that these affecting conclusions are more firmly riveted on their minds as they witness the appalling effects of idolatry, and grow old in the service of trying to disseminate the true light."

"I cannot bear to think of the numbers passing into eternity," said Maria, "even while Christians are preparing to carry the

glad tidings of salvation to them. Do you not think, Sir, that any who act up to their natural light will be saved, such as Plato and Socrates, for instance?"

"We would fain *hope* such may be the case, Maria. Indeed, our Lord Jesus himself asserts that they who *knew not* their Lord's will shall be beaten with *few* stripes, while those who knew it and *did it not*, shall be beaten with many—evidently indicating a *diversity of degree* in punishment."

"And the dear little infants who die, surely they are saved!"

"Undoubtedly. Though physical death reigns over those who have not sinned after the similitude of Adam's transgression—from its *spiritual* consequences Christ has redeemed our whole race, and none will be condemned at the last day for any but *his own wilful sins*. 'The father shall not bear the iniquity of the son, nor shall the son bear the iniquity of the father—but, *the soul that sinneth it shall die*.' Now when you remember the very large proportion of the heathen race, who from various causes die in their infancy, we may feel there is some mitigation of their deplorable condition, and mark also how wonderfully Eternal Wisdom educes good out of evil, in thus insuring the everlasting welfare of more than one-half of those born in darkness and the shadow of death."

"I am sure the Christians ought to persevere in sending a knowledge of the Saviour everywhere, as quickly as possible."

"Surely! but while the Scriptures abound with declarations forbidding any relaxation of their efforts, none can dare to mention any *limit* to that infinite mercy which pardoned Paul the blasphemer, '*because*' he '*did it ignorantly in unbelief*:' and even for his own murderers, you know, Jesus pleaded, '*Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do*!'"

"Thank you, Sir, those are very sweet texts."

"True; and while dreading, on our part, the responsibility of withholding the Gospel, you see there is abundant ground for

cheerful confidence in God's moral government of his vast dominions."

This interesting conversation produced lasting effects, implanting a fervent zeal for missionary effort both at home and abroad, which, if it ever flagged for a season, was reanimated by a recurrence to that hour in the pastor's study, where the conviction of the heathen's melancholy state first burst upon their mind.

E. W. P.

SMALL BEGINNINGS HAVE GREAT ENDINGS.

DID you ever try how much wheat would grow from a single ear? I know a gentleman who is trying it in his garden. Some years ago, he sowed the grains of one ear. They sprang up, and yielded several ears. He took care of them, and dried them, and sowed the wheat. Next year he did the same thing. Last summer I was walking in his garden, and saw four or five hundred green stalks; and he told me they all came from that one ear. By-and-by there will be enough of grain to sow a whole field. "Small beginnings have great endings."

This is just as it is with the missionaries. They sow the seed in the dark lands of heathenism; and they hope it will grow up, and yield other seed, that will be sown again in its turn, till all the desert land shall be covered by a golden harvest that shall be for the praise of our God. Every halfpenny given to the Missionary Society is a tiny seed; and if offered with prayer, and from love to the Saviour, it cannot be lost. Oh, is it not a happy thought, my children, that, although you may not go yourselves to distant countries, you may send over seed, and it will spring up there, and multiply itself till the "little one becomes a thousand?" Let no one say, "All I can do is so little, that it is not worth

while for me to give anything." You cannot send out a thousand seeds, but you can send one, and "small beginnings have great endings."

Have not you heard of some to whom the reading of a single tract, or the hearing of a single sermon, or the receiving of one word of earnest and affectionate advice, has been the means of "opening their eyes, and of turning them from darkness to light?" Mr. Kincaid, at a meeting in America, a little while ago, help up to the audience a Burmese tract, saying, "The first man who was brought to the knowledge of Jesus in Ava, the 'golden city' as it is called, the ancient capital of Burmah, owed his conversion to this tract." You shall hear how it was. A company of elderly people were sitting together listening to a religious discourse in the Pa-li language, the sacred language of the Hindoos, of which they did not understand a single word. A native preacher went near, and after listening to the Pa-li for some time, he said, "I have a little book here, which I should like to read unto the people." He spoke in a very kind tone of voice, for he remembered that it is written, "The servant of the Lord must not strive, but be gentle unto all men;" and he was not refused. If he had spoken harshly, I dare say he would not have been allowed to read his book. The book was on the way to salvation through Him who died on the cross. He read it from beginning to end. All listened with fixed attention; and when he had finished they exclaimed, "Alas! what have we been about all this time?" "Will you lend me this book?" said the principal man amongst them. "Certainly," said the Christian preacher; "and when you want another, come to me for it." The consequence was, that the man gave up his idolatry, and is now a worshipper of the living God. Ah! my young readers, to send one little tract to Burmah was a small beginning; but was not the change of that man's heart, a great—a glorious ending? But this is not the ending. Many miles has he travelled since, with a bundle of

tracts on his back ; for though he is a rich man, and never carried any burthen before, he counts it no fatigue to scatter abroad the little messengers of mercy that have opened up to him a new life. Who can tell into what other ground the seed may fall ?

Mr. Kincaid held the tract in his hand, as he addressed the meeting. It cost but a halfpenny, and yet it brought a sinner to Jesus. Oh ! if it had cost all the gold in the world, it would have been worth buying for this. But we cannot buy souls with money. It is the blessing of the Lord that we want, to give success to our missionaries and our tracts, and all our efforts. It is the blessing of the Lord, that comes down like dew upon the dry ground, and makes the seed to grow, and shoot forth its first little green leaf above the barren soil. Do not forget, then, my children, when you send out the seed, to pray that God may send the dew upon it, and the rain upon it, and the sunshine upon it, to make it grow. Do not forget as you drop your halfpenny or penny into the missionary-box, to say in your heart, " Lord, let my small beginning have a great ending !"—*From the Youth's Missionary Repository.*

AN INFANT TEACHER.

IN a Sunday school in Connecticut, there was an infant class of coloured children, under the instruction of a pious young lady. One little girl in this class was taught to read the Bible, and she was in the habit of committing to memory three verses a week for her Sunday lesson. The teacher told her one day that she must try to learn as many verses as she could ; the little girl said she could not learn more than three verses, as she had so much to do. When asked what she had to do, she replied, " I have to take care of the babe and to teach my mother to read." Her teacher was so much interested in this reply, that she resolved to visit the mother. On making a visit, she learned that the woman,

who, previous to the instruction she had received from the little girl, could not even say her letters, had been taught by that child, so that she could then spell words of one syllable. The lady, finding the mother but poorly clad, kindly presented her some clothes so that she could attend public worship on the Sabbath; and that mother is now, through the diligence and filial love of her daughter, and the benevolence of her teacher, enjoying Sabbath after Sabbath the privilege of Bible class instruction. Here we see, how even a child can do great good! What a rich reward that teacher is receiving for all the patient toilings in teaching that little one to read! and how happy that dear child must be in seeing the pleasure which the reading the Scriptures affords to her mother!—*Philadelphia Saturday Courier.*

INCIDENTS GATHERED FROM THE HISTORY OF THE GRANDE LIGNE MISSION.

MANY years since, a young girl, with her father and mother, (natives of Acadia, or Nova Scotia,) left that colony for the then English colony of Massachusetts. She spoke of course exclusively the French language. A lady of Boston put into her hands a French Bible. Very soon the parents became alarmed lest their daughter Mary would forsake the religion of their forefathers, and become a Protestant. To avert this calamity, they made up their minds to migrate to Lower Canada, which was then, as it now is, a Romish colony. This they did, and thought thereby to bring up their daughter Mary sound in the faith. Mary, after her arrival in Canada, was married to a French Canadian, and for forty years was apparently a Romanist, although she had continued to read now and then her Bible, which she had carried with her. She became a woman rising seventy years of age, and still she could not forget the precious lessons she had received in reading the book of life. Oftentimes had she called upon her

parish priest to quell the storms rising in her conscience, but to no purpose. The priest in the confessional box spoke not to her in the same soft voice of consolation as the blessed Jesus of the Bible had many a time done whilst she was reading that precious book. How often had she fallen on her knees and prayed unto God, that he might not forsake her, but grant her light so as to die as a Christian ought to do ! It was not a rare occurrence to see her cross the American lines, and call upon some devoted Christians of Champlain, in New York state, to receive French Bibles from them, and scatter these among her neighbours.

But she had but a few months left to her to be spent in this world, when Madame Feller and Rev. Mr. Roussy, two French Swiss missionaries, came into Canada to preach the blessed Gospel of Jesus to the Canadians. In the providence of our Almighty Father, who forgets not nor forsakes his children, Rev. Mr. Roussy was induced by a Protestant English gentleman to come and take a school in the vicinity of poor old Mary. She heard of the new doctrines this new comer was diffusing among the people ; she suspected him to be a servant of Jesus Christ. In her anxiety to find her true Saviour, she called upon him, and after hearing the word of God expounded to her in her own native language, she found it to correspond with the teachings of that Bible which she had received from the good American lady in Boston more than fifty years previous, and in a very few days was a real Mary, sitting at the feet of Jesus.

In a few months death presented itself as a blessed messenger from her heavenly Father to summon her to that rest which she had not found here below. Assisted with the prayers and Christian advice and consolation of Madame Feller, who spent the whole of her time near her death-bed, she left this world praising him who had sent her so mercifully missionaries from a far distant country, to teach her more perfectly the glad tidings of salvation. On her death-bed she summoned all her children, to the number

of thirteen, I believe, and exhorted them as a mother who had loved them tenderly, to forsake the unrighteous paths of Romanism in which she had brought them up: and to her great consolation the greater number of them forsook forthwith that church, and several became the worshippers of God in truth and in spirit. Such was the foundation of the flourishing Swiss Mission of Grande Ligne of Canada.

What a precious meeting it must have been in heaven, when Mary's soul was carried thither by the angels, and the lady of Boston who gave her the Bible beheld the fruit of her fidelity in scattering the word of God! "Cast thy bread upon the waters for thou shalt find it after many days."

THE "WOOD FESTIVAL."

HAVE any of our young readers ever imagined that a complete feast could be prepared from the produce and fruits of trees? We look at our ships and our furniture; we enjoy the refreshing fruits, and acquire benefit from the medicines they yield, and we think we fully appreciate the various advantages we derive from them; but there are uses more numerous still.

In a little book on trees, written by Mr. Sheppard, we find the following ingenious description of a complete "Wood Festival." The book is a small one, and very instructive and interesting: we warmly recommend it to all our young readers.

"And here, (if I may further revert to matters culinary or connected with the table,) I am tempted to wish the magic power to collect materials for a true wood festival. If they all would bear transporting, and if some kind wood-nymph or fairy could bring them together on our soil, one might furnish forth a really sylvan banquet, worthy of a midsummer night's tree-meeting under the queen's oak at Windsor. Not a 'tea-meeting,' for we would exclude the juices of the tea-plant and the vine, generally obtained

from mere shrubs. We might leave out also very many fruits, or reserve them only to grace the dessert: but we must secure Polynesian loaves, and Borneo cakes, from the bread-fruit and sago-tree; as a second course, the Indian banana, both fresh and dried, which, in tropical climates, supplies food to millions; pastry of the Andes from the boiled nuts of the araucaria; Italian comfits from the kernels of the stone-pine, prepared by sugar of the Canadian maple, or honey from a hollow oak or cypress-root, milk from the cocoa-nut, and cream from the cow-tree of Humboldt, of the hya-hya of Demerara; rich African butter from the sheah-tree, and wines of the palm-trees and the birch, from the torrid and the arctic zones. Gas, though we might draw it either from the living pine, or from the relics of antediluvian forests, would seem too scientific and urban a light for our simple wood feast; but candles from the caoton and the valeria Indica would not disgrace a fairy's hand; lamps of the nuts from the Sandwich Islands might hang on their cocoa-nut strings as festoons among illuminated branches; and the myrtle wax of Louisiana and Virginia would supply beforehand very appropriate tapers for sealing our warmest or politest notes of invitation.

"It may require apology to have thus served up a merely ideal repast, and one which might not be quite to our taste, if it were real. But such provisions are prized and enjoyed in their native climates; and this is the great mark of provident goodness, and argument for thankfulness."—*Sheppard on Trees*, p. 62—64.

THE DOVE.

BY THE REV. THOMAS KELLY, DUBLIN.

MANY vessels gathered yonder,
Ready seem to quit the shore;
Some for commerce, some for plunder,
Man it is that covets more.

Soon the land will be lost sight of,
Nothing seen but sea and sky,
Yet the danger he makes light of,
As if death were not so nigh.

But there is a vessel floating
In the midst, with sails unfurled,
And she bears a name, denoting
She belongs not to the world.
Yes, her goodly name "The Dove" is,
And an "olive-branch" her sign ;
Her commission from above is,
And the Lord says, This is mine.

What a precious cargo hers is !
'Tis the word of God she bears ;
Teeming with a thousand blessings,
Drying up the source of tears.
Nor forgotten is the teacher,
Faithful partner of the word,
Its example and its preacher,
Leaving all to serve his Lord.

Speed her, Saviour, through the ocean,
Be her Guide, and be her Guard,
When the waves, in wild commotion,
Rage, and foam, and threaten hard ;
Then the time, O Lord, for thee is
To appear, and save thine own ;
Save the vessel, then, for she is
Thine, and power is thine alone.

When she gains her destination,
And her cargo puts on shore,
Bless the word of thy salvation,
Bless it, Saviour, more and more.

Often going and returning,
May she long a blessing be,
And the distant people learning
From thy word, thy glory see !

"AH ! THAT'S THE NAME !"

BY REV. JOHN ELY.

[Certain Hindoos, having met with some religious tracts in their own language, travelled far to hear more of Jesus from the lips of the Christian missionary ; and as soon as they heard him pronounce the Name, they interrupted him, exclaiming, in an ecstasy of delight, " Ah ! that's the name !"]

" Ah ! that's the Name !" the admiring Hindoos cried ;
" Your shasters taught us how he loved and died."
As ancient sages, guided by his star,
Lured by the wondrous tale, they came from far ;
Their caste, their cruel rites, their idol fane,
Deserted for the Saviour's milder reign.

" Ah ! that's the Name !" the Christian lip responds,
" Whose charm dispell'd my fears, and loos'd my bonds :
More precious than the finest gold, its worth
Sweeter than fragrant perfume poured forth ;
A balm to make the wounded spirit whole,
A sound to wake the music of the soul.

" Ah ! that's the Name !" a world renew'd shall cry,
" No name so glorious in the earth or sky."
From shore to shore adoring nations bend ;
From world to world let loud'ning praise ascend.
Great be that Name, confess'd by every tongue,
The burden of the universal song.

SMALL CONTRIBUTIONS.

SMALL CONTRIBUTIONS.

Imogen trifling in your eye
The little mine appear,
Yea to my cheering words
A moment lend your ear.

Look on the mighty deep,
And contemplate the sea ;
If 'twere not for the drops,
Where would its vastness be ?

Behold the emerald field,
Where sheep and oxen feed ;
If 'twere not for the blades,
Say where would be the mead ?

The oak its shelter gives,
When flocks from tempest flee ;
But if the leaves were gone,
Where would the shelter be ?

The smooth extended strand,
That checks the roaring deep—
Say if the *grains* were gone,
Where would the billows sweep ?

Were *little words* despised
How would a book appear ?
How could the preacher preach,
Or how his hearers hear ?

Despise not then the *pence* ;
They serve to make the pound ;
And each may help to spread abroad
The gospel's joyful sound.

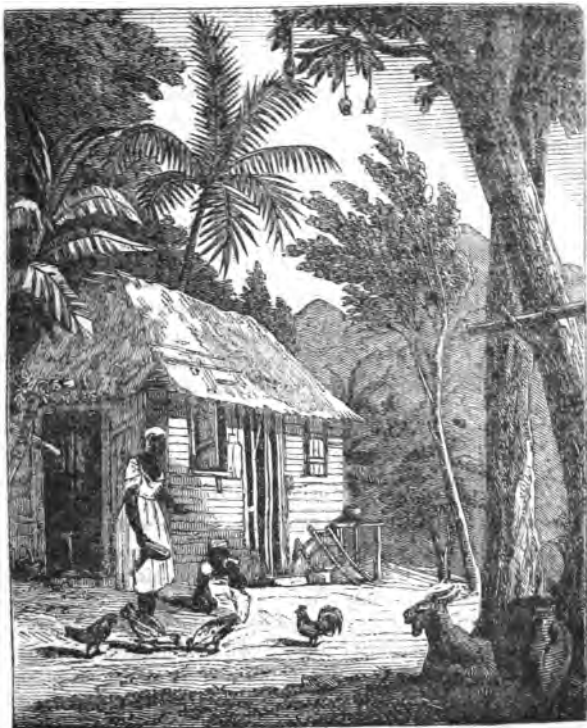
HOME NEWS: MILLPORT—CUMBRAY.

THREE different times have our young friends here been disappointed at not seeing their Dove contributions acknowledged. They sent 10s. 6d. in 1846, 15s. in 1847, and £1 18s. in 1848. The first and second sums were included in the Glasgow money. Now the Glasgow schools can collect for themselves—and do not need other people's money to swell their amount. The last sum, which is, as it should be, the largest, was entered in our large Report, but not in the *Juvenile Herald*. Here then they are—all three. Will they this year, 1849, exceed 1848, as much as 1848 exceeded 1847?

**THE MISSIONARY MEETING.**

THE Young Men's Missionary Association is at work in right earnest. They have arranged for some twenty meetings to be held in London in the month of January, and we hope that our young friends will copy the picture, and crowd in good time to the meeting.

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



A NEGRO'S COTTAGE—EXTERIOR.

NEW SERIES, VOL. II.]

C

[FEBRUARY.

A NEGRO'S COTTAGE—EXTERIOR.

WE have here a view of the cottage of the Negro, as it may be often seen in the West Indies. It is made of posts put into the ground about two feet asunder; the intermediate part being boarded or closed up with wattle, daubed over on the inside with mud. Sometimes the cottages are divided into two or three apartments, but thousands consist of one room only, which serves for all domestic uses. A few wooden calabashes or bowls, a water jar, a mortar for pounding Indian corn, and an iron pot for boiling the daily meal, often compose almost all the furniture. Each house is generally surrounded by a piece of garden ground, and the villages are intersected by narrow and straggling lanes. Wherever the Gospel has been introduced there is generally a great improvement in all respects, and the cottage shares (in cleanliness and comforts) in the results of the influence of the truth.

THE THUNDER GOD.

SOME months ago, we gave our readers a view of the Chinese "god of thunder and lightning." A recent letter from China will show what strange ideas the Chinese form of his power: Mr. Pollman, of America, is the writer.

"On the 10th instant we were visited, for the first time, by four of the five high mandarins of Amoy. We have hitherto received visits only from the mayor, the military commandant, and the inspector of customs; but the two principal mandarins, one civil and the other naval, had never come in person to our residences, and always sent their cards by way of returning our visits to them. Now, however, the Taou-tai, or prefect, who is the principal civil

mandarin, at the invitation of the three officers above named, came along with them.

" Their object was to see experiments in electricity as well as to pay us a visit. After examining daguerreotypes, the microscope, and the telescope, Mr. Doty performed a series of experiments on the electric machine recently received from America. The cause of electricity and the general principles of electric phenomena were stated to them by teacher U, in the court dialect. At the close, a good charge from the Leyden jar gave them convincing proof of the power of the subtile fluid. They were surprised, and expressed themselves full believers in electric shocks causing lightning and thunder. This is an important point gained, inasmuch as the most foolish and erroneous ideas are afloat in the minds of all classes in regard to lightning and its effects. The general opinion is, that there is a 'god of thunder and lightning,' who presides over the fiery element, and hurls his thunderbolts at all who are the subjects of his just indignation, striking a death-blow at the most wicked, and destroying the property or effects of the less wicked. We hope that much good will be done by the machine, in imparting correct ideas on a subject the most terrible to the minds of this superstitious people. The machine has already acquired the name of 'thunder god.' "

GIVING THE GOSPEL A PUSH.

AN Indian of the Wyandot tribe, attending a monthly concert, and hearing what missions had done for other tribes, rose and said: " When he thought of all that had been done by the missionaries, his heart was almost too full for him to speak. They had come to his tribe about the same time that others went to the Choctaws. But they met a very cold reception. In a council of the nation they were advised to go away. They were told that their religion did not suit the Indian—that their God was not the God of the

white man. But they persevered, and God blessed them; and the result with them—the most northern tribe—had been just the same as described by his brother from the most southern.—They too had their missionary society; and when the first member, an old warrior, laid down his subscription, ‘There,’ said he, ‘take that, and give the gospel another push.’” And so should we all feel when we contribute of our substance or our endeavours. We are giving the gospel another push, until, by the blessing of God, it will encompass the earth, and fill every land with thanksgiving and praise.

NEWS OF HOME.

HAMPSTEAD.

In March, 1843, a Juvenile Missionary Sewing Society was formed at Hampstead, the members of which meet once a fortnight, to spend the afternoon and evening in making clothes for the children in heathen countries. Missionary accounts are read at the meetings, and each member pays a weekly subscription of 1d. and is provided with a collecting card. With the money thus obtained, the working materials are purchased, and a supply of school materials, which are sent with the clothes. An annual meeting is held in the spring, when the parcel is made up; last year it was kindly attended by Rev. E. Carey, who gave a highly interesting address.

Fernando Po is the station for which we work, and on Wednesday, Dec. 6, Dr. and Mrs. Prince, from that place, had the kindness to come up to meet us at our Sewing Meeting. Perhaps a few of the remarks made by them, about the work, may be useful to other Juvenile Sewing Societies.

1. Most of the dresses sent from England are *too wide*, being, as Dr. Prince said, “long enough for a baby and wide enough to contain two babies.”

2. With respect to colour, blue stripes and checks are greatly admired, lilac and white are also liked; on some parts of the coast the favourite colour is yellow, but pink and buff are not generally liked.

3. For children's dresses, shirts and loose round pinafores with short sleeves are sufficient, though at Clarence a more English style of dress is now becoming general.

4. Though little bags fitted up with pin-cushions, scissors, &c., are very useful as rewards for the school children, yet if half-a-dozen were put into every box of clothing sent out, it would be quite as many as can be disposed of.

5. Baby caps are very favourite articles with the Fernandian women, and they buy them of the missionaries with great eagerness. They should be made of checked muslin drawn with little bobbin runners, with borders of common washing lace, and tied with coloured sarsnet strings.

6. Every article should be marked with the price it would be worth in England, as they are now seldom *given away*, but *sold* to the people, who, being very anxious to possess clothing, and unable to sew, are eager to purchase them of the missionaries—so that the contributions of English Sewing Societies now become a valuable addition to the mission funds.

7. When the clothes are sent, a letter to the missionaries at the station should always be sent with them, stating from whence they come, &c.

8. If any little boys wish to send something to the African children, neatly-made kites, tops, &c. would be very useful as rewards to the boys in the schools.

SHOULDHAM-STREET CHAPEL SUNDAY SCHOOL.

On Monday, January 8th, a Juvenile Missionary Meeting was held in the above chapel; the chair was taken by Rev. J. V. Blake. Rev. Eustace Carey and Mr. James Benham, (Deputation from the

Young Men's Missionary Association,) showed the meeting the large missionary map, told them where missionaries were stationed, what they had done, and how much more there was for them to do, and what help boys and girls might give in this work.

It was resolved to form a Juvenile Missionary Auxiliary, and to try and support a school in Ceylon, to be called after their own school.

This is a good commencement; if our young friends will only try, they are sure to succeed.

J. E. T.

LION-STREET SCHOOL, WALWORTH.

ON Tuesday evening, January 9th, a Juvenile Missionary Meeting was held in the school-room; about one hundred and twenty children were present, and several of their parents. The chair was taken by W. H. Watson, Esq., superintendent of the school.

Mr. W. E. Beal, Treasurer of the Juvenile Auxiliary, stated that during the year 1848, the children raised upwards of £8, of which sum £5 had been voted to various objects, in connexion with the Baptist Missionary Society, and that there was a balance in hand of £3. 3s. The meeting was then addressed by Messrs. T. J. Cole and C. T. Jones, (Deputation from the Young Men's Missionary Association,) who urged the claims of the heathen in general, and specially of the mission to Western Africa. Considerable interest in the subject was evinced by the youthful audience, who decided by a show of hands, that—

£1. 1s. should be devoted to Bimbia school.

£1. 1s. to Clarence school.

£1. 1s. to Cameroons school.

The chairman then briefly addressed the meeting, and after singing and prayers the children separated, apparently much pleased with the engagements of the evening.

J. E. T.

CEYLON.

To the Scholars of the Baptist Sunday School, St. Albans.—No. 7.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—In my last I gave you a short account of the idolatry practised in Ceylon. In this I shall describe something, if possible, more wicked and degrading. It is demonolatry, or devil-worship. Evil spirits are supposed to cause nearly all the affliction that men endure, consequently various ceremonies are performed to propitiate these demons, or to cheat them of their prey. When a person is taken ill, his relatives surround him to judge of the nature of his malady. However common may be the symptoms, their opinions are generally of the most conflicting kind. One thinks poison has been given him with his food; another says an enemy has bewitched him; a third, that some god is angry with him; and a fourth, that a demon has taken possession of him. The doctor is then sent for, or the astrologer, or the priest, or all of them. The doctor will not say at once what is the nature of the complaint, but orders, perhaps, a little rice-water or ginger-water, saying no medicine must be given for several days. If the patient gets worse, various charms and ceremonies are resorted to. The astrologer consults the person's horoscope, and writes some mystical signs on a piece of ola leaf, which he carefully rolls up and ties with a piece of yellow string in which are a certain number of knots. This is then bound round the neck or arm of the sick person, and the astrologer is paid according to the ability of the patient. Then some money, rice, and other things, are tied up and hung over the sick person's bed—a vow being made that if he recovers they shall be presented to Buddhu or some other god. If the person still gets worse, various other ceremonies are performed—devil-dances at night, accompanied with loud incantations to expel the demons; or rice given away in the day to all the poor of the village, to propitiate the evil spirit; or, as a last resource, a funeral procession and the burying of an image made like the sick person, with the hope of

thus cheating the devil by making him believe that his victim is already dead. Almost incredible as the last-mentioned practice may appear, it is nevertheless very common, and as a means of restoration very generally relied on. A short time ago, I passed by a spot where a ceremony of the kind had been performed the previous evening. A man being very ill, his friends thought the devil intended to take him. They, therefore, made an image to personate the sick man, and went through all the ceremony of a funeral. A grave was dug, and the image was brought to it on a bier, some men were employed to howl, and the image was buried with all the forms of a real funeral. The place had been decorated with cocoa-nut leaves, and the bier as usual thrown on the spot and left there.

Our native converts are placed in the strongest temptation in time of sickness, as the doctors are very unskilful, and their relatives often urge in the most vehement manner, the performance of devil ceremonies. Sometimes a Buddhist doctor will refuse medicine to a native Christian, and tauntingly exclaim, "Go to Jesus Christ, whom you say you trust in, and whom you call the great physician. Ours is Buddhu's medicine. It was not made for you." Thus their faith is tried and their temper too. I have felt great pleasure in giving English medicine in such trying cases, and have thus through the blessing of God restored to health many who were said to be possessed with devils.

You would perhaps like to know the nature of the prayers addressed to these evil spirits, by their worshippers. Sometimes restoration from sickness is asked; at other times protection during a journey is sought; but most frequently they are of the nature of the one I will now relate. A native missionary walking to a village in the Matura district suddenly heard the voice of a woman who was engaged in earnest prayer. Her attitude, her gestures, and the fervency of her language showed that she was labouring under great excitement, and made him anxious to know

the subject of her prayer. This he soon discovered. It was addressed—not to the living God, but to a celebrated demon. Her object was—not to obtain spiritual blessings, for she knew not her need of them. She had lost *a large knife*, and the substance of the prayer was this—that she would give to this devil her house, her furniture, her garden, her paddy fields, her body—in a word, all that she possessed, if—not if he would tell her how to regain her lost property, but if—he would *kill the person who had stolen it!* This person she loaded with the vilest epithets, and her whole soul seemed to go forth in prayer for his destruction. How different the prayer of Stephen for his *murderers*, “Lord! lay not this sin to their charge;” or the prayer of Stephen’s Lord for *his*: “Father! forgive them, for they know not what they do!” This must not be regarded as an uncommon case. Perhaps the woman just mentioned was more fervent than the generality of demon-worshippers; but the same thing is practised every day. If an article of any kind is lost, the astrologer is consulted, and if he does not succeed in detecting the thief a small image of the lost article is made in silver or gold and presented to the temple, with a prayer that vengeance may overtake the person who stole it. His destruction is then thought to be secured. Indeed, when it is made known that such a step is about to be taken, the thief is expected secretly to return the stolen article, to avoid the threatened calamity. It often happens that prayers of a more fearful nature even than those just mentioned are addressed to evil spirits. Acts of theft, injustice, and even murder are attempted to be committed by their supposed assistance. In such cases, presents are made to the *yaka-duras*, or devil priests, and they, acting the part of intercessors, beseech the devil to use his influence in the favour of the person who wishes to commit the crime with impunity! All this you will say is very shocking. And so it is. But there is one thing, which I will mention in conclusion, that I wish you all particularly to remember. It is this—*that these devil-worshippers*

are fathers and mothers, and bring up their children to practise the same wicked ceremonies. Children of England! Ye who have Christian parents, and Bibles, and Sabbaths, and Sunday schools, happy are ye!

Once more yours sincerely,

C. C. DAWSON.

Matura, May 11th, 1848.

OUR BOOK-SHELF.

Come to Jesus! By NEWMAN HALL, B.A. SNOW, London.

A striking appeal: fit to visit, with Bunyan's *Come and Welcome*, the homes of the doubtful and unbelieving, and not unneeded (alas!) among true Christians.

Recreations: Physical and Mental. A Lecture. By THOMAS AVELING. SNOW.

A book for parents and teachers, on a question of much practical importance, and wisely handled.

Original Tales: or, True Stories for my Little Grandchildren. Ward and Co.

THIS little book has carried us back to the years of our childhood: we remember it well as a favourite in our little library: and now that it appears again in a fresh dress, and with many additions, we congratulate our young friends in having such a tempting volume, at once to interest and instruct them.

There is much that children will learn only by *experience*: but much, too, that they can learn by the experience of little ones like themselves: "Mamma knows best," is a lesson frequently stated by the parent to the little learner, and, perhaps, seldom believed; but the simple, life-like little stories here, will teach that and many other valuable lessons: and while greatly pleasing the young readers, will profit them too. We heartily recommend this *New Year's Gift* to a place on the Bookshelf.

THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE AND COMFORT.

CLOTHES AND FURNITURE.

In the first period of occupation of England by mankind, there is no doubt that, as the flesh of animals served for food, so their skins served for clothes. They had no woollen fabrics to use for such a purpose; they had neither manufactures of their own, nor money, nor other articles of barter, to exchange for the clothing materials made by the nations of the continent, who were more advanced in knowledge and comfort. Woollen clothes, (first made in this country in 1191,) and those of flax, were the early products of advancing knowledge and civilization. Those of silk were not made in England till about the year 1604. Hats were not made in this country until about the year 1510. Shoes were not produced, of the present fashion, until 1633. As to furniture, the early inhabitants of England employed leaves and dried grass for beds; logs of wood, or stones, served the office of chairs and tables; the earth was their floor. It was only by gradual degrees that benches and other raised seats were used. The floor was at length garnished with rushes and straw, mixed with sweet-scented hay or flowers. Another long interval elapsed before, about 1750, carpets were first made in England. The beds on which our ancestors slept were often made of straw: even the kings' beds were made of it, to the year 1234. Linen was first made in England in 1253. English blankets were not made before about 1340. Calico was not manufactured in England till 1772. If my little reader will but think of these things—will but remember that his dwelling, its furniture, his clothes, and his food, show how the increase of knowledge has gradually produced comfort, and how great is the advance which these two (knowledge and comfort) are continually making together, he will not fail to be deeply impressed with the advantages which knowledge (the fruit of study) has produced in even his creature-comforts;

that is, in a better dwelling, more wholesome food, warmer clothes, and more convenient furniture.

From Johnson's Rural Reader. (Ridgway. 1848.)

THE FESTIVAL OF RAM.

Extract from a Letter written by Rev. J. Lawrence, of Monghir, to one of his nieces.

WE have lately witnessed another of those heart-sickening scenes which are of such frequent occurrence in this land of idolatry, namely, an immense concourse of people assembled together professedly for religious purposes, but in reality as far removed from everything like seriousness and devotion as it is well possible to conceive. The festival was in honour of Rām, who, they say, is the ninth incarnation of the Deity. He was born in the house of King Dāśarāth, and early performed many wonderful feats. His father having abdicated his kingdom, Rām succeeded him. Soon after, he was greatly pestered by the depredations of the awfully wicked giant king of Ceylon, who, having caught all the holy men he could find, put some thousands of them in prison, and at last he managed to carry off Rām's favourite wife Sita. Upon this Rām determined to make war with him, and summoning an army of monkeys with Hanūmān the monkey-general at their head, he marched towards Ceylon. Having arrived at the sea-coast, a difficulty presented itself, how was the army to cross the sea? After some vain attempts to construct a bridge, the monkey-general with one leap, sprang across to the opposite shore, and his army of monkeys followed his example. A terrible battle ensued, in which the army of Rām proving victorious, vast numbers of the enemy were slain, amongst whom was the son of the tyrant, who was also a giant of such great dimensions that ten thousand sheep might hide themselves in one of his nostrils!! Rām afterwards followed, and having slain the wicked tyrant, he recovered his

wife, conquered the island, and returned in triumph to his own dominions.

This monstrous story is verily believed by the poor deluded Hindoos. Missionaries constantly hear it appealed to as proof of the divinity of Rām. The name of Rām is esteemed most sacred. Him they worship and honour instead of God, and in honour of Rām was the festival I have mentioned above. The poor deluded creatures get up a kind of farce, in which Rām and his monkey-general, and the giant Rāvānā are represented by different characters. An immense black, horrid-looking figure is made of bamboos, straw, and other materials, and stuffed with combustible matter, to represent the wicked giant. A little boy is selected and gaily dressed up to represent Rām. Other characters are also represented in a similar manner. Thus a very large procession is got up, and marched for ten days round the outskirts of the town, followed by thousands of people all mad to see the show. On the last and principal day, the monstrous image of the giant is destroyed by fire. The shout of victory to Rām rends the air from the voices of the assembled crowds, and thus the farce concludes. The poor deluded votaries of Rām retire to their homes well pleased with their performance, and flatter themselves that what they have done is highly meritorious, and acceptable to their god.

What a contrast is all this to the sober, pure, spiritual, and ennobling service which Christianity enjoins! Turning from this melancholy spectacle, how delightful is it to think of the devout assemblies of the saints in Christian lands—of their spiritual feasts, commemorating the achievements of their great and glorious King, and of their hallowed songs of praise to Him who shall conquer until all his enemies have been put beneath his feet!

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

JER. xxiv. 5.—A missionary in the West Indies, passing one day through a school-room, observed a little negro boy engaged in

prayer, and overheard him saying, "O Lord Jesus, I thank thee for sending big ship into my country, and wicked men to steal me, and bring me here, that I might hear about thee and love thee: and now, Lord Jesus, I have one great favour to ask thee: please to send wicked men, with another big ship, and let them catch my father and mother, and bring them to this country, that they may hear the missionaries preach, and love thee." The missionary a few days after saw him standing on the sea-shore, looking very intently at the ships as they came in. For two years he was to be seen, day after day, watching the arrival of every ship. One day, as the missionary was looking at him, he observed him capering about, and exhibiting the liveliest joy—"Well, Tom, what occasions so much joy?" "Oh," said he, "Jesus Christ answers prayer—father and mother come in that ship"—and this was really the case.

MATT. xviii. 21.—"Till seven times." This number is in common use, in the East, to show that a thing has been often done. Have I not told you *seven* times to wash my feet?" "*Seven* times have I been to the temple, and still my requests are not granted." "Have I not forgiven you seven times? and how shall I forgive you again?"

SOL. SONG v. 3.—"I have washed my feet, how shall I defile them?" A Hindoo washes his feet before retiring to rest. If called from his bed, he often makes his excuse, that he shall daub his feet; and as he does not wear shoes in the house, and the floor is of clay, the excuse is natural.

MATT. vi. 2.—"Do not sound a trumpet before thee." The Mussulmans, in India, at their festivals, erect stages in public streets, and by the sound of a trumpet, call the poor to receive alms of rice and other kinds of food.

MATT. vi. 5.—"They love to pray, standing in corners of streets." Both Hindoos and Mussulmans offer their prayers in the most public place: as at the landing-places of rivers, in the public streets, and on the roofs of boats, without the least effort at concealment.

MATT. vi. 9.—“Our Father which art in heaven.” “How do you call the supreme Being?” said a Parsee to a Jew. “We call him,” said the Jew, “Jehovah Adonai, the Lord who is, and was, and is to come.” “Your appellation,” said he, “is grand and sublime; and awful too.” A Christian then approached, and said, “We call him *Father*, this is the word of the heart.” They all raised their eyes to heaven, and said, “Our Father!” and then took each other by the hand, and called each other brothers.

OUR FIRST DOVE OFFERINGS,

Received in Dec. 1848.

	£.	s.	d.
Dundee	0	12	9
Haddenham.....	1	6	6
Nenagh	0	14	0
Stony Stratford	1	0	0
	<hr/>		
	3	13	0
	<hr/>		

ERROR.

IN the lines on the “Dove,” there is a misprint of “blessings” for “mercies,” to rhyme with “hers is,” ver. 3rd, line 3rd. The respected author has called our attention to it, and our friends will kindly correct the mistake.

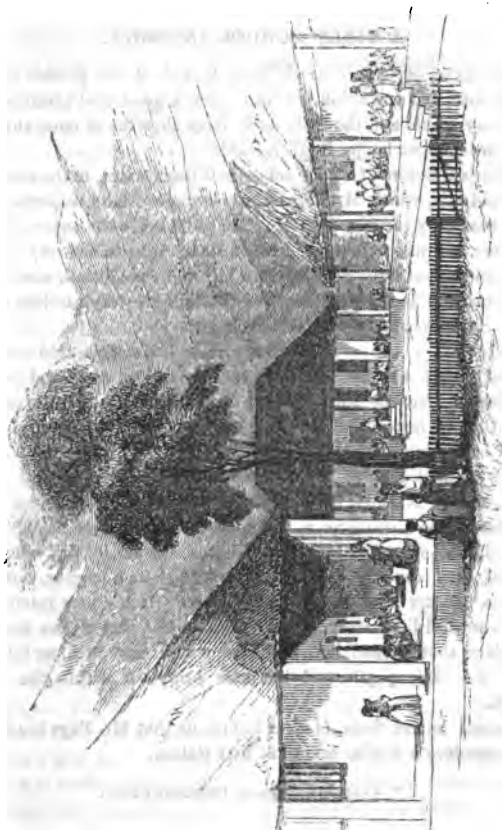
TO THE DEPARTED INFANT.

The following lines were written by a girl of sixteen years of age on the death of her sister; and appeared, many years ago, in the “Berwick Advertiser:” that girl is now grown up, and appears as the authoress of the Pearl of Days. J. C.

DEAR little stranger ! thou art fled ;
Deserted is thy cradle bed ;
But calm and peaceful is thy rest,
Though not upon thy mother's breast.
One moment thou wast with us here ;
The next we shed the parting tear ;
I heard thy mother deeply sigh ;
I saw the tear drop from her eye ;
And in thy father's manly face,
Suppressed emotions too could trace ;
I heard thy sister wildly crave
One last fond look of thee to have ;
I saw her press thee to her heart,
And then in anguish from thee part.
But 'twas not thee, thou nursling fair,—
Thy infant spirit was not there ;
Ere then, to brighter scenes 'twas flown,
And joys were thine to us unknown.
Thy foot had touched a heavenly land,
Thy soul had joined a joyful band
Of infant souls before their God,
Washed in the great Redeemer's blood.
No tear of grief could dim thine eye,
Thou roam'st beneath a cloudless sky ;
And soon thy sinless soul I'll meet,
In scenes of happiness complete.
Yes, spotless babe ! I'll meet thee where
No face of gloom, no brow of care,
Nor aught can damp our ceaseless joy,
Nor sin, nor death, can e'er annoy.

B. H. S.

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



A GIRLS' SCHOOL IN INDIA.

A GIRLS' SCHOOL IN INDIA.

You have, perhaps, dear children, looked at the picture on the other side, and you think you can guess a good deal about it. It is a busy scene, and the little dark faces show us at once that the scholars are not happy English children.

This is a picture of a girls' school at Vizagapatam, in the southern part of India, which Mrs. Porter, a missionary there, superintends. This kind lady receives little orphan girls, takes the entire charge of them, and instructs them. Some are brought to her very young, some older, but most of them in a miserable condition, sometimes half-starved; as the poor heathen Hindoos are very careless about their children, and particularly their girls.

But what a happy home these poor little girls find in this school! they are fed, clothed, and taught to read and work; and better than all this, they are taught to love and serve God and Christ, instead of their useless idols. How thankful they must be for such new pleasures!

But we wish now to tell you of a little book we have just read. It is called, "A Little Gem from India, added to the Redeemer's Diadem,"* and contains a short account of a dear child, called Jane Taylor, who was for some years a scholar in Mrs. Porter's school, then came to England to be trained as a teacher, but died in this country after a very long illness. It is a very interesting and beautiful little story, and we should like that all our Sunday-scholars should read it. Teachers would find it a useful present for their pupils, and its price brings it within the limits of all.

Recent letters from Madras inform us that Mr. Page is anxious to commence a similar school at that station.

* Published by Snow, Paternoster Row.

LETTER FROM MR. ONCKEN OF HAMBURG TO THE
JUVENILE MISSIONARY SOCIETY, HAMPSTEAD.

THE following letter is addressed to a little society of children and young people who meet once a month at the house of a kind friend at Hampstead, to hear about the heathen, and those who are not blessed with a knowledge of the gospel, and to pray for the success of missionary exertions in all parts of the world, and especially on the Continent of Europe, where there is now a missionary labouring in the cause of Christ, whom these young people know and love, and to whom they send the pennies which they cheerfully contribute. This missionary is Mr. Oncken, of Hamburg, in Germany, the writer of the following letter.

MY VERY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—I ought to have thanked you long ago for your handsome collection made on behalf of the chapel at Hamburg, but frequent missionary tours into Prussia, Austria, Hungary, Hanover, Oldenburg, Mecklenburg, &c., have occasioned this delay. I do so now, and thank you very, very much for the many pennies which you have given; out of these have grown shillings, and out of the shillings pounds. We value your contributions for so good a cause—the cause of Jesus—the only real lasting cause, and it leads us to hope concerning you, dear children, that if you have not already given *yourselves* to Jesus, the Holy Spirit will prompt you without delay to do so. For till you *know* that Jesus loves you, and you love him in return, all you do, even your kind gift for the Hamburg chapel, has no worth in the sight of God; the Bible declares this: turn to Romans xiv. 23,—“For whatsoever is not of faith is sin;” and 1 Cor. xiii. 3,—“And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not *love*, (love to Jesus,) it profiteth me nothing.” Yes, dear children, all is lost, lost for ever—our thoughts, words, and actions, our bodies and our souls, if we are not taught to love the Lord Jesus Christ. Let me

then entreat you, my dear children, never to cease thinking of the precious Saviour, and praying to him often and fervently, till you know and feel that you are the lambs of his fold.

I will now tell you a little about our chapel. We belong to the old-fashioned Christians, of whom you find a good, I may say the best, account in the Acts of the Apostles. You will find there that these Christians were quite indifferent as to the places where they worshipped God, but very particular as to the living temple, the church of God. Now, we are attempting to tread in their footsteps. Our chapel is very plain, and no money has been wasted for fineries; we are only anxious about the conversion of sinners, and that, when converted to Jesus, they may walk in all the commandments of their Saviour, blameless. Now the chapel is always filled with attentive hearers, among them also many dear little German children; and many once wicked sinners have in that chapel, towards which you have contributed, been converted, and are now holy and happy members of the church which worships there. Yes, dear children, Jesus is among us with his Spirit and his grace, and hence it comes that the word which is preached in the chapel at Hamburg reaches the hearts of sinners, and brings them on their knees to cry for mercy. About sixty converted sinners have been immersed, in the name of the Triune God, this year, but if we are faithful, God will yet shew us greater things. Nearly one hundred German children are directed to Jesus in our Sunday school; and we hope and pray that when we older people are dead and gone, they will fill our places and carry on the good work in which we are engaged.

You who have each a Bible or New Testament will be glad to hear that God has given us the means of circulating 50,000 New Testaments in Austria, a Roman Catholic country, where that precious book is little known, and where till lately it durst not be given to the people, because the Catholic priests had forbidden it. How many little ignorant children in Austria will by this

means read of Jesus, of his love to sinners, and of his willingness to receive and save all who come to him. If the Lord the Holy Spirit has taught you to pray, then pray that he may bless the circulation of these 50,000 Testaments in Austria; for in this way you will help us in our work; and in the great day when Jesus shall come in his glory to gather his own dear children to himself, we shall doubtless find not a few from Austria before the throne of God and the Lamb, joining in the everlasting song—"Unto Him that loved us," &c.

That I may meet all my dear little Hampstead contributors to the chapel at Hamburg there, is the sincere desire and prayer of your affectionate friend,

(Signed)

J. G. ONCKEN.

WHY IS A MISSIONARY SOCIETY LIKE A TREE?

LET us see if we can find out in what they are alike. What are the different parts of a tree? First, the large, tall, strong *trunk*, rising from the earth so rough and sturdy as though nothing could shake it; then, shooting out in all directions are the widely-spreading *branches*, covered thickly with *leaves*, and bearing the *fruit*; then, besides all this which we can see, there are the *roots* under the ground and digging deeply into it.

Do you know the use of all these parts? If not, I will tell you.

The trunk of a tree is not hard and solid like a stone, but there are several tubes or pipes running through the middle of it, from the roots all up to the branches; now, through these tubes flows the *sap*, that is, the moisture which the roots suck in from the ground; for just as the blood flows through our bodies to nourish and strengthen them, so the sap flows along the tubes all over the tree, to nourish it and make it grow.

Well, but what is there in a Missionary Society like all this?

The trunk of our tree is in London, where the Secretary and

Committee of the Society meet to attend to its affairs, to receive the sap which the roots collect, and to send the sap again through all the branches. And the branches? why, they are the Missionaries, who are supported by the trunk, and are sent forth, some to the east, and some to the west; and though there are not so many of them as we should like, yet we hope that before long our Missionaries will be in every land, like the branches of a tree covering the whole world.

But what is the *sap*, and where does it come from?

You know the roots spread out under the ground, growing smaller and smaller as they are farther from the trunk, just as the branches do above, then these little roots suck in the sap from the earth, and it flows through them into the larger roots, which collect the sap together and convey it into the trunk. In like manner, there have spread out from the Missionary Society in London, a number of Societies and Associations in different places, like larger roots; so every one who collects or gives anything for the Society is like one of these little roots collecting the sap (that is, the money), conveying it into the larger roots (the Juvenile Associations, &c.), which again pass it on to the great trunk in London; the trunk, receiving all the gold and silver and copper sap from the roots, is thus enabled to send out its branches (the Missionaries) all over the world.

But what *fruit* grows on these branches?

Oh, how many souls have been saved by means of the Missionaries! Is not *this* good fruit?

We often hear of good being done by our Missionaries; we often hear that some more fruit is ripe—that some more of the heathen have learned to love the Saviour,—and is not *this* good fruit? and, like fruit ripe and gathered home, many souls are now in heaven who grew and ripened for glory on these our Missionary branches.

But do you know, that if you were to take the finest fruit-tree there is, and build a wall all round it, and cover it up so that the

air could not blow on it, nor the sun shine on it, it would not grow, the fruit would never get ripe, and soon the tree would die; even so, unless the Saviour—the Sun of Righteousness—shines on our missionary tree, and unless God sends His Holy Spirit (who is compared to the wind in the Bible) none of the heathen will be converted—none of the missionary fruit will get ripe.

But, perhaps, you are thinking—‘What use are the leaves? and what are the leaves of our missionary tree?’

I dare say some of you will be a little surprised when I tell you that, just as *we* could not live without breathing the air, no more could a tree,—and the *leaves* of the tree are something like the lungs in our bodies, which collect from the air what is required to nourish it, as the roots collect the sap from the earth. Now the Holy Spirit is said to be like the wind, and you know God has promised to give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him, so that the *leaves* of our missionary tree are all those who pray to God to send His Holy Spirit to help the Missionaries and to save the heathen.

Now we want all our friends to be like the roots and like the leaves too, to get and to give as much money as they can, that we may be able to send out more missionary branches, and to pray for God’s blessing, which alone can make these branches fruitful.

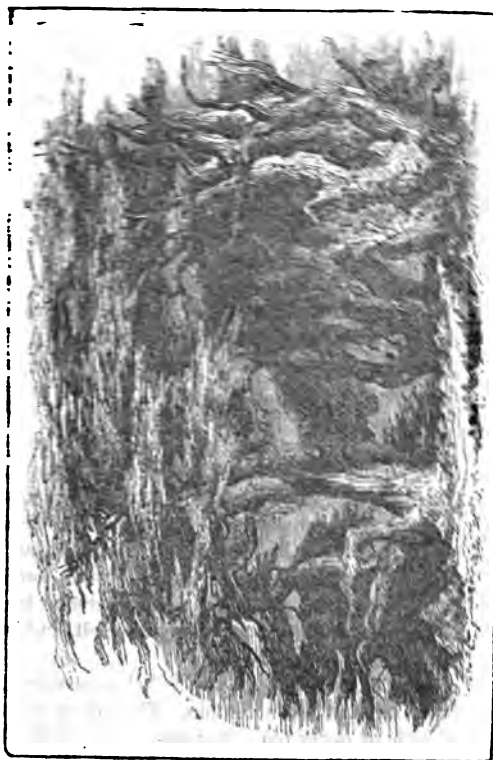
I have heard some children say—‘Oh, but I can give so little—only a penny sometimes, or a halfpenny,—it is not worth while to give that.’—Yes, but it is though; why the little drop of sap that some of those little roots suck up is so small that you could scarcely see it, but when it is added to the drops collected by two or three hundred other small roots, it is a great deal; and if you were to cut off all the *small* roots there would not be sap enough to keep the tree alive, so if we did not get the pence as well as the shillings and pounds, we should be obliged to cut off some of our branches—to call back some of our Missionaries. Though one

farthing is not much, yet a lot of farthings together make a great deal.

One Sunday, a little girl, about six years old, came to her teacher with a very smiling face and put a little bag into his hand;—"What is this?" said he. "Farthings, teacher."—"And what are they for?" "For you, teacher."—"And what must I do with them?" "Oh, they are for the Missionaries."—"For the Missionaries, are they? and where did you get them?" "Why," she said, "I asked mother to let me save all the farthings I could get, so I put them into this bag, and now I have brought them to you." So her teacher took the farthings and found that there were forty-seven of them; see how much sap a little root can collect, if it is only a farthing at a time. Why, these forty-seven farthings are enough to buy a Bible; and who can tell how much good a Bible may do? Let all our little roots set to work and get as much as they can, even if it is but a farthing—it will all help to make our tree grow.

I saw a lot of leaves the other day that were of no use at all to the tree they belonged to; how was that? They were dead! Unless the leaves are growing and living they cannot get any good for the tree; even so if you want to ask God to bless the Missionaries, you must first ask him to bless you; if you do not love Him yourselves and pray to Him, you cannot ask Him to make the heathen to love Him. Oh then, every one of you, give your hearts to the Saviour, love Him who has so loved you, and then set to work afresh to collect sap and to pray to God for the mission, and our tree will flourish and grow, the branches will spread, and much fruit will ripen; and when our tree has finished the work God has given it to do on earth, roots and trunk, branches, leaves, and fruit shall all meet before the throne of God, and He will say—"Well done, good and faithful servant, enter ye into the joy of your Lord."

F. M.



THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

Do not these words sound rather familiar to us? have we not so often met with them in reading the Bible, that

we seem well acquainted with their name at least? Well, let us see what we can find out about their history.

Lebanon, we know, was a mountainous district of country at the north of Palestine, and on the mountains, according to Scripture, there were forests of cedars. But their numbers are greatly thinned now; travellers speak first of twenty-five very large old ones, then of fifteen, and latterly of eleven and of seven only; these are very large and very old; besides them there are fifty of a middling size, and more than three hundred smaller ones.

We see one or two of these beautiful trees here and there in our own country; wherever we find them, with their large trunks and dark green foliage, they are the pride of the garden, or park; but *forests* of cedars we have never seen here. The cedar is a very large majestic tree, rising to the height of thirty or forty yards, and sometimes measuring thirty-five or forty feet round; it is an ever-green, the leaves something like those of the rosemary, and distils a kind of gum: the leaves of the tree point upward, and the fruit hangs downward: it grows like the cones of the pine tree, but it is larger, longer, and fuller, and not easily separated from the stalk. It contains a seed like that of the cypress tree. The wood of the cedar is very valuable: it possesses a strong aromatic smell, and is said to be incorruptible.

In Scripture we find the cedars of Lebanon were much used in building Solomon's temple. The ark of the covenant was made of cedar too. But the cedars of Lebanon are often used in Scripture figuratively: when God wishes to teach how powerful he is, the Psalmist says, "the voice of the Lord is powerful, &c., the voice of the Lord breaketh

the cedars," Psa. xxix. 4. The prophet Isaiah, too, when declaring God's anger against the proud, declares that "the day of the Lord shall be upon all the cedars of Lebanon that are high and lifted up," &c., Isa. ii. 18; and the Psalmist speaks of the righteous man blessed by God, growing as the cedars of Lebanon; and there are many other such references, but we cannot mention them now.

INDIAN CHILDREN AND THE KHUNDS.

OUR readers are aware that there are in India people called Khunds, who sacrifice children, and sometimes buy them for that purpose. The British Government have taken means to put an end to that practice, as far as it is in their power. Mrs. Stubbins, the wife of a missionary there, states that two hundred have lately been rescued, some of whom were adults and some children. Fifty of the children were sent to a school which is conducted by Mrs. Stubbins, and in an interesting letter just published by the "Society for promoting female education in the East," Mrs. S. gives the following account of these children.

"The other day, while giving my pupils a lesson in geography, a messenger came to say—'Fifty Khund children have come!' They were a few days earlier than we expected; but we gave them a hearty welcome, and set to work to furnish the additional accommodation they required. They are strong, healthy, intelligent-looking children, from four to eleven years old; but their appearance, on their arrival, was wild and uncultivated in the extreme. Their hair, long and uncombed; their dress, like that of the low natives—that is, a straight piece of coarse unbleached native calico wrapped round the waist to form a petticoat, with one end brought over the shoulders. They had not been taught a single useful art—had spent their time in idleness, or in wandering about on the mountains, gathering wild fruits and roots.

Our first business was to get them to bathe thoroughly; we then

had their hair cut. In the interim of school hours I cut out a complete set of new clothes, consisting of a coloured petticoat and striped jacket, with short sleeves, to correspond; and over their head and shoulders about two and a half yards of white calico, put on in scarf fashion; this, in the estimation of the natives, is necessary to complete a neat and modest dress, and indeed it looks very becoming on their dark skins. The elder girls worked hard on Friday and Saturday, and on Sunday last they appeared in the house of God in their new costume.

The day after their arrival they commenced writing the Oriya character, under a monitor. For this language there are fifty-two characters, which, with their symbols, usually take six or seven months to acquire thoroughly; but I trust some of these children will learn them much sooner, as already several can write and read the vowels, and can answer simple questions as to the formation of their bodies, the goodness and wisdom of God, heaven and hell. They repeat with great glee some lines from "The Peep of Day," "Try, try again," &c.

Rhedi, one of my oldest pupils, whose name you may recollect as having been rescued some years ago from the Khunds, is most useful to me in teaching the new girls; she is much beloved by them, and the more so as they speak Oriya only partially, and she remembers the Khund language. I feel greatly interested in these dear children, though it will doubtless require months of patient labour ere they become what we wish. Some of them are very good-looking and intelligent, and make much more progress in learning to read than their companions; but in time, we trust, the dullest will be able to read the word of God, which "is able to make them wise unto salvation." A few months ago Mr. Stubbins translated "The Peep of Day," which delights our children exceedingly; and he hopes to translate others, as he meets with them.

Of the recent addition, twenty-five are girls; the remaining

twenty-five are boys, of about the same ages. Connected with the arrival of the latter, a little incident occurred which will interest you. Amongst the first to welcome the new arrival was a boy named Philip, who was rescued from the Khunds some time ago; as he eyed the strangers with eager curiosity, he heard a name with which he was familiar—it was that of his brother, his only brother. Though much altered, during an absence of five years, he recognised the features of the little boy with whom he used to play in his father's house. The meeting was joyous and affecting beyond description: after the first burst of feeling was over, Philip drew his little brother away from the crowd, and gave him his own share of hot rice and curry. The little one remembers his uncle selling his brother, then, as he supposes, about three years old. In a few days after he was also disposed of to some Khunds, in another part of the country; and from that time they neither saw nor heard of each other till they met in the mission compound. There is a strong likeness in these dear lads. Philip is a most interesting boy: in his leisure hours he is with us, learning to act as servant; he is about twelve years old, the younger about eight. The latter said, "I did not know my brother, but he knew me."

THE DOVE NEARLY LOST.

You will no doubt remember, dear children, that you were told about three months ago that this little ship was going again to Africa; and perhaps some of you, when you heard the fierce wind blowing, have thought of the missionary band within her, and prayed to God to protect and guide her. Well, God has heard prayer for the dear missionaries, tidings have been received from them, and they are all safe, although they have been in great danger.

Early in December, the Dove stood prepared for her voyage: she was closely packed with Bibles, school-books, and clothes for

the poor Africans, stores for the missionaries, and a large new printing press for Mr. Merrick. The missionaries went on board : Mr. and Mrs. Newbegin, Mrs. Saker, Mr. and Mrs. Yarnold, and Capt. and Mrs. Milbourne ; and the pretty little ship started for its second voyage from England to Africa.

She met with one storm in the Channel, and was obliged to stop a little time at the Isle of Wight ; they soon had favourable winds, however, which continued until the 23rd of December, and then a fearful hurricane arose. Early the next morning, which was the Sabbath-day, Capt. Milbourne roused all the missionaries, who were sleeping, and told them he considered that they were all in great peril. And what think you they did then ? You shall hear his account. " We all gave ourselves to prayer, and before day-break a change for the better was apparent, for which we heartily gave thanks." Still the sea was very boisterous, and broke over the ship more than once ; knocking in the skylights, putting out the fires, soaking all the beds, clothes, and packages of the missionaries, and preventing them from cooking their food.

This stormy weather continued for about ten days ; but on the 6th of January the Dove reached Funchal, in the island of Madeira. The captain brought the vessel to anchor, and all the mission party went on shore, to take means to dry their bedding and clothes, &c.

Here they were very kindly received by some Christian people, and remained until the 15th, as the wind still continued to blow very hard ; but on that day Capt. Milbourne writes : " The weather is now moderate and fine, and at six o'clock I shall be under weigh."

By the time you read this, dear children, we hope the Dove will have reached the end of her voyage ; but does not this remind you of St. Paul's words, " In perils in the sea ?" look at them, 2 Cor. xi. 25, 26, 27, 28. He is telling the Corinthians how much he had endured that he might preach Christ's gospel to

them ; and may not our missionaries repeat his tale ? Dear children, shall not we who stay at home help them as much as we can by our prayers and our contributions ?

OUR BOOK-SHELF.

New Pictorial Books for Young Children, Scriptural Series.

DEAN AND SON.


These little books contain the somewhat familiar stories of "Cain and Abel," "Isaac and Rebekah," "Joseph and his Brethren," but still they are really valuable additions to the children's Sunday library.

Scripture stories well and simply told, and illustrated with coloured pictures, and all at a very low price. Mothers we are sure will be quite glad to welcome them, for the entertainment and instruction of their little ones on the Sabbath.

JUVENILE MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

DURING the month of January Juvenile Meetings have been held on behalf of the Mission, at Devonshire-square ; Keppel-street ; Fox and Knot-court ; Alfred-place ; North London Schools, Gray's Inn-road ; Battenland-street ; Horsley-street ; Cotton-street, Poplar ; New Park-street ; and Islington-green.

The whole were arranged for by the Young Men's Missionary Association ; and a good spirit on behalf of the mission was everywhere shown. From boxes, cards, and collections, we hope the London Juvenile Auxiliaries will be able next month to send in a large return.



"THE SMALLEST OF ALL SEEDS."

A feather'd seed that lifted is
By a soft summer wind,
On a bare rock, amidst the sea
A resting-place may find.

And years may come, and years may go,
And few may tarry there
To see how it has started up,
Except the fowls of air.

Yet day by day, and year by year,
It grows—it scatters seed,
Till many a tree is dropping fruit
A multitude to feed.

One holy book a child may send,
Where it was never read,
And who shall say how far and wide
The blessed truth may spread?

From "MISSIONARY HYMNS."

"AND THEY MAGNIFIED THE GRACE OF GOD."

AND so may we. Since December we have heard of the following additions to the churches connected with the Society in India :

CALCUTTA, Lal Bazaar, 5 ; Circular Road, 7 ; South Kalinga, 7. In all, 19.

AGRA, 4. CHITANRA, 2 ; one an African.

JESSORE, 4. Dinapore, 2. Or in all, 31 ; some of whom are European, others East Indian and others natives.

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



THE STONING OF STEPHEN.

PHEBE'S LETTERS TO LITTLE FOLKS.

DEAR CHILDREN,—I should like to write a letter to you sometimes. I am fond of writing letters to little folks, whenever I have time. Are you fond of reading letters? "O yes." That is right—but you like a letter all the better if it be for *you*, do you not? "O yes." Very well, then, my letters are for *you*. And what shall they be about? I will tell you of some good people who loved the Lord Jesus Christ, and what they suffered for his sake. I have a few books which you may not have seen; in them are some accounts you may like to read: they may do you good. And these letters will suit your "Herald." They will have some connec-

tion with the subject of *Missions*, although not *modern Missions*. Most of those of whom mention will be made, were missionaries, or the fruits of missionary labours.

First, I will tell you about Stephen; he was a good man, and loved Jesus so much that he would sooner die than deny him. You may read of him in the sixth chapter of Acts. Some have thought he was one of the seventy whom Christ sent to preach, named in the tenth of Luke. But this is not certain. The apostles had not time and strength to do all they wished, so Stephen and six other good men were chosen by the Holy Ghost, to help them. He was full of faith; he preached the gospel with much success, did many great miracles, and was very kind to the sick and the poor. Do you not think the people loved Stephen very much? Yea—and so they did; but some hated him because he was good, and told the people that Jesus was the Son of God, and the only Saviour. These people did not love Jesus, and they did not wish to have it said that he was the Son of God; so they sent and seized Stephen, and brought him to their council, and employed bad men to bear false witness against him. But God comforted Stephen—he was not afraid—he was so happy, that even his enemies, when looking at him, thought his face was like the face of an angel!

Then Stephen was asked whether what the false witnesses had said was true. You may read his beautiful reply, in the seventh chapter of Acts. He was not angry, nor did he call them by any hard names; but he told them how very kind God had been to their forefathers, the Jewish nation, but that they had often rebelled against him, killing the prophets, and crowning all by putting to death his own Son. They could not bear this, but gnashed on him with their teeth. Calm and peaceful, Stephen lifted up his eyes to heaven, and said, "I see the heavens opened, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God." Then they put their fingers in their ears, as if the good man had spoken blas-

phemy; and falling on him, tore him out of the council, dragged him out of the town, and stripping off his clothes, stoned him. This happened soon after Jesus was crucified.

None but very bad men were ever put to such a cruel death; so you see what Stephen suffered for Christ's sake. As he lived, so he died, meek, holy, forgiving,—he kneeled down, saying, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," and after having prayed for his murderers, he fell asleep.

Stephen was the first martyr. You know what a martyr is. One who suffers persecution or death, for Christ's sake or the gospel's. Pray for grace to forgive any who may injure you; and for so much love to Jesus as shall make you, if called to it, willing to suffer for his sake.

Your faithful friend,

PHEBE.

THE KAREN MISSION.

No. 1. KOTHAN-BYU, THE FIRST CONVERT.

You have frequently heard, dear children, of the heathen in many countries who worship idols of various kinds, the sun and moon, or some mere images of wood, clay, or stone. Perhaps you have not heard of a nation who, though they had never seen a Bible nor a missionary, refused every form of idolatry. They are called the Karens. They live in the Burman empire, which you may find in your map, between India and China. The Karens live principally among the mountains. They are treated very cruelly by the Burmans and Siamese, who possess most of the country, sometimes being obliged to do laborious work for them, or being taken by force to a distance from their homes as slaves. The Karens are not numerous or powerful enough to prevent this oppression. They are easily distinguished from the Burmans by their countenances, language, and habits, but the most interesting difference is in their objection to the idolatry which

prevails around them. Twenty years ago they had no books or writings, but they had many traditions or stories which the parents repeated frequently to their children, and verses which they all united in singing together. One of these stories gave an account of the creation, something like that in the first chapter of Genesis. Another was about God's placing the first man and woman in a garden, and charging them not to eat the fruit of one tree, and the serpent persuading Eve to take and also give to her husband, upon which they were punished with sickness and death. But in this, as in some others of their stories, there was much falsehood and confusion, though there was truth enough left to show that once they had learned from the word of God. Their traditions also taught them much about the character of God; that he was eternal and almighty; and that he looked with anger upon the sins of murder, idolatry, stealing, and lying. But though the Karens repeated these words many, many times, they did not seem to think of them. Except in the one matter of idol worship they were no better than most of the heathens around them. None of their traditions referred to Jesus Christ. Perhaps their knowledge of the word of God was gained before he came into the world.

The first Karen who believed in Christ heard of him from Mr. Judson, the missionary who had been preaching in Burmah many years. The name of this convert was Kothah-byu. He had been made a slave by a person to whom he owed money. Mr. Judson paid the money and took him to be a servant in his own family, that he might have the better opportunity of teaching him. Kothah-byu had been a robber and murderer, and had killed altogether thirty men at different times in his life. He was still a very passionate man, and it was long before he seemed the better for the kind care under which he was placed.

When at last he was led to wish to give up his sins, he found it very difficult to break through the bad habits of many years, and

conquer the evil passions he had so long indulged. But at last he became an altered and a happy man. Very gladly he believed that Jesus had come into the world to save even the chief of sinners, and having received pardon for himself, he was most anxious to tell the joyful news of salvation to others.

After being some few years with Mr. Judson, in the year 1828 he went with another missionary, Mr. Boardman, to live in the province of Tavoy, at the southern part of Burmah. Here he was soon baptized by Mr. Boardman, and then began earnestly to assist the missionaries in teaching the poor ignorant Karens. Most of his time he spent in travelling about for this purpose. Many hundreds were led by his preaching to believe in the Saviour, or having had their curiosity excited, were induced to go and seek further instruction from the missionary. He used to leave his wife and child for three or four weeks together, sometimes visiting the poor Karens amongst the mountains, giving away tracts, and preaching about Jesus Christ to all whom he met; and frequently had to wade through streams, the water being higher than his waist, and go through many other dangers. Still he persevered; he found that God blessed his endeavours to serve him, and though he had to endure persecution sometimes, still he would not give up his fatiguing journeys until illness and old age obliged him to do so.

He suffered much from rheumatism and blindness, and at last became very ill; but during all his illness he was quite happy and resigned: he was quite willing to die, willing indeed to do or suffer all that the Lord pleased; and when the missionary asked any questions as to his views of the future, he replied, quite calmly, "Teacher, God will preserve me."

He died in September, 1840, being then about sixty-two years of age.

I shall hope very soon to tell you something more about the Karen mission; the first convert died, but he left many behind

him to whom he had told the good tidings of salvation. We have no Karens here perhaps; but, dear children, are there none around us who do not love and serve Christ? Do you love him yourselves?

YOUNG PEOPLE SOLD IN ENGLAND.

In the Life of Wulfstan, bishop of Worcester, who died in the year 1095, it is stated that in a town called Brickston (now called Bristol) there was a mart for slaves, who were collected from all parts of England, and particularly young women; that it was a most moving sight to see in the public markets rows of young people of both sexes, of great beauty, and in the flower of their youth, tied together with ropes, and sold; men unmindful of their obligations delivering into slavery their relations, and even their own children. Wulfstan by his exertions put an end to this barbarous custom. What cause of thankfulness have our young readers for the light of the Gospel which has shined upon our land, and put an end to all danger of their being sold into bondage!

THE NEGLECTED IDOL.

THE following interesting account of some Hindoos in the Mysore, a country in the South of Hindoostan, is given by the Rev. William Arthur, a Wesleyan missionary, who has returned from that country:—

“Within sight of the mission-house, but distant above a mile, stood the village of Shingona Hully, with a temple to Runga, on a knoll a few hundred yards from the gate. About the time of my arrival, the inhabitants of this place declared that they had abandoned idolatry, and would no more honour the temple of Runga. To test their sincerity, Mr. Jenkins one morning asked them, whether we might go to the temple. ‘Oh, by all means!’ ‘Might we enter?’ ‘Yes, go where we liked.’ ‘Might we enter without taking off our shoes?’ ‘Certainly; we don’t care

who goes, or how : we have given up the idol.' This was strong proof that their old feelings had vanished : and, accordingly, at the temple we found no obstacle to our entrance. Shod and covered, we passed up through the outer apartment to the sanctuary, where sat the grim image of Runga, incrusting in the congealed oil and *ghee* of many anointings, with the lightless lamp before him, faded garlands hanging round his neck, loads of dust settled on his person, and part of the roof falling in directly above. No room remained for doubt. The faith which once adored Runga had changed into contempt; and we rejoiced over that forsaken idol, as an earnest of better days. On afterwards inquiring what induced them to withdraw the confidence they had so long reposed in Runga, they answered, 'You' (meaning the missionaries) 'told us that the god did not protect us, but that we protected the god; that if we only left him alone, we should see that he could not take care of himself; and if he could not take care of himself, how could he take care of us? Now we thought that was a *budki mātā*, ('a word of sense,') and so we resolved to see whether he could take care of himself or not; for we felt certain that if he could not take care of himself, it was out of the question that he could take care of us. Accordingly, we discontinued *pooja*. We soon found he could not keep the lamp burning, nor the garlands fresh, nor the temple clean, nor do a single thing for himself. The lamp went out, the flowers withered, the temple became dirty; and then,' they added laughing, 'the roof fell in just over his head, and there he sat *soommanay* ('tamely') under it; so we saw very well he could not take care of himself.'

"Notwithstanding all this we had some fears that the return of their annual feast-day would revive their love for heathenish merry-makings, with a force too strong for their new convictions. The day came, and we watched the village narrowly. There was no car, no procession, no music; and when night came, no *tom-tom* was beaten, no rocket sent up, nor any other sign that it was

the day of Runa. One morning, when preaching in the village, I observed that the old man who used to conduct the services of the temple was not in the congregation; and feeling, for the moment, a suspicion lest he should have returned to his former occupation, I asked, 'Where is the *pujári*?' A young man instantly replied, smiling, and patting his person, 'Oh, he is gone to the fields with the cattle; now that the temple is given up, he must do something for his stomach.' Their abandonment of idol-worship seemed complete, and not a few of them averred that they now offered prayer to the one true God; yet they evinced no disposition to embrace the profession of Christianity. This they accounted for by saying, 'Were we to do so now, we should be persecuted; we should lose our lands and our village: but if we wait a while longer, all the people will be of the same mind, and then we can all become Christians together, without the risk that would attend such a step at present.' This answer I, at first, regarded simply as one of those adroit subterfuges in which a Hindu never fails; but when I heard it repeated in different neighbourhoods, and by persons between whom collusion was impossible, it satisfied me that, though they had not those poignant convictions of sin which would impel them to decision at all risks, a persuasion was growing upon their minds that the day drew nigh when our doctrines must prevail. I well remember one old man in Shingona Hully, who was very seldom in our congregations, and showed a remarkable unwillingness to hear us preach. Yet that man, with his wife and three sons, has been the first to come out, and, in the face of considerable opposition, to embrace the gospel of Christ. This took place about two years ago; and of his present character, the missionaries on the spot give this account:—'Daniel, the father of the family, is really an interesting man. He is in the constant habit of collecting the people of his village, to read and pray with them. Although he cannot himself read, he has, through his sons, obtained such a knowledge of

the gospel, and of many parts of the Old Testament, as makes him an efficient man in discussion with his countrymen.'” —*From Arthur's "Mission to the Mysore."*

ENCOURAGEMENT TO SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS.

FROM A SOLDIER FORMERLY A SCHOLAR OF LAKE STREET
CHAPEL, LEIGHTON, BEDS., TO REV. EDWARD ADEY.

Bangalore, Nov. 7th, 1848.

DEAR SIR,—It is partly with shame, partly with fear, that I take up my pen to address a few lines to you. First of all, I ask pardon for taking so great a liberty with you, for I must own that I am not worthy to be noticed by you; but as you proved so kind to me before, I hope to meet with kindness again at your hand. But to make myself known, I must refer back about fourteen years, dear Sir. I was then a scholar at your Sunday-school, but it was very little attention that I paid to what was tried to be instilled into my mind by my teacher; all that he said seemed to make no impression on my heart: but to let myself be known, it was on a Sunday afternoon that I and a few other bad boys went into Parsons' close, and took peas and beans from the ricks, and then we came to school; but being late we were afraid to go and take our places in the gallery, so we sat down on the forms under the stairs, and took the peas and beans from our pockets and shot them at the people. You, Sir, left off your discourse and ordered us to be put into the vestry; then after the congregation had left we were brought into your house, and you let all the other boys go but me; you sent into the chapel and set me on a form, and gave me a task to get, it was the 6th chap. Eph. 1—5. Never shall I forget it. I thought that my heart would burst before a tear came to my relief; this was the first time that I ever was set upon a form, and to this day it is as fresh to my memory as though it were the other day; but I hope that you have forgiven me. And let

me beg a favour of you, dear Sir; I have two brothers and a sister, and you will do me a great kindness if you will let me know how much it will cost for four Bibles with a double column of references: if you will oblige me by so far you will do me a great kindness, and the Lord will not forget your labour of love which you do show for his name's sake. Ofttimes do I remember the admonitions given to me by my teacher, ofttimes has he spoken to me of the mercies of God; but little did I think then how requisite it was to attend to his advice; but thanks be to God and our Lord Jesus Christ, that his labour was not in vain, but I trust and hope that it was as bread cast on the waters, seen after many days. I was in darkness for a long time, and saw it not; but as soon as the light beamed on my mind then I saw the darkness that had blinded my eyes to the truth. I was baptized on the 7th May, 1848, at Bangalore; there are about twenty-five members in all, and we have by our subscriptions and by other little helps been enabled to purchase a house large enough to hold eighty people; and we have been able, by a little alteration, to make a neat little chapel. It was opened on the 5th of November, and such of the brethren as could with convenience assembled and brake bread there for the first time. I have told you this because I think it will be a cause of rejoicing to you to hear of the spread of truth, and the effects thereof. Dear Sir, give my love to my teacher, and to all the brethren of your church, and tell them that the brethren of the Baptist Church at Bangalore beg a part in their prayers that the good work that has begun may be carried on in the Spirit of truth, and to the furtherance of the Gospel, and to the glory of God the Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ, to whom be glory for ever and ever, Amen. Please to send me your address, so that I may write to you again.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours in love,

THOMAS CHAMBERLAIN.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

PROV. xvii. 19.—“He that exalteth his gate seeketh destruction.” “At Gaza in Palestine,” says Sandys, a traveller in the East, “we lodged under an arch in a little court, the door exceedingly low, as are all that belong to Christians, to prevent the sudden entrance of the insolent Turks.” To exalt the gate would consequently be to court destruction. The Arabs are accustomed to ride into the houses of those they design to harass, and to prevent this, Thevenot tells us, that the door of the house in which the French merchants lived at Rama, was not three feet high, and that all the doors of that town are equally low. The habitation of a man in power is known by his gate: which is generally elevated in proportion to the vanity of the owner. A lofty gate is one of the insignia of royalty. It must have been the same in ancient days; the gates of Jerusalem, Zion, &c., are often mentioned in Scripture with the same notion of grandeur annexed to them. To exalt the gate, therefore, beyond what befits a man’s station, being an evidence of his pride, the general sense of the proverb is, He who carries himself loftily, will bring upon himself destruction.

HOUSES.

THE first inhabitants of England lived in caves, or in huts. The first improvement upon these could only commence when they learnt to make tools of iron. When increased knowledge had enabled to do this, comfort soon began. They then were able to construct dwelling-places of clay, or wood, or stone. They then exchanged the damp and dark caves, in which they first sheltered themselves, for drier, lighter, and more wholesome dwellings. These were, it is true, at first covered with branches of trees, and afterwards with reeds; they were without any windows or chimneys, but they were gradually made more comfortable as knowledge increased. But this progress was much

more slow than is generally understood. Wood was long the only material employed. Six hundred and seventy years elapsed from the birth of our Saviour, before buildings of stone were erected in England. Another long period of nearly two hundred years elapsed before (about A.D. 886) houses were built of bricks; and it was not till about the year 1236, that they began to discard thatch from their roofs for tiles. As for chimneys, they were not generally made in English houses till about the year 1300. Glass windows were beginning to be introduced into houses about the year 1180; but window-glass was not made in England until the year 1557. The houses were at first warmed by fires of wood. Coals were not employed till about the year 1280, and they only became commonly used in London about the year 1400. If dwelling-houses were at first warmed only after this rude fashion, they were as poorly lighted. Lights were procured by burning splints of wood, repeatedly dipped in melted fat. Tallow candles were only beginning to be used in the year 1290. Wax candles were then entirely unknown. As for our present gas lights, they were not invented till centuries after, and they were only generally employed for lighting shops and streets in 1814. In whichever way, therefore, we direct our attention around the houses in which we dwell, we perceive abundant proofs of the advantages of knowledge, and these must assure us that knowledge is the parent of household comfort.

From Johnson's Rural Reader. (Ridgway. 1848.)

MISSIONARIES' FAREWELL.

BY W. L. JUDD, WHEN LEAVING AMERICA FOR HAITI.

Air—"Long ago."

WEEP not for us when you know we are gone
Far, far away—far, far away.

Pray for us there while we labour alone,
Far, far away—far, far away.
While to the heathen who're sinking to woe
We're leaving country and kindred to go,
Let us your friendship and kindness still know,
Far, far away—far, far away.

There shall we witness the shame of our race,
Far, far away—far, far away.
There shall we offer salvation by grace,
Far, far away—far, far away.
There will the Spirit, the heavenly Dove,
Open hard hearts to the message of love,
Mercy in showers descend from above,
Far, far away—far, far away.

Hinder us not from the field of our choice,
Far, far away—far, far away.
Glad would we teach them in Christ to rejoice,
Far, far away—far, far away.
Cheerfully send us with music and song,
Pray that the ocean may bear us along,
Jesus shall share a rich spoil with the strong,
Far, far away—far, far away.

Why should you weep while the Saviour says, Go
Far, far away—far, far away?
His presence and grace all his servants shall know,
Far, far away—far, far away.
Send us with alms, and forget not to pray;
Share in our labours and toils by the way;
Hasten us forward, they're dying to-day
Far, far away—far, far away!

ANNUAL MEETINGS

OF JUVENILE AUXILIARIES IN LONDON.

SPECIAL preparations are being made this year to secure good meetings in connection with our Juvenile Auxiliaries. Instead of holding one, as last year, it is intended to have three meetings—one at Bloomsbury Chapel, one at Surrey Chapel, and one at Bishopsgate Chapel, (Rev. H. Townley's). The service begins at each place at two o'clock, and the meetings are to be held on Monday, April 23.

The Young Men's Association have kindly undertaken to make all the arrangements, and from what we hear, our friends may expect to find them very complete. May the Great Master himself be present in our assemblies!

We have obtained a list of the Hymns which are to be sung at each meeting, and of the Resolutions or topics about which the speakers will speak, and we shall be glad to know that our young friends elsewhere find the plan useful.

Prayer, Address by Chairman, and Report.

OPENING HYMN. Tune,—PRAISE, No. 11.

262nd Hymn, *Union Hymn Book*.

While we, in Britain's happy land,
Are taught to read, and understand
The word and will of God;
We ought to pity those who share
No Christian teacher's tender care,
In heathen lands abroad.

Thousands there are, who never heard
Their Maker's name, or Saviour's
word;
In ignorance they live:

Thoughtless of life beyond the grave,
Nor know that Christ their souls can
save;
And life eternal give.

We ought to pity them, and pray
That God may soon to them convey
The knowledge of his word:
And that the blessings of his grace
May flow to all the human race;
And all may praise the Lord.

SECOND HYMN. Tune,—CHRIST'S DIGNITY.

But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I should like them to know there's room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

I long for the joy of that glorious time,
The sweetest, and brightest, and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to his arms to be blest.

FIRST ADDRESS.

Sentiment.—"We thank God for helping the Missionaries in India, Africa, Haiti, &c., to teach the heathen the way of salvation through Jesus Christ."

THIRD HYMN. Tune,—VESPER.

Two verses, 78th Hymn.

<p>Mighty God, while angels bless thee, May an infant lip thy name? Lord of men as well as angels, Thou art every creature's theme: Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen!</p>	<p>Lord of every land and nation, Ancient of eternal days; Sounded through thy wide dominion, Be thy just and lawful praise. Hallelujah, &c.</p>
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SECOND ADDRESS.

Sentiment.—"We are very glad to hear that the Missionaries not only preach to men and women, but that they have schools, where children like ourselves may learn to read the Bible, and to know the Saviour."

FOURTH HYMN. Tune,—GEORGE'S, No. 150.

Two verses, 146th Hymn,

<p>I thank the goodness and the grace, Which on my birth have smiled; That in this land I pass my days, A happy English child.</p>	<p>I was not born as thousands ago, Where God was never known; And taught to pray a useless prayer To blocks of wood and stone.</p>
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THIRD ADDRESS.

Sentiment.—"We hope every one will remember to pray that the Holy Spirit may make the hearts of the heathen understand the Bible, and the Sermons and Lessons of the Missionaries."

FIFTH HYMN. Tune,—HART'S, No. 194.

Two verses, 249th Hymn.

'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

After death its joys will be
Lasting as eternity;
Be the living God my Friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

FOURTH ADDRESS.

Sentiment.—"We will try to do all we can for the Missionary Society, and ask all our friends to help us."

CLOSING HYMN. Tune,—ASSOCIATION, No. 176.

Two verses, 261st Hymn.

Can I, a little child,
Do anything for those
Who are by sin defiled,
To lighten their sad woes?
I cannot see a reason why
I should not, if I really try.

First then, I would implore
The Lord to change their heart;
Then, from my little store
I freely will impart,
That some kind teacher may be given,
To point out Christ, the way to heaven.

Collection and Prayer.

JUVENILE MEETINGS.

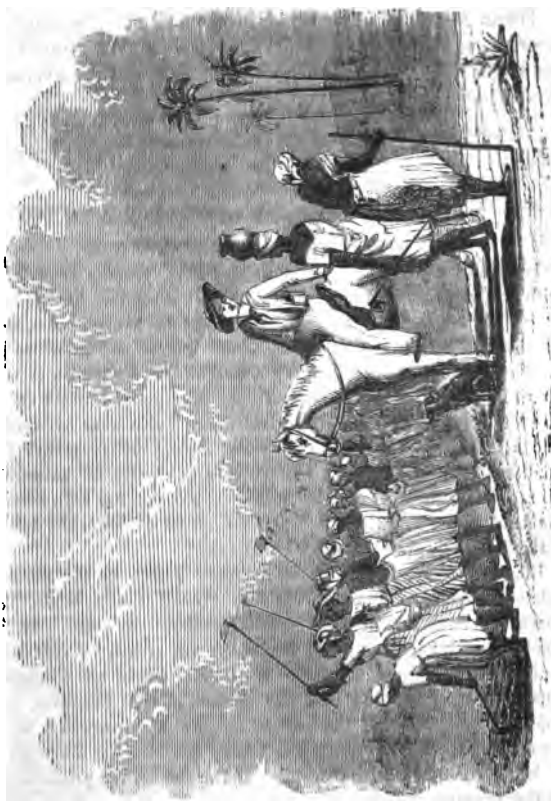
Juvenile Meetings have been held, since our last report, in connection with the following Schools:—New Park Street, Lion Street, Lewisham Road, Shouldham Street, Blandford Street, Church Street, Spencer Place, Vernon Chapel, Eagle Street, Providence Chapel, James Street, Alie Street.

Deputations from the Young Men's Missionary Association, Rev. J. Branch, E. Carey, J. Russell, W. B. Bowes, J. Bigwood, J. Peacock, O. Clarke, R. W. Overbury, addressed the meetings.

THE DOVE.

THE DOVE still needs help. The expenses of the year cannot be less than Five Hundred Pounds, and up to the end of February, we have received £112 14s. The particulars we give on the cover of this Magazine. Many sums are yet in hand; and if any Schools have not yet collected, will they remember and help us in April and May?

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



SUGAR CANE CULTIVATION.

THE CANE-PIECE.

HERE is warm work under a tropical sun ; a gang of negroes, as they used to be called, preparing the ground for the sugar cane. They are lifting the hoe, and the overseer is visiting them to observe their work.

The process of cultivating the cane we have described in an earlier volume ; but this sketch having been prepared by a gentleman who has lately returned from the West Indies, we present it at once with pleasure to our readers.

OLD NELLY THE GUINEA NEGRESS.

It is now nearly eight years since I first became acquainted with this venerable old lady, and well do I remember her appearance ; she was tall and somewhat dignified in her manners, and her hair, of which but little remained, was almost as white as driven snow, but to her it was a crown of glory, because it was found in the way of righteousness. At the time of which I speak she was living at Refuge in Jamaica, where I also went to reside ; and as we remained there two years, during which period she continued in our family, I had every opportunity of becoming thoroughly acquainted with her character, and familiar with several incidents in her life which I think may not be uninteresting to the readers of the *Juvenile Missionary Herald*.

Ellea Mc Sennon was a native of Upper Guinea, on the western side of Africa, a little above Fernando Po and Bimbia, where Mr. Clarke has been, and of which he has told you so much. There she lived with her parents, by whom she was greatly beloved and fondly cherished ; she was happy and free as any of the feathered tribe that inhabited the luxuriant forests of that beautiful, but oppressed country. Of this part of her life she preserved a vivid recollection, and often would she amuse me with her description of home, the manners and customs of the people, the productions of the country, and the *superiority* of its climate.

It was in a pleasure excursion with her young companions one day, that she happened to linger behind, when, to her utter dismay, she perceived a white man (this terror of her race) following her with rapid pace; she crouched behind some bushes in the vain hope of concealing herself, well knowing his intention was to steal and enslave her; but she could not elude his search—he quickly dragged her from her hiding-place, secured her with handcuffs, and not all the piercing cries and tears of childhood, nor the entreaties which, from the bitter anguish of her spirit, she uttered, were sufficient to move the heart of the man-stealer, to rescue her from his grasp, nor secure her from his threats, nor the lashes of his gory whip. Poor little Nelly was a slave, and was destined never more to behold the home of her happy childhood, never more to hear the voices of her fond father and tender mother welcoming her there, never again to sport with her pet lamb upon the green sward around the cottage—to pluck the ripe fruits from the drooping boughs of the trees to carry with lively glee to her father, or to call the blooming flowers to take as a token of love to her mother. Her companions were to return home without her, and to bear to them the sad tidings that she could not be found, when the heart-rending conviction would instantly flash into their minds, that their child was captured and would be carried far beyond the “big blue sea” and sold as a slave. Doubtless they mourned and wept long for their lost child, but their tears were those of unavailing woe; to pursue was hopeless. Little Nelly with many others was taken on board a large slave ship, and in a few days left for ever the shores of her ancestors. Long (or at least so it appeared to her) was the voyage over the trackless ocean, and numerous were the trials and hardships she experienced at the hands of her merciless persecutors, but at length the vessel reached the shores of Jamaica, and entered the harbour of Montego Bay. Soon all was bustle and confusion, the planters and estate-holders coming on board to make purchases for

their respective properties. Nelly was chosen among others for a plantation in St. Elizabeth's, where she was speedily taken, and there she remained for many years. It would appear she was a favourite with her master, as field labour was never required of her, and at his death she received her manumission.

For the second time poor Nelly was free, but, like the freedom of her childhood, it was soon at an end. The estate falling into the hands of another person, she was assigned among the goods and chattels pertaining to it, and it being in the dark ages of West Indian slavery no one dared interpose on her behalf, and she was consequently compelled to submit to another long period of hopeless and degrading servitude.

But she had tasted enough of the sweets of that liberty which was her birthright, and resolved if possible to purchase her own freedom. She was naturally very active and industrious; and long and diligently she laboured, and with the most self-denying determination and secrecy, she treasured up her hard-earned wages, until at length she accomplished her design, and with joy and exultation carried the amount to her master, laid it at his feet, and demanded in return—herself.

For the third time Nelly was free, and determined to leave the place where she had spent so many years of her life. Montego Bay was the place upon which she fixed as her future home; there she took a cottage; and in making bread and taking in washing she obtained a comfortable livelihood. Here she was brought under the sound of the Gospel, and under the ministry of the late Mr. Burchell was, we trust, savingly converted to God. And now, bought not with corruptible things, such as silver and gold, but by the precious blood of Christ from the thralldom of sin and Satan, she became *free indeed*.

When the late excellent Mr. Mann was settled at Falmouth, she was recommended to him by her pastor, as a good woman who would make him a valuable housekeeper and servant. She accord-

ingly removed thither and took up her abode at the Mission house, where she remained until her beloved master and minister was removed to an upper and brighter world, proving herself to be a faithful servant and friend, in every way worthy of the trust and confidence he reposed in her. Of Mr. Mann she retained the most vivid and affectionate recollection to the latest period of her life, and frequently, when speaking of him to me, the tears would flow in rapid succession down her furrowed cheeks.

On the succession of Mr. Knibb to the pastorate at Falmouth, she was employed by Mrs. Knibb as laundress, in which capacity she served the mission family for some years, when she being very old, and her health becoming enfeebled, she was removed to the Refuge Station, where, the family generally being small, she became cook. She continued there until, early in the year 1841, we arrived in Jamaica, and being stationed there, immediately became acquainted with her.

At this time her health was visibly declining, she was frequently scarcely able to leave her bed for days together, yet amidst pain which she endured in no ordinary degree she maintained a cheerful disposition, and quiet acquiescence in the will of her heavenly Father. Her room was at a short distance from the house, but at the sound of the prayer bell she generally managed by the aid of her stick to attend family worship. She was sincerely sympathizing in the trials of others, and directed others who told her their griefs and anxieties to the only source of true consolation, and thither she carried her own. I remember once going hastily into her room, when a friend was with her, and found them both upon their knees holding communion with God. She was very grateful for any little favours that were conferred upon her, and although very poor, would often try to make little returns of fruit out of her garden. The chapel stood on an eminence a short distance from the house, and she could never reach it, but with considerable effort and suffering; yet she often went, and was never absent from the

ordinance of the Lord's supper when she could by any possibility get out. Often have I seen her dragging her weary limbs up the hill, and have endeavoured to cheer her on with the thought, that soon her mortality would be put off, and no longer be a clog to her spiritual worship, to which she has responded with tearful eyes. I well remember the last time we communed together at the table of the Lord; as I sat by her side, I reminded her of the probability we should never again on earth commemorate the dying love of Christ together; she burst into tears, and covering her face with her handkerchief, continued weeping a long time, and praying also, I doubt not, that we might not fail to sit down with each other at the marriage supper of the Lamb above. This was at the end of the year 1842, and we were about to remove to a more destitute part of the island. Our parting was very affecting, as we felt assured we should see each other's face no more: she followed me with her blessing, and repeatedly assured me, she should never cease to remember me affectionately and earnestly at the throne of grace.

After my removal her dear friend and benefactress Mrs. Knibb prepared a room for her reception at Kettering, and had her removed thither, that she might with greater facility minister to her necessities and comfort, and from her I frequently heard during my absence of poor old Nelly's gradual decay and increasing sufferings. She lingered until the end of that year, when, professing entire dependence for acceptance on the atonement of Christ, her emancipated spirit took its flight from its prison house of clay, to join, we trust, the throng of the redeemed in glory and be for ever with the Lord.

Shortly after her death we went to Kettering, and I soon paid a visit to old Nelly's grave: no tombstone marks the spot, but it is beneath the shade of a beautiful orange-tree, and profusely mantled with the luxuriant Guinea-grass. As I stood by its side I could not but recall to mind the various and remarkable scenes through which

she had passed during her long pilgrimage, (about ninety years,) the various bondages and deliverances, both temporal and spiritual : but she awaits another redemption still more glorious and wonderful, even that of the body. Now it is mouldering beneath the clods of the glen, but this is not its final destiny. The end of all things is at hand, soon shall the trumpet sound, and death and the grave shall deliver up all they now hold in proud but silent dominion, and she shall come forth a spiritual body clad in light and immortality, a fit residence for the ransomed and glorified spirit with which it shall then be united, and shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and all the Israel of God in their purchased inheritance around the throne of God in heaven, and with them, ascribe her victory to the Lamb—her conquest to His death.

THE MALAY'S TEST OF HONOUR.

A New England sea-captain, who visited "India beyond the Ganges," was boarded by a Malay merchant, a man of considerable property, and asked if he had any Tracts he could part with. The American, at a loss how to account for such a singular request from such a man, inquired "What do you want of Tracts? you cannot read a word of them." "True, but I have a use for them, nevertheless. Whenever one of your countrymen, or an Englishman, calls on me to trade, I put a Tract in his way, and watch him. If he reads it soberly and with interest, I infer that he will not cheat me; if he throws it aside with contempt or a profane oath, I have no more to do with him—I cannot trust him."

EASTERN BOTTLE.

WE give our readers this month a representation of the sort of bottle which is referred to in various parts of Scripture, and which is in constant use in the East. It is usually made of the skin of a goat or kid, with the hair on the inside. The head being cut off,

the skin is stripped off whole except in the neck, the holes of the feet and tail being sewed up, and the neck forming the mouth.



The skin being turned inside out is then strained, by driving in small billets and chips of oak wood, and then filled with a strong infusion of oak bark, until the hair is fixed and the skin tanned.

The Arabs employ such bottles as these in carrying water across the desert, where springs and streams are scarce. They also use them in their tents in preserving milk, butter, and other articles. The bottle out of which Jael gave milk to Sisera (Judges iv. 19,) was most likely of this kind, as was that in which Jesse sent wine by David to Saul, (1 Sam. xvi. 20.) From the nature of these bottles it was important that the new wine should be put into new bottles, as those which were old were apt to shrink and burst in case of any fermentation of the liquor contained in them.

Bruce, in his travels in Abyssinia, states, that bottles, called Girtas, made of the skin of oxen, containing sixty gallons each, and two of which formed a camel's load, were used in that country for the supply of water in crossing deserts.

Sometimes these akin bottles are made quite air-tight, all the openings being carefully closed, and thus they are used to support rafts on the rivers. In a very interesting work, lately published, entitled, "Nineveh and its Remains," by Mr. Layard, he tells us that the only way of getting some remarkable stone figures which he found, down to the sea to be put on board ship, was to float them down the river Tigris; but wood being very scarce, and the weight of the figures very great, he procured 600 sheep and goat skins, inflated or filled with air, the openings through which they were filled being bound very tight. They were fastened to the bottom of the raft, and kept it above water, and thus these huge figures were brought down to Bassora, and put on board ship, and are now placed in the British Museum, where they will probably be seen by many of our young readers.

A TALE OF HARD TIMES.

A STORY FOR PARENTS.

"Make me a little cake first."—1 Kings xvii. 13.

It was a season of grievous distress throughout the Phœnician borders. In vain did the merchant princes of Tyre and Sidon spread out their wares to tempt their neighbours of Asher and Naphtali to traffic in their marts. No caravans laden with "wheat of Minnith and Pannay, and honey, and oil, and balm," wound through the passes of Lebanon; no joyful son of Issachar cheered his mule, "crouching between two burdens" of olives, destined for the bazaars of Accho. The earth was burdened with drought. For many months there had been no rain in all the land of Israel. Nature withered; the surface of the plains became powder and dust; and famine lay sore upon man and beast. Those were "hard times" in Samaria and Galilee, hard even for the rich, and much more so for the poor. In a little town on the declivity of Lebanon, in sight of the sea, lived a woman and her son. Through all the trials and distress which came so heavily upon the com-

munity, she had toiled on ; for when did ever a mother cease her struggles against want and despair, while the image of a beloved child was before her, to nerve her for the effort ? But every resource was at length exhausted. Wasted with grief and famine even a mother was ready to abandon the struggle for life ; in collecting her last handful of meal, she went outside the gate to gather sticks, that she might go in and dress it for herself and her son, that they might eat it and die.

While she was engaged in this melancholy service, she was accosted by a venerable stranger, "a hairy man, and girt with a girdle of leather about his loins," who, on learning her circumstances, bade her go and do as she had purposed ; but, said he, in a tone that at once awed and revived her spirit, "Make me thereof a little cake first." She obeyed his word, and God blessed her in her obedience ; for her barrel of meal did not waste, nor her cruse of oil fail, as long as those hard times lasted.

The widow of Zarephath wins our praise for the simplicity of her faith, and affords us a model for our imitation. From her humble history we learn, that the present are not the only "hard times" that the world has seen, nor are we the first embarrassed people that have been called on, in the depths of poverty, to help the cause of the Lord, by parting with a portion even of the little property that is left us.

Professing Christians, it was easy for you to give money when you were flushed with prosperity ; and perhaps you thought yourselves liberal, and in your hearts blessed your own generous philanthropy. But what you then gave was no great test of love to God. Which of all your donations cost you any real sacrifice ? When did you ever go the more hungry or weary to your bed, or endure cold, or lie awake an hour at night, that you might increase your charities ?

Circumstances are changed. The "times are hard," and you are comparatively—perhaps, absolutely—poor. And now comes

the trial of your faith; you cannot escape it. To your door, as really as to the gate of Zarephath, the Lord's cause comes and asks for relief; and to you, as to the widow, it brings a promise with it. Will you believe? Will you obey? Are you ready to divide your last morsel with the suffering Saviour, not taking any for yourself, until you shall have made for him "a little cake first?"

Do you say, "There are others whose property has escaped the general wreck; go to them." So said not the poor widow to Elijah, though doubtless there were many in her city whose mansions glittered in her sight, comparatively unvisited by want. The greater your poverty the less able are you to do without God's blessing upon the liberal soul.

Perhaps you are in doubt how much is required of one in your circumstances. Know then, that you must give at least enough to prove to your own conscience that you esteem his cause the most precious interest in the universe, that it commands the first place in your affections, and the first fruits of your increase.

And how knowest thou but this "little cake," this token of supreme regard consecrated to God first of all, though it be but a dollar, or even but a mite, (Mark xii. 41, 44,) may secure the rest, for all the copious blessing of Elijah's God, which shall forbid thy meal to waste, or thine oil to fail, as long as the "pressure" is upon the land?

Try the experiment, in the spirit of humble, filial faith, of serving God first, in all your expenditures. When you are about to lay out anything for yourself, pause, and listen if there be not a whisper, having in it no less of love than of authority, saying, "Make me thereof a little cake first." And do not refuse because you are poor; spare a little, at least "A LITTLE," for Him who gave himself for you. Taste no indulgence, make provision for no necessity, till you can feel that in every case you have made for your Master "a little cake first."—*New York Observer.*

SCENES FROM MISSIONARY LIFE IN BURMAH.

THE following incident is from the pen of the present Mrs. Judson. It describes a scene taken from the life of Mrs. Boardman, missionary in Burmah.

Similar incidents have occurred in the history of our own Mission.

Our young friends will find it recorded in a beautiful little book edited by Dr. Innes, of Edinburgh, and entitled *A Present from Age to Youth*, an inexpensive and attractive little volume.

After the Burmese war, Maulmain being one of the provinces ceded to the English, where the missionaries could carry on their labours under the protection of the British government, it was agreed that Mr. Boardman should occupy a station in this province.

A small bamboo house, a very frail shelter in the eyes of an American, was erected for them at Maulmain as soon as practicable; and Mrs. Boardman was carried to the water side upon a litter, to be placed in a boat which was to convey her to her new home. A row of native houses had sprung up along the water-side, and the little town was daily receiving accessions to its population, from those who preferred the English government to their own. The mission-house was in a lonely spot about a mile from the cantonments, and the thick jungle close at hand was the haunt of wild beasts, whose howlings sounded dismally in their ears in the night-time. Behind them rose a handsome range of hills, tipped here and there with the mark of a nation's idolatry—the light, graceful pagoda, with its white and gilded masonry, and glittering ornaments; and before them rolled a broad, beautiful river, in which an English sloop of war was lying at anchor, and curiously-shaped Indian boats were passing to and fro, with each changing tide. Just across the river, lay the Burman province of Martaban, which, having been deserted by its peaceful inhabitants, became, to the terrible men who took shelter there, like his own mountain fastnesses to Mac-Gregor. Armed

with knives, spears, and sometimes muskets, they sallied forth in parties of twenty or thirty, at nightfall; and then woe to the poor wretch who was suspected of having treasure worth the trouble of a visit. Sometimes even entire villages were destroyed by them, and they once ventured so far as to attack a guard of sepoya. Stealthily they moved, with a tread as light as the Indians of the western world; and when they had secured their booty, the Martaban coast became to them the altar of Jupiter. By touching that, they were safe, for it was beyond the jurisdiction of the English; and so they carried on their daring trade with impunity. The English general had suggested to Mr. Boardman that he might be exposing himself to danger, both from these lawless men, and the wild beasts of the jungle; and had invited him to take up his residence within the cantonments. But this would have defeated the missionary object; for to serve the Burmese, or even prepare to serve them, by studying their character and language, he must be with them.

Here, in a place well calculated, from its loneliness, for study, Mrs. Boardman applied herself to the acquisition of the language very successfully; for she had the advantage of hearing it spoken daily. She even attempted to converse with the half-wild children, who stood gaping at her in amused curiosity; and attracted them about her as much as possible, in the hope that, as soon as she was prepared, she might be able to establish a school. "O for a common language!" has been the half impatient exclamation of many in her situation. To the eyes of purblind mortals, it seems a great pity that the curse of Babel could not have been restricted to those who make themselves strong to do evil.

About a month after Mrs. Boardman's arrival at Maulmain, under date of June 20th, she writes a friend: "We are in excellent health, and as happy as it is possible for human beings to be upon earth. It is our earnest desire to live, and labour, and die, among this people."

Four days passed after the writing of this letter, as previous

hours passed; men in loose garments of gaily-plaided cloth, and with their long, black hair wound about their heads, and confined by folds of muslin, looked curiously in at the door of the strange foreigner; and then encouraged by some kind word or glance, or the spreading of a mat, seated themselves in their own fashion, talked a little while with their host, though often, from misapprehension of each other's meaning, at cross-purposes, and went away, leaving him to his books and teacher. Women and children gathered more timidly, but with curiosity even less disguised, about the *Kalak-ma-pyloo*, (white foreigner,) wondering at her strange costume, the fairness of her skin, and the superiority displayed in her bearing; and some of the bolder of them venturing to touch her hand, or to pass their tawny, taper fingers from the covered instep to the toe of the neatly formed slipper, so unlike their own clumsy sandals. But who, among all these, came to inquire of Jesus Christ, or learn the way to heaven? Most emphatically could they say, "We have not so much as heard of there be a God."

On the evening of the fourth day, as it deepened into night, the books of study were thrown aside, and the book of God taken in their stead; then the prayer was raised to heaven, and the little family went to rest. Feeble were the rays of the one pale lamp, close by the pillow of the young mother, scarce throwing its light upon the infant resting in her bosom, and penetrating into the remote darkness but by feeble flickerings. So sleep soon brooded over the shut eyelids; and silence folded its solemn wings about the little habitation.

The infant stirred, and the mother opened her eyes. Why was she in darkness? and what objects were those scattered so strangely about her apartment, just distinguishable from the grey shadows? The lamp was soon re-lighted, and startling was the scene which it revealed. There lay, in odd confusion, trunks, boxes, and chests of drawers, all rifled of their contents; and strewn care-

lessly about the floor, were such articles as the marauders had not considered worth their taking. While regarding in consternation, not appreciable by those who have access to the shops of an American city, this spoiling of their goods, Mrs. Boardman chanced to raise her eye to the curtain beneath which her husband had slept, and she thought of the lost goods no more. Two long gashes, one at the head and the other at the foot, had been cut in the muslin; and there had the desperate villains stood, glaring on the unconscious sleeper with their fierce, murderous eyes, while the booty was secured by their companions. The bared, swarthy arm was ready for the blow, and the sharp knife or pointed spear glittered in their hands. Had the sleeper opened his eyes, had he only stirred, had but a heavy, long-drawn breath startled the cowardice of guilt, ah, had it!—But it did not. The rounded limbs of the little infant lay motionless as their marble counterfeit; for if the rosy lips had moved but to the slightest murmur, or the tiny hand crept closer to the loved bosom in her baby dreams, the chord in the mother's breast must have answered, and the death-stroke followed. But the mother held her treasure to her heart and slept on. Murderers stood by the bedside, regarding with callous hearts the beautiful tableau; and the husband and father *slept*. But there was one Eye open,—the Eye that never slumbers; a protecting wing was over them, and a soft, invisible hand pressed down their sleeping lids.

Nearly every article of value, that could be taken away, had disappeared from the house; and though strict search was made throughout the neighbourhood, no trace of them was ever discovered.

SCHOOLS.

THREE little boys in the Native Christian Institution, Calcutta, under the care of Mr. Pearce, have been baptized during the year, and three little girls in the Female department of the same institution.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

A few months ago, Mr. Waddell, of the United Presbyterian Board, applied to the young friends of the body he is connected with, for £800 to meet the expense of their Mission vessel, for Western Africa. The young friends went to work, and they have collected £3000.

SONG OF MAULMAIN.

PLY the lever, pioneers !
Many a waiting angel cheers ;
Christ above is interceding ;
Here the Holy Ghost is pleading,
And the promise of Jehovah
Stands upon his blessed book.
Cheerly, cheerly ply the lever !
Pause not—faint not—falter never !
Course the river, thread the alley,
From the hill-top to the valley,
Go this barren desert over,
Scattering seed in every nook.
Gifted with a little wing,
Far the seed shall float and spring.
Trim your lamps ; dark Burmah's centre,
Shrouded, sealed, their light must enter,
Even the sacred groves of Boodha,
And the monarch's golden hall.
Cheerly, cheerly ply the lever !
Pause not—faint not—falter never !
With a trusting heart and humble,
Toil till Boodha's throne shall crumble !
Monastery and pagoda
Reel before the cross, and fall.

Mrs. Judson.

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



CANE CUTTING.

CANE CUTTING.

IN the last Herald, we saw the ground prepared to receive the young sugar canes. Here they are ripe, and the people seem busy cutting and gathering them. Each root has from six to a dozen stems, and each stem is cut off at the foot and divided into three parts. The flag-like leaves are called *trash*. The large knife employed in cutting the plants is a cutlass, and is often used by the native of the tropics to cut his way through "the bush."

LUTHER AND THE REFORMATION CONCLUDED.

NO. IV.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—You may some of you have read or heard that the Popes of Rome used to send out briefs, as they called them, for the sale of indulgences; that is to say, letters with the Pope's seal, to assure people that their sins should be forgiven them by the payment of so much money. They had now traded in them for upwards of four hundred years. Those who collected the money were called Questors; and one John Tetzel, a Dominican friar, was employed for the purpose in Saxony. This man pretended to give absolution, that is pardon, not only for past sins, but for all of every description which they might commit in after life. The following amusing story shews the length to which he went in this wicked traffic. "When Tetzel was at Leipsic, and had scraped together a great deal of money from all ranks of people, a nobleman, who suspected the deception, put this question to him, 'Can you grant absolution for a sin which a man shall intend to commit in future?' 'Yes,' said he, 'but on condition that the proper sum of money be actually paid down.' The nobleman instantly produced the sum demanded, and in return received what is called a diploma or certificate, sealed

and signed by Tetzl, absolving him from the crime which he intended to commit. Not long after, when Tetzl was about to leave Leipsic, the nobleman made inquiries about the road that he would probably travel; waited for him in secret at a convenient place, attacked and robbed him, then beat him soundly with a stick, and sent him back to Leipsic with his money-chest empty. At parting, he said, 'This is the fault I intended to commit, and for which I have your absolution.' " You need not be told that the apostles themselves could not forgive sins; but when inspired to know the fact, they could then declare they were forgiven by God. Luther exposed the wickedness of this man, and by it subjected his life to many dangers; but God had a great work for him to do, and constantly preserved him. In a letter to an old and very dear friend, he begs him not to expose himself to danger on his account, and added that he wished to be alone accountable for his opinions. "To those of my friends," said he, "who would alarm me for the consequences, I have nothing else to say than what Reuchlin said, — 'he who is poor has nothing to fear, he can lose nothing.' I possess no property, neither do I desire any. There remains to me only a frail body, harassed by continual illness, and if they take away my life by open violence they make me but little poorer. I am satisfied with my Redeemer and propitiation, the Lord Jesus Christ, whom I shall praise as long as I exist. If any one be unwilling to join me in these praises, what is that to me? Let him raise his voice after his own fashion. The Lord Jesus will save me for ever."

He was threatened with death if he did not deny the truths which he had preached, and his condition became every day more and more perilous; but he could say with the apostle Paul, "None of these things move me, neither do I count my life dear unto myself." — *Acts xx.* The malice of his enemies forced him to leave his abode, and he compared himself to Abraham, who did not know whither he went, when he forsook his country and his father's house. But

he knew that God was everywhere, and had full confidence in his protection. And numerous as his enemies were, the precious seed of the kingdom, scattered by him, began to take root in soil least expected to nourish it. Persons high in rank and station were raised up to defend him from their rage. Not only was Frederic, the Elector of Saxony, his friend, but he was offered the protection of a hundred noblemen in Franconia, with whom he could live in safety until his doctrines should be examined. For this first proof of approval from those who had it in their power to defend him, he was truly grateful. His courage was increased by it, and he said to a friend—"The fury and favour of Rome are despised by me. I will never be reconciled, nor have any connection with them." Crowds assembled to hear him preach, and his books were soon dispersed in every direction. From his bold avowal of the truth, some might suppose that he courted danger. He did not do this; for although prepared to meet death in its most awful forms, he carefully sought to avoid it.

After some time, he was summoned to appear before a large assembly of the rich, the learned, and the powerful, at a place called Worms, that he might meet those who opposed him face to face, and publicly renounce his doctrines. Here, notwithstanding that his enemies laid wait in the way to kill him, he was permitted to appear, and to "make a good confession before many witnesses." His friends at Wittemberg furnished him with a covered waggon, such as merchants who attend fairs use. He was told not to preach on the road; but he said, 'the word of God must not be bound;' and at one place he discoursed on justification, and at another on the vices of the clergy. During a part of the journey his mind was much distressed, and from fatigue and anxiety, he was taken very ill. He writes to a friend: "Nevertheless, Christ lives, and I shall enter Worms in spite of the gates of hell, and the powers of the air. I am determined to terrify Satan, and to despise him." As he came nearer to the place of trial, his friends

became more alarmed about his safety, and, in letters which he found on the road, entreated him not to go to Worms. It was on this occasion that he said, "If there were as many devils at Worms as tiles on the houses, I am determined boldly to go thither." Changing his mode of travelling, in an open carriage he entered the city upon the 16th April, 1521. Upon the following day, at four o'clock in the afternoon, he appeared before this wonderful assembly. It is said that so great was the crowd that it was impossible to go to the palace by the common road. Anxious to see the Reformer, the people went through gardens and by-ways; they ascended the tops, and tore off the roofs of houses. He concluded a long and able defence of his belief in the words of our divine Lord to Annas—"If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil." When asked whether he retracted or recalled anything, he said, "Unless my conscience be convinced by the Scripture of truth, I neither can nor will retract. It is unworthy of an honest man to act in a manner contrary to his conscientious belief. Here I stand—it is impossible for me to do otherwise. So help me God."

When his enemies found that all their threats and entreaties were in vain, they wished to condemn him to the flames; but this the majority of the assembly refused to do, and he was permitted to leave the city. His friend Frederic, the Elector, concealed him from their rage for two years in a castle at Wartburg.

Through the grace of Christ, Luther continued faithful unto death. He was spared many years after this time, and never flinched from making known the truth. In hope of eternal life, and in full assurance of faith, he died at Eisleben, the town in which he was born, February 16, 1546. With a few of his last words I will close the pleasant task of reviewing his life. His home was not at Eisleben, but he had travelled there on business, though very aged and ill. He preached there once more, but the next day he was worse, and prayed so earnestly that those who were present could hear him. He said to them, "Pray to our Lord God for his

Gospel, that it may prosper." About an hour before he died, he said to a friend, "Ah! Jonas, how ill I am! I shall certainly die at Eisleben." His friend said to him, "Reverend father, God, our Heavenly Father, will assist you by Christ whom you have preached." Count Albert and his wife were present. The Countess offered him some cordials, but Luther began to pray, saying, "O, my Heavenly Father, eternal and merciful God, thou hast revealed to me thy Son, our Lord Jesus Christ. I have preached him. I have confessed him. I love him, and I worship him as my dearest Saviour and Deliverer, whom the wicked persecute, blame, and blaspheme: receive my spirit." He then three times repeated the words of the psalm, "Into thy hands I commit my spirit, God of truth, thou hast redeemed me." Also, "God hath so loved the world," &c.—John iii. 16. Just before his spirit fled, two of his friends cried out, "Dearest father, do you verily confess Jesus Christ the Son of God, our Saviour and Redeemer?" he replied quite distinctly, "Yea." His friend says, "Afterwards, his forehead and face became cold, and although we called him by name, he returned no answer." His body was interred at Wittemberg, near to the pulpit in which he had preached so many sermons, and where it still lies, awaiting the sound of the last trump on the morning of the resurrection.

Dear children, may the same faith and hope be ours, and then we, although little and unknown, as well as Paul and Luther, shall have "the crown of life which fades not away."

E. C.

NOLLETA, THE KHUND GIRL.

THE following account of the success of the Gospel is taken, by permission, from a letter addressed by Miss Collins of Cuttack, in India, to the Society for promoting Female Education in the East. Miss Collins was sent out to assist in an orphan boarding school.

E. C.

"I have witnessed many pleasing traits of a tender conscience in our young converts, but no one has given me such pleasure as Nollela; she has naturally a very bad temper, but grace has done great things for her, though she has frequently to struggle hard against her besetting sin, and, I believe, mourns over it sincerely. Some days ago, when she brought the socks she was knitting to be measured, I found some more rows necessary to complete the ribs; she fancied it was long enough, and, when told more was needed, turned away very angrily. I followed her, and explained that, unless both were alike, we could not make pairs. She continued to knit on, and the next day I found her doing the same, and the other girls trying to persuade her to show me the sock. I concluded to allow her to go on as she liked, for I saw she was not in a mood to be reasoned with. I had occasion to leave the room, and Nollela took advantage of my absence to unravel her work, and left at the usual time, without showing it me, and finished her sock alone, contrary to her usual custom. On the Lord's day, after service, I heard some one softly enter my room, and turning round saw Nollela; she burst into tears, acknowledged her sin, and asked forgiveness. I need not tell you how pleased I felt: but she did not come alone; another member of our church, named Monika, who had, unusually for her, disobeyed me, came and did the same. She said her friend was wrong, and since she had been disobedient she had shed many tears, and been very unhappy. After I had assured them of my love and forgiveness Nollela engaged in prayer, in which she expressed strong contrition for her sin, and begged God to keep her from falling for the future. They then left me, and this week are looking as happy as possible. I gave dear Miss Braithwaite's message to the dear girls: they were much pleased to be thus remembered; and, after various questions about their unknown friend, Bella, our eldest Khund girl, looking earnestly at me, said, 'Shall we know her there?' that is, in heaven. I think she is, on the whole, the most intelligent girl in the school,

and manifests a good acquaintance with Scripture; there are, however, several not greatly inferior to her. I think I mentioned the circumstance connected with the second volume of the Bible, but, lest I am mistaken, will advert to it. It was evident the girls thought they possessed the whole, and went home quite delighted. In the evening, after worship, Bella came to me, anxiously saying, 'There is nothing here about Jonas the prophet.' I then explained that the other volume, which they would receive in time, would contain that which she enquired for, and added, that she should have mine to read when she chose. Her countenance brightened, and soon the book was requested; many of the girls assembled, and she read to them from the precious volume. I told Mr. Sutton of this fact, and he thought with us, that the proper time had arrived for them to receive the volume; so, in a few days, they were the joyful possessors of the whole of God's word. I believe they not only prize it greatly, but read it constantly."

A CURE FOR MELANCHOLY.

In the fall of 1825 I went, during a vacation in the seminary, to spend a few weeks with a friend. I found in his mansion, elegance, hospitality, and piety. The grounds were large, and the family was agreeable far beyond what is common. I could ride, I could hunt, I could read. For a few days I greatly enjoyed the change; my health needed recruiting, and I felt better. But soon I began to feel uneasy. I lacked full employment. I was not sure that I could give a good account of my mode of spending time. I began to feel guilty. Killing little birds for amusement seemed to me of doubtful propriety. I cared not to ride without an object. In short, I became melancholy.

At this time, I heard of a box of Bibles in the neighbourhood, for distribution among the poor. I determined to walk and distri-

bute them. I went from house to house, meeting with various kinds of reception, but all of them civil and most of them kind. At length, I came to a very plain house, and was welcomed by a plain woman at the door. I entered, and saw seated around the fire five of her children, not one of whom could walk, or utter an articulate sound. As I entered they raised a hideous noise, but the mother said it expressed pleasure at seeing me. I have never, even in an hospital, seen a sight more painful. Besides these five, she had a son of sound mind but deformed in his lower limbs. He made shoes. She had also a daughter, well grown and strong, but of very feeble mind and violent temper, as I was told.

The mother was a widow. I soon introduced the subject of religion, which I found to be welcome. The Bible was there. It was well read. When the mother spoke, it was chiefly concerning the goodness of God. I inquired of her difficulties. She admitted them, but told me how the Lord delivered her, and supplied her wants. I found it good to be there. I prayed with the family, spoke a few words of inquiry and bade them good-bye. I have never since seen a sight so appalling, and yet I have never seen a mother apparently more contented and thankful.

I left the house rebuked for my melancholy, which had in it, no doubt, much ingratitude. I could not but admire the power of divine grace. I did not ask the woman to what church she belonged, nor do I know to this day. I presume she belonged to the one invisible company of faithful men, composed of all who love our Lord Jesus Christ. Soon after I left the house, I sought opportunity for prayer. My melancholy left me, and that poor woman's behaviour and conversation were the best sermons I ever heard; and if I have ever been useful since, it was owing not a little to that day's lesson. I then found out what I have since proved true, *that hearty self-denying labour to do good, especially among the poor and afflicted, is a first-rate cure for melancholy.* Reader, try it.—*American Messenger.*

"A LIVING GOD."

A MISSIONARY in China states that, on one occasion, a number of persons who were hearing him (mostly women) manifested the greatest astonishment when he told them that the God he worshipped, and wished them to worship, is a *living God*. Uttering an exclamation peculiar to themselves when much surprised, they said, "The foreigners' God is better than ours, ours have no life."

ANNUAL JUVENILE MEETINGS IN LONDON.

On Monday afternoon, April 23rd, three meetings were held, one at Surrey Chapel, one at Bloomsbury Chapel, and one at Bishopsgate Chapel. Though it rained hard nearly all day, 3000 of our young friends attended, and paid great attention to the excellent addresses that were delivered. A report was read at each meeting, of which the following is a copy; and at the close of the meetings collections were made for the Schools and Native Preachers, amounting to about £9.

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE?

THE Committee suppose that their young friends may like to know at this meeting, what the Missionary Society has been doing the last twelve months. They will, therefore, try and relate in a few words, what the Missionary Society has done, what it is doing, and what it hopes to do.

Those good men, who left England as Christian missionaries, have worked very hard during the year; some in India, some in Africa, some in the West Indies, in the heat of the Tropics: some among the snows of Canada, and some in Europe, to try and get the people to love and serve Jesus Christ. They have preached many sermons, walked many miles, given away a great many tracts and Bibles, talked with a large number of persons about their souls, and many have thrown away their idols to worship and serve the only true God.

The Dove has again gone to Africa, with several missionaries. She had very bad weather to Madeira; but God watched over her, and we hope soon to hear that she has arrived at her destination, and landed all our friends in safety; she carried out another printing press, so that Mr. Merrick will be able to print a great many more tracts, and parts of the Bible, to send to the people of the interior: the money received for the Dove since January, has been but £300. £300 more is wanted; surely our young friends will not forsake their own little vessel, she has done so much good; and what the missionaries could do without her, it is hard to tell. You will all be glad to hear that little Fanny is still with Mrs. Merrick, and is very active and earnest in teaching the people.

You all love your schools, and, no doubt, will be glad to hear something about the schools in foreign parts. There are several kinds of schools supported by the Society. Some are Sunday schools, where the children are taught by their teachers, as you are, to love and serve the Saviour; some day schools, where the little black boys and girls learn to read, write, and cypher, &c.; some of them write very pretty letters, which you will find from time to time in your *Juvenile Herald*; some are boarding schools, where the children are orphans: many of them have been picked out of the street, or jungle, where they had been left by their relatives to perish; but the missionary finding them, took them to the Mission Boarding School, and there are now about seventy or eighty, fed, clothed, and instructed.

To support an orphan boy or girl costs about £4 per year. To support a school in India, or Ceylon, costs from £8 to £20 a-year; last year eight schools were broken up in Ceylon, there not being money enough to pay the expenses.

There are in all about one hundred schools, paid for by the Society; seventy-three in India and Ceylon, eighteen in the West Indies, including Haiti, and six in Africa, containing about 5000 children. In Jamaica there are about forty schools, that were com-

menced by the Society, and now contain about 3000 day scholars. The Sunday scholars are about 16,000. To support all these schools £1500 a-year is wanted, and to support fifty-five native preachers £1500 more, so that one hundred teachers, and fifty-five preachers, can be supported for the small sum of £3000 a-year; surely our young friends, and Sunday school children, can engage to raise this sum. If all the children in the Baptist Sunday schools were to collect or give one farthing each per week, it would amount to more than twice the sum. Let us then try and support the 155 preachers and teachers in different parts of the world; some preach, some have schools, some distribute Bibles and tracts, some are pastors of churches; and if we support these, we shall then have a share in all the good works of the parent Society, and they will be free from debt, and able to spend some of their funds in sending out more missionaries.

The Young Men's Missionary Association have the last few months held a great many meetings in London. They found that some schools had collected £30, some £20, some £8 or £10, while many more had done nothing; they all promised to help, and we hope next year to report that the £3000 has been all collected by the Juvenile Auxiliaries in London and elsewhere. The Committee of this Association being anxious to interest their young friends, have commenced a Missionary Museum, and they hope, (by the kindness of their friends), before long, to have a collection of rejected idols, and various objects of curiosity, from foreign parts, and they will bring them from time to time to your own quarterly meetings, and explain them to you.

The Juvenile Missionary Herald must not be forgotten. Many can buy it, and it has been suggested that every little boy and girl who subscribes one penny and upwards a month, regularly, might have a copy given them.

In conclusion, we must remind you, that while much has been done, much, very much, remains to be done. All the missionaries

of the Baptist Missionary Society are not so many as the missionaries employed by the City Mission in London alone. There are more than 700 millions of persons that do not love God; should we not then pray for them, pray that God would bless the missionaries, and bless the teachers to them, and that he would send out more missionaries to preach the good news of a Saviour? But, young friends, do you love Christ? Have you given your hearts to Jesus? He invites you to seek him; oh seek him without delay, give your hearts to him, and may many of you be sent forth to declare to the perishing heathen what a dear Saviour you have found.

PHOEBE'S LETTERS TO LITTLE FOLKS.

DEAR CHILDREN,—Having spoken of the first martyr, Stephen, I am now going to talk to you about Philip. He is called a disciple as well as an apostle. The word disciple means a *learner*. We must all be learners in the school of Christ before we can be teachers. What are the lessons taught there, and who is the teacher? The lessons are repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; the teacher is the Holy Spirit, and so gentle and gracious is he that even children are encouraged to approach him.

From the first chapter of John, we find that Philip lived at Bethsaida, a city of Galilee. If you have a map of Palestine, refer to it. Bethsaida is on the sea-coast, the place where Jesus wrought many miracles. When Jesus saw Philip, he asked him to follow him, and he did so. Philip believed that Jesus was the Son of God, the very Redeemer who had been promised a great while before. This made Philip happy, and he wished others to be as happy as himself. So he told Nathanael that he had found the long-expected Messiah. Turn to the chapter and read the account.

We do not find much about Philip in the Gospels after this. His faith was of the right kind, though weak. You recollect how

Jesus tried him with a question before he fed the multitude mentioned in the sixth of John. From his reply we might fancy Philip for a moment forgot the great power of Jesus. Perhaps none of the apostles clearly understood this until the Spirit was given. Philip was among the believers who waited at Jerusalem and prayed for this promised blessing, after the death of Jesus. You may find the account of this great event, and its immediate results, in the second of Acts. And never forget, dear child, that your heart is hard, until the Spirit softens it; your mind is dark, until the Spirit enlightens it. O, beg of God to give you his Holy Spirit, then you will believe in Jesus, and your lips show forth his praise. Read Luke xi. 13; Psalm viii. 1.

Philip laboured, after the death of Christ, it is thought, chiefly among the idolatrous inhabitants of Asia Minor, and suffered death for his testimony of Jesus, about the year 52, in Phrygia, a district of that country. The hand of persecution was lifted up to extinguish the light of the Gospel, but in vain. It shone more brightly. The seed of the kingdom had taken root in the hearts of many, and believers were found there when visited afterwards by other apostles. These were probably the fruits of Philip's labour. You may find them named in the 16th and 18th chapters of Acts.

Learn, dear child, from this hasty notice of a great apostle, to seek to be *useful*. If you love the Lord Jesus, tell other children this, as Philip told Nathanael. Learn also to feel for the hundreds of thousands of children far over the sea, who have not heard of Jesus. Pray often "Thy kingdom come." And will you stop here? O no. How can these children learn without a preacher? Send them preachers and Bibles, that they may learn and read of Jesus, the sinner's Friend, before they die. Faithfully yours,

PHOEBE.

WHO WILL HELP THE MISSION ?

THE "Young Men's Missionary Association" was formed to help the Missionary Society, and the committee think they can best do so by obtaining money enough to pay for the 100 Day Schools and the 55 Native Preachers supported by the Society; to do this, £3000, or 2,880,000 farthings, will be wanted. Let us then try and raise this sum. Let every little boy and girl in our Sunday schools drop one farthing into the Missionary box every Sunday; let our young friends and senior scholars collect farthings from their friends for this great and good object, and we shall then not only pay for the Schools and Native Preachers, already engaged, but be able to open new Schools, and employ more Preachers, to declare to the perishing heathen the good news of salvation.

If any information is needed in order to form Juvenile Auxiliaries in any Sunday school, the Secretary of the Young Men's Association, at 33, Moorgate Street, will be happy to give it.

J. E. T.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATED.

GENESIS xlvii. 19.—"Wherefore should we die before thine eyes, both we and our land? buy us and our land for bread." In times of famine in the east, thousands of children have been sold to prevent their perishing from hunger.

1 SAMUEL i. 11.—"If thou wilt give unto thy handmaid a man-child, I will give him unto the Lord all the days of his life." The Hindoo women sometimes pray to Ganga, which is the name by which the Ganges is worshipped, and promise to devote the first-born to her. Samuel, when he was born, was, as his mother expressed it, "lent to the Lord as long as he lived," and he ministered to the Lord; but the children of Hindoo mothers, thus devoted, are thrown into the Ganges!

OLIVET.—SEVENS.

Alr. SAMSON, BRISTOL.

The musical score is written for four parts (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass) across two systems. The key signature is G major (one sharp) and the time signature is 2/4. The first system is marked 'Alr.' and 'SAMSON, BRISTOL.' and includes a wavy line above the first staff. The second system continues the melody. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some measures containing rests or longer note values. The notation includes various musical symbols such as beams, slurs, and dynamic markings.

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



REV. THOMAS BURCHELL.

From a very interesting memoir of the late Rev. T. Burchell, written by his brother, we take the following passage. When a young man he was engaged in a manufactory at Shortwood : his employer was so pleased with him that he gave him leave to procure a little wool for himself, and to make it up into cloth, on his own account.

The first piece of cloth Mr. Burchell could call his own, he disposed of to a house in Bristol. About a week afterwards he was in the company of a friend, who, in ignorance of the transaction, happened to say that a certain party (mentioning the self-same house) was reported as likely to fail. On hearing this, he sought and obtained permission to be absent from home on the following day. It was the summer season. The splendours of noon had long since passed, and were softening down into the chastened radiance of evening. It occurred to him, that, if he could start that night, he should gain considerable time, and arrive in Bristol (nearly thirty miles distant) some hours before the coach, which did not leave until the morning. His determination was at once taken. Between eight and nine o'clock he commenced his journey, and continued to walk on briskly until it was quite dark, when he turned into an inn on the roadside. Here he rested until day-break. The worthy host advised him, on departure, to strike across the country, and make for the Severn, where he would be sure to find a boat, which would take him down in good time. He did so; and on nearing the river, which lay stretched out in noble amplitude before him, saw a boat push off from land. He hailed the men in her, but they seemed in haste to be gone; he then called more loudly to them, but they pressed on the more vigorously, and were soon out of hearing.

On looking about he saw another boat, and feeling that, if he did not succeed in this instance, he would fail in the object for which he had come so much out of a direct course, he resolved to make every effort to induce her little crew to return to shore, and take him in. He accordingly took off his coat and waved it in the air, and soon had the satisfaction of observing that they had brought the boat up, and seemed to be debating whether or not they should comply with his wishes. In about ten minutes they put back; but as they approached it struck him that he had never before seen five such desperate looking fellows. After some objection

on their part, they told him to get in. He had not done so long, however, before he found that he was in most undesirable company. Several of the men whispered to each other a good deal; and now and then he caught a word, the import of which made him feel uneasy and anxious. At length he perceived they were steering in an opposite direction. On his referring to this fact, one of them, a brawny Irishman, exclaimed, "Och, my jewel! and do you think you are going to lave us so soon, now that we have nabbed you at last? Do you see, jewel? (pointing his finger to the water on which they were floating) yon shall go and see the bottom of Davy Jones's locker, before you go to land again." They all now set up a shout, in confirmation of their murderous design, and as though to urge each other on to the deed.

Somewhat alarmed, their threatened and helpless victim asked, who they thought he was? At this they laughed and said, "Do you take us for fools?" From their horrid oaths and avowed intentions, he perceived that they took him for a spy in the preventive service; and he could now see, by some kegs of spirit which had been covered up in the bottom of the boat, that they were a party of smugglers. Again and again he assured them that he was not the person they suspected him to be, but to no purpose; they only renewed their threats of immediate and signal vengeance. Finding he could not gain on them by merely asserting, that he had no connection with government agents, he began to address them in a very serious strain; reminding them that, if they did him any injury, God would judge them for it. After some little while, he saw the countenance of one relax, and observed a tremor pass over the frame of another. Still, they did not alter the wrong course they had been steering for some time.

He then addressed each one, separately and solemnly, saying, that each would have to stand, in his own person, at the bar of God, and receive according to his deeds, whether good or bad. At length, the man who seemed to sustain the office of captain

cried out, "I say, Dick, I can't stand this; we must let him go. I don't believe he is the man we thought he was. Where do you want to be put out, sir?" The traveller replied, that he wished to be taken up the Avon to Bristol. The man said, "We cannot go up so far as that, as we dare not pass Pill; but we will take you as far as possible, and put you in a way to go on." He thanked them, and begged them to make the utmost speed, as his business was urgent. Finding them so far subdued, he took the opportunity of speaking of their nefarious mode of life. They all appeared struck with his statements and conduct; and, on his landing, refused to receive what he had stipulated to pay as fare; at the same time offering to forward one of the kegs of spirits to any place he would mention. One of the men also accompanied him to a farm house, and so far interested the occupant in his favour, as to induce him to drive him to Bristol in his family tax cart. He thus reached the end of his journey, at an early hour in the morning, and, as a result, succeeded in recovering the greater part of his cloth.

Some years after, on his first return from Jamaica to this country, Mr. Burchell met the smuggler who had accompanied him to the farm house, in a small village, near the Cheddar cliffs, in Somersetshire. The man proffered his hand, at the same time reminding him of their previous interview. He was much surprised at his altered appearance, and inquired what was the cause. "Ah, sir, (said he,) after your talk, we none us could ever follow that calling again. I have since learnt to be a carpenter, and am doing very well in this village; and attend a chapel three or four miles off. And our poor master never forgot to pray for you to his dying day. He was quite an altered man; took his widowed mother to his house; and became a good husband, and a good father, as well as a good neighbour. Before, every one was afraid of him, he was such a desperate fellow; afterwards, he was as tame as a lamb. He opened a little shop, for the mainte-

nance of his family; and what was better still, he held prayer-meetings in his house. The other three men now form part of a crew, in a merchant vessel, and are very steady and well behaved."

We hope ere long to give a brief memoir of this eminent missionary.

A CHILD CONSECRATED TO IDOLATRY.

A MISSIONARY was once standing near the temple of a very celebrated and cruel idol, when a father approached the shrine of a goddess. He led by the hand an interesting little boy, his son, probably his first born, and it may be his only son. The little fellow was very much alarmed; for there was a great crowd of worshippers, and the musicians were beating their shrill drums, and sounding their hoarse trumpets, and crying aloud in honour of the goddess, and they were bowing frantically before the altar. The blood of goats and other animals was flowing near him, which had just been sacrificed to the goddess. Amidst all this confusion the little fellow was afraid; and he clung fast to his father, now looking round at the people, and then at the goddess, and then at his father, as much as to say, "Do, father, save me from these cruel people!" But no. His father had brought him, to consecrate him to the service of the goddess; and to do this, he put into the poor boy's hand a piece of silver. This the boy handed to the priest; and then the father handed to the priest two sharp-pointed pieces of iron, which the priest sprinkled with the sacred water of the river Ganges, and returned to the parent. They were then handed to a cruel man, who (while the poor boy was gazing in wonder and horror around) plunged one, if not both, into his naked side. The boy shrieked, and clung to his father. The musicians beat their drums and sounded their trumpets; the priests raised their voices to drown the crying of

the boy; and he was borne away bleeding and terrified from the scene, by his deluded but now happy father, who supposed that his son was consecrated by the goddess in this most cruel act. Verily, is it not true that the dark parts of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty?—*Rev. T. Boaz.*

THE OLD BECHUANA WOMAN.

THE POWER OF THE GOSPEL.

WHEN Mr. Moffat was labouring in South Africa among the Bechuanas, he was opposed by many of them, who not only refused to listen to the gospel, but even tried to injure him by every means in their power. One old woman was exceedingly enraged against him—hating the very sight of the chapel, and taught many to blaspheme. The young women all paid great respect to her on account of her age. They thought she knew everything, and although she was loaded with grease and filth, they were much guided by whatever she said.

One day, however, a child having been lost, this old woman was very diligent seeking it. She tried every place where she thought it likely to be, and there remained only the chapel, which she had never entered. She went, therefore, to look for the child in the chapel, and on going in, she was obliged to wait a few minutes. She had not heard many sentences, when she ran out again. She had heard something from Mr. Moffat which struck her conscience, and she could not rest. Next Sabbath she came back again, and listened eagerly to what Mr. Moffat was preaching. When the people saw her, they were frightened, knowing how wicked she was; but she listened quietly, and made no disturbance. In a few days she came to Mr. Moffat. She seemed almost distracted. She cried, "My sins, my sins!" The tears streamed down her cheeks, and she could take no comfort. Night after night she would call Mr. Moffat out of bed to

tell her what was to become of her soul. One day meeting him in the street, she grasped his hands, and said, as if her heart would break, "To live I cannot—I cannot die." Mr. Moffat directed her to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world; but she interrupted him by saying, "You say the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sins; do you know the number of mine? Look to yonder grassy plain, and count the blades of grass or the drops of dew; these are nothing to the amount of my transgressions." After a few weeks, she was enabled to believe in her Saviour, and then how great the change! She was found sitting at his feet, cleansed and clothed, and in her right mind. She knew not how to speak humbly enough of herself, or how to be diligent enough in getting instruction. When subscriptions were making for the Missionary Society, she one day brought in her hand a pumpkin. Mrs. Moffat knowing how poor she was, told her that she might keep it, and she would give a trifle for her in her name. She answered, "Who is so great a debtor to the Saviour as I am? It is too small! I will go and borrow another."

NATIVE HOUSE IN SUMATRA.

Our youthful readers will probably be somewhat amused by the picture of a house standing on posts driven into the ground, especially when they are told that all the habitations of the natives of the Island of Sumatra are built in this mode. There are two reasons for this; one is the frequency of earthquakes, and this may prevent their being swallowed up; and the other is, the great number of elephants and other wild beasts, from which the people would not be secure in their slight wooden houses if they were placed upon the ground. A missionary of our Society,



who travelled through a part of the country, informed us that at night they were obliged to keep a strict watch, and discharge muskets to frighten away the elephants, lest they should overturn the house. On one occasion, indeed, an elephant of uncommon size, when passing under one of these houses, not having room sufficient for his huge body, actually lifted the whole building and carried it away on his back.

Now this leads us to make an observation which may be useful to our young readers. It is this, that the customs and manners of foreign countries are very different from our own; that things which appear to us perfectly absurd and impossible, may yet be true. If without such an explanation as we have now given, you were told that an elephant had thrown down a house, or carried it away on his back, you would think that the person telling you was trying to deceive you; and yet it might be quite true. Now the sacred Scriptures were written in countries far distant from our own, and contain many allusions to customs and practices unknown here. You may perhaps meet with persons ignorant or wicked enough to try to throw a doubt on some of the facts or allusions to be found in the book of God, merely because such things are not known or practised in England. In such cases ask your parents, or teachers, or your minister, for an explanation, and you will find that travellers in eastern countries who were acquainted with the sacred Scriptures, and valued them, have found them confirmed most wonderfully by what they have seen. As a missionary once remarked, he seemed to be quite at home with the Scriptures in Eastern countries, he could perceive beauties in them he had never seen before.

NEWS FROM AFAR.

CEYLON.

To the Scholars of the Baptist Sunday School, St. Alban's.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—As I hear that my previous letters are acceptable to you, and are thought sufficiently interesting to be inserted in the "Juvenile Missionary Herald," I am encouraged to write more, and I sincerely hope that they may help to produce in your minds, and in the minds of the thousands of happy English children who read the Herald, a deeper interest in the welfare of the heathen world. While thinking about subjects for future letters, it has occurred to me that I have begun at the wrong end, and have been telling you about schools and heathen customs when I ought first to have described the country and the people about whom I write. Going back, therefore, to the place where I ought to have begun, I will give you a short account of these things, by which, I trust, you will be better able to understand the contents of future letters.

CEYLON is one of the most beautiful islands in the world. It lies in the Indian ocean, at the south of Hindostan, from which it is only separated by a broken chain of rocks and sand banks, that in former times, doubtless, connected it with the main land. Many fanciful and poetic names have been given to Ceylon, such as the Eden of the eastern wave, the queen lotus of the Indian seas, the pearl-drop of the ocean, the paradise of the east, the garden of India, the Pandora of islands, the brightest jewel in Victoria's crown, and India's utmost isle Taprobané; but the name by which it is most commonly known is that of the Cinnamon isle, on account of the quantity and excellence of the cinnamon it produces. Captains and passengers of ships sometimes take advantage of this, and practise what they call a little pleasant deceit upon those who are not so well informed as themselves. When a ship is getting near Ceylon, a little cinnamon oil is secretly spilled on the deck, or a

stick of cinnamon is burnt, the fragrance of which is soon perceived by all on board, and is attributed to the spicy air which blows upon them from the island. It is probable that the deception thus practised gave rise to the mistake of Heber, whose beautiful missionary hymn everybody admires. I dare say you have often read, if not sung, the lines,—

“What though the *spicy breezes*
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Where every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile.”

And you will not, perhaps, thank me for dispelling the pleasing illusion, when I tell you that no such “spicy breezes” ever blow. I have passed through cinnamon gardens containing myriads of plants, and can assure you that there is no more scent from the tree when it is growing, than there is from a gooseberry bush. It is the bark, when stripped from the tree and dried for sale, not the growing tree, that yields the delicious fragrance.

It is said that the first Englishman who ever visited Ceylon was Sir Thomas Maundeville, a native of *St. Albans*. This was about three hundred years ago; and he described the island as abounding in serpents, crocodiles, and wild beasts, especially in gigantic elephants. He also noticed the tradition respecting the mountain called Adam's Peak, where, it is said, that Adam and Eve, after they were driven out of Paradise, wept for a hundred years, till they filled a lake with their penitential tears. His account of the serpents and wild beasts is true at the present day, but the tradition about Adam and Eve is of course a fable.

Viewed from the sea, the island has a most picturesque appearance. The interior is full of mountains, some “of extraordinary shapes, resembling ruined battlements, ancient castles, and lofty pyramids.” The sea-coast is everywhere level, and so thickly studded with cocoa-nut trees that there seems no room for the

rays of the sun to enter between them. I shall never forget the emotions of pleasure with which, more than seven years ago, we approached the island—our future home—after having spent twenty-one weeks on the wide world of waters. We saw a number of native canoes, one of which was sent to our ship with letters; and we had a good opportunity of examining their construction. The canoe itself is the trunk of a tree hollowed out, the sides raised with wide planks, and the whole connected by two curved poles to a long log of wood, which floats on the water at a distance from the body of the canoe, but parallel with it. Not a single nail is used in its construction, but its sides are *sewed* on with string made of the husk of the cocoa-nut, and the two poles are tied on with the same material. The appearance, at a little distance, is that of two long, narrow canoes (one smaller than the other) connected by two long arms. There are hundreds of these—all built exactly alike—used by the natives for fishing. They have one large sail, and shoot along with amazing rapidity. We were struck with the wretched appearance of the fishermen, who had no other clothing than a small piece of cloth which, twisted round the waist, passed between the legs, and tucked up behind. Their skins were nearly black, and their mouths seemed to be full of blood, which, on inquiry, we found to be the juice of the areka-nut and betel-leaf they are continually chewing. This reddens and decays their teeth, and gives them, especially when they speak, a very disgusting appearance. We have since found this habit to be almost universal, and the dress too, if dress it can be called.

COLOMBO, the port at which we landed, is a city containing nearly a hundred thousand inhabitants. The majority are Singhalese. Next in number are the Moors, a race of men who speak the Tamil language, and profess the Mahometan religion. Next the Tamil Hindoos; then the Burghers, or descendants of the Dutch and Portuguese; and then the English. There are also a few Parsees, who are fire-worshippers, Arabs, and strangers of other

nations. The number of English in Colombo, including soldiers, is probably about fifteen hundred. It is affecting to see the streets thronged with natives, almost all of whom are worshippers of false gods, and many of whom bear outward marks of their idolatry and superstition in the stripes made with ashes upon their foreheads, breasts, and shoulders, and the charms tied round their arms and necks. Like Paul at Athens, the Christian feels his spirit "stirred in him," and his heartfelt prayer for them is that they may be brought to forsake their lying vanities, and serve the living God.

I subjoin a beautiful poem, descriptive of the island, composed by a friend of mine, now in Colombo. Yours, sincerely,

C. C. DAWSON.

THE PARADISE OF THE EAST.

Embosom'd amid Indian seas,
 Enlighten'd by Sol's earliest smile,
 And fann'd by many a gentle breeze,
 There lies a fair and fruitful isle;
 Confess'd the best and brightest gem
 In Britain's orient diadem.

O'er its bright bosom God hath spread
 A glorious robe of evergreen;
 'Midst which, in mazy wand'rings led,
 Ten thousand silvery streams are seen,
 Winding through beauteous, blooming bowers,
 Teeming with trees, and fruits, and flowers.

With verdant hills and mountains old
 This land is richly studded o'er;
 Whilst Asia's heat and Europe's cold
 Are temper'd on its favour'd shore;
 And scenes more lovely and sublime
 Exist not under any clime.

Enamour'd of the sea-breeze mild,
The cocoa girds its strand around;
And 'midst its glens and valleys wild,
Herbs, roots, and golden grain abound:
While, where its mountain-torrents rave,
A thousand noble forests wave,

'Midst which bright birds of rainbow dyes,
All lively flit on wanton wing;
Or when the sun doth set or rise,
Their evening lay or matins sing,
In strains which not e'en Philomel
For soothing softness can excel.

The far-famed spice of this fair land
Clothes many a snow-white sandy plain
With green; and 'midst its mountains stand
Glad gardens of the luscious cane,
And groves of fragrant coffee trees,
Throwing sweet perfumes on the breeze.

All that to man's taste, eye, or ear,
Can yield or pleasure or delight,
Meet and combine their richness here.
All, all is glorious, glowing, bright;
Like visionings of paradise
In a young poet's mind that rise.

What lacks there yet? Alas for *man*,
Dark, dark, amid the noontide blaze,
He grovels still, nor seeks to scan
His destiny by Truth's blest rays!
Enveloped in a mental gloom,
Deep as the darkness of the tomb.

The Lusians* spread a fatal glare,
To death and darkness close allied;
A purer light the Belgians† bare,
Which flickering faint, has well nigh died;

* The Portuguese, who first held part of Ceylon.

† The Dutch, who followed them.

And Britain's sons have crossed the main,
And laboured here almost in vain.

To *THEE*, then, Source of Light, we pray,
That *Thou* wouldst in thy mercy please
To pour the *noon* of Gospel day
On the benighted Ceylonee;—
Rise! Sun of Righteousness! arise,
And gild again a Paradise!

A. M. F.

REGION OF OLD CALABAR.

BY MR. SOMERVILLE.

CALABAR may be said to be the key to Central Africa. A few words will give you a general idea of the locality. Suppose yourselves on board the mission ship. On the forty-sixth morning after leaving Liverpool you come on deck, and are informed that you have reached your destination. You look around with eager interest: what is it that you behold? On your left is an extensive tract of low marshy country. That is the Delta of the Niger—the spot long sought in vain—where this magnificent river, after a course of 2500 miles, discharges its waters into the ocean by twenty mouths. On your right is the Cameroons, a mountainous ridge rising to the height of 14,000 feet, and still further to the right is the elevated and beautiful island of Fernando Po, distant about sixty miles. In front of you is the estuary, or Firth of Old Calabar. It is wide and winding. Sail up this frith and you will soon perceive that you are in a land of heathenism. When Lander ascended it a few years ago, he saw a human being suspended from a tree, his hands and feet immersed in the water. It was a sacrifice to the demon of the river. Surely such a sight will make you hasten sail, that you may the more quickly be at your work.

FOUNTAIN OF SILOAM.

BENEATH Moriah's rocky side
A gentle fountain springs ;
Silent and soft its waters glide ;
Like the peace the Spirit brings.

The thirsty Arab stoops to drink
Of the cool and quiet wave,
And the thirsty spirit stops to think
Of Him who came to save.

Siloam is the fountain's name,
It means "one sent from God ;"
And thus the holy Saviour's fame
It gently spreads abroad.

Oh grant that I, like this sweet well,
May Jesus' image bear,
And spend my life, my all, to tell
How full his mercies are !

Rev. R. M. M'Cheyne.

A GOOD HINT.

THE Rev. T. Davies, (of Maidenhead,) in seconding one of the resolutions, at the Meeting of the London Missionary Society, said, that they had in his church adopted the following plan for increasing the circulation of the "Juvenile Missionary Magazine." Every child in the Sunday School, who behaved well for four consecutive Sabbaths, received as a reward, one of the Magazines ; and, at the end of the year, every child who had obtained twelve, and, therefore, had a good character throughout the year, had the privilege of having them nicely bound.

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



NEGRO HOUSE—INTERIOR.

THE woodcut represents the interior of a Negro Cottage.
Above is a bamboo, on which hang some articles of
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clothing. On the right of the woman with her pail is a straw hat, and before her hangs a cage: two parrots appear, one in the cage and the other on the window shutter. A carved gourd is also hanging on a nail, and a few small branches, with leaves, are on the top of the water pail, to prevent the water from coming over. Behind her is a table on which stand water decanters, and by the side of the table is the clay jar for holding the water; by its side is a gourd with a handle for taking up the water; something is being boiled in an earthen or copper pot; the hen with her chickens are eating at the mangoes and pine apple, which are near. The woman with the pestle and mortar is preparing fufu or foofoo, the common food of the Negro.

EMILY LINDS, A YOUNG GIRL OF COLOUR.

EMILY LINDS was the only child of a poor but industrious member of one of the Baptist Churches in Jamaica, of African descent, who saw the necessity of education, and regularly sent her child to school, where she received such instruction as was suited to her station in life.

About two or three years ago, Emily left the day school in order to obtain a livelihood for herself, as she was then about fifteen years of age. She still, however, attended the Sabbath School, but was very giddy and thoughtless, and though she read the Scriptures, Sabbath after Sabbath, yet seemed to think *nothing* of the necessity of *true* religion. I frequently had an opportunity of noticing her behaviour, as when her teacher was absent on account of illness, I took the class, and I often spoke to her about her inattention and carelessness.

We were much pained to observe a growing disrelish for religion and a disinclination to attend to what was said to her

in the school. When spoken to she often became sulky, and on one occasion exceedingly impertinent and rude to her teacher. She soon saw that she had acted improperly on this latter occasion, and wrote to her teacher a few days afterwards, begging her to forgive her, and saying that she knew she had acted wrong, and was sorry for it.

She was not satisfied with this merely, but went to her teacher's house and again apologised for her conduct, and promised to be more attentive and obedient.

Before she could fulfil her promise she was taken ill, and, after her recovery, every one remarked how well she seemed, for she looked the very picture of health, and we little thought that *she* would so soon be numbered with the dead.

She took cold, and soon the seeds of consumption, which carries off so many of the young and beautiful in England, were visible in her frame.

Many of the young people in the church went to see her : they talked to her and prayed with her. She acquiesced in all they said, but still seemed unwilling to attend to the concerns of eternity. The teachers of the Sabbath School frequently visited her, and two or three of them in particular reasoned with her, and besought her to seek the Lord : they told her it was likely she would not recover ; she seemed indifferent, and they could not get her to speak at all on the all-important subject, or answer their questions.

Her minister also complained of her unwillingness to say anything about the state of her mind, and expressed his pain and regret on that account ; she evidently avoided giving any answer ; and so she continued for many months, her minister and friends still exhorting her to give her heart to the Saviour, and she still "halting between two opinions," unwilling to give up the pleasures of the world which she hoped she might still enjoy.

A few weeks before her death she was removed to the house of her aunt, where she was more immediately surrounded by Christian friends, and they ceased not to urge her to flee from the wrath to come. On one occasion after her teacher had been talking very seriously to her, she became more free and acknowledged her sins and iniquities; when with still greater earnestness she was pointed to Jesus the sinner's Friend, who has promised to cast out none who come unto him. A sudden change was soon visible in her; she gave up herself entirely to the Saviour, obtaining pardon through the blood of the Lamb, and expressed to all around the happiness she enjoyed.

She was becoming weaker and weaker every day, for she could not walk, and she knew that her body was fast going to decay, that indeed she would soon have to give an account of herself to God.

A week before her death she sent for all her young companions and spoke to them two and two. She affectionately urged them to seek the Lord in the days of their youth, and not to put off the concerns of eternity to a dying hour. To two of her young friends she spoke more than to the others, as they were her constant associates. She said, "I beseech you to attend the chapel regularly; attend your class, and do not be giddy and trifling in the house of God. I used to laugh with you, but now I feel sorry for it, and pray that God will forgive me. When you feel inclined to laugh in chapel remember Emily Linds how sorry she was for her conduct when she was laid upon a death-bed."

Her minister was present when she thus spoke, though she was not aware of it, and when he entered the room her eyes were closed, and she was repeating, "Come, death, and take my soul away." "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." "Lord, why are thy chariot wheels so long in coming!" "But," he said, "you must not be impatient, you must be willing to wait God's time."

"Yes," said she, "God's time is best; but oh! I long to go."

Thus she went on speaking for some time, her cough frequently interrupting her, and she felt that her end was approaching, but she said she was quite happy, for she was going to Jesus.

Her mother was crying, and it very much distressed her. She said, "Mother, why do you cry? because I am going to Jesus? did He not say, 'Take this child and nurse it for me,' and are you unwilling to give me up? Do not cry, dear mother, it is better for me to die, for I shall meet you in heaven, and, perhaps, if I live I may join the multitude to do evil."

The next day she sent for her teacher and told her what God had done for her soul. "Miss Eliza," she said, "I know I have given you a great deal of trouble, and have often been rude to you, but I thank you for all you have said to me. I did not like it *then*, but I beg your pardon, and I am very thankful to you for what you have done; for you have been the means of leading me to God, and it is all owing to the instruction I received at the Sabbath School that I have been brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.

"I thank *all* the teachers for their kindness to me; tell them not to be discouraged, but *go on*; even if the children are rude do not mind; *still go on*; tell them of their sin and danger; tell them of Emily Linds how *she* behaved and how sorry *she* was. Let me be an example to them."

This she spoke at intervals, for she breathed with difficulty, and was so weak that she could not move herself without help.

She then went on, "Forgive me, Miss Eliza, for all my rudeness to you. I wish I had attended to what you said, but my heart was hard; I did not like you or my school-mistress to speak to me, but I wish I had those opportunities *now*.

"Attend all the week evening services, Miss Eliza, and attend your class. Oh how I neglected them—I wish I was there now."

Her teacher then asked her where she would like her to read.

"Oh, in the Psalms, Miss Eliza, the Psalms of David : I do so love to hear them."

One of her schoolfellows, who had turned into the paths of sin and folly, wished very much to see her. For some reason or other, which she did not explain, she did not seem willing to allow him to come in; her mother sent for her teacher to persuade her to see him. Her teacher talked to her for some time, and at last prevailed upon her to consent. When he came in she said, "You see what I am now—I am laid on a bed of death. I used to be like you; but, alas, now I see my folly, and I beseech you to give up your wicked ways and return unto the Lord; you once made a show of Christianity, but you have gone far in the way of sin. Beware of the horse race, the gambling table, and the dancing room." This she repeated three times, and then said, "Remember the warning I have given you, and do not forget the last words of Emily Linds!"

I went to see her the evening before she died; she affectionately took my hand and said, "I thought I should have gone to-day. I long to go, for I do not feel afraid of death, for I know that I shall go to Jesus. Tell minister that I feel quite happy, quite ready to go when God sees fit: but I feel that I shall not live long."

The next day (Sunday) numbers of people went to see her. She conversed freely and talked much of the love of Jesus, and that unworthy though she was, her sins had been all forgiven through his precious blood; she felt unspeakably happy, and her friends expressed themselves much pleased and profited by her discourse, whilst the solemnity of the scene before them was calculated to awaken the sincerest feelings of gratitude to God that she had been enabled to cast her burden of sin at the foot of the cross, and thus meet death not only without fear but with courage and joyful hope.

In the same happy state of mind she continued till about eight

o'clock the same evening, when her spirit took its flight to the mansions of eternal bliss.

Sabbath School children, attend to the dying request of poor Emily, and do not trifle in the house of God, where angels fear to tread, but remember that for all the opportunities of hearing the word, which you have neglected, you will have to give an account to God.

Sabbath School teachers, does not this encourage you to go on in your work of faith and labour of love? Here is another instance of the advantage of Sabbath Schools! another brand plucked from the burning!

"Let him know that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins." That we may be the means of "turning many to righteousness" is the earnest prayer of

A SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER IN JAMAICA.

THE DATE PALM.

THIS tree is one of the most valuable of the trees of the east. The traveller Burckhardt tells us that date trees are sold by the single tree, and the price paid to a girl's father on marrying her, often consists of such trees. The tree differs from most others, in affording not only grateful refreshment, but substantial food. It affords to many tribes in Upper Egypt, and to multitudes in other countries, almost their only provision. The palm abounds everywhere on the edge of the vast African desert, where no grain and scarcely any other tree can grow: so that the region is sometimes called the Land of Dates.—*From Sheppard on Trees.*



THE DATE PALM.

NEWS FROM AFAR.

BERLIN.

We sometimes bring news from India. Now we have tidings from a place nearer home; where, however, the people know very little of many of the blessings which English children enjoy.

The following account of the formation of a Sunday school at Berlin will gratify our young friends. It is taken from a letter of M. Gülzand, who was at the time supplying the place of Mr. Lehmann.

“We have lately had much pleasing encouragement here in that important part of the Lord’s vineyard, our Sabbath schools. On my arrival here, Feb. 4th, I took an early opportunity of being present at a Sabbath school meeting, and was rather pained than gratified to see from thirty to forty children, who, on that day at least, were all to be instructed by *one* teacher, and could not help at once feeling that here much room for improvement offered. My unacquaintance with the members of the church, precluded a personal appeal on my part on the subject; I, therefore, applied to the deacons to point out to me such of them as were likely to prove adapted to the work of Sunday school instruction.

At the next church meeting (the first held under my superintendence) I adverted to the condition of the Sunday school, expressed my opinion on it, and proposed four brethren and two sisters for teachers, which proposition was unanimously agreed to by the church. In the afternoon of that day fifty-four children attended; many members of the church and congregation who had latterly kept their children at home, now felt interested in again sending them. On the following Sabbath the number of teachers was increased by two, and the children by eighteen. Feb. 10th we had ten new scholars: on that day the names entered on the school books were sixty-four. Thus at first little could be done, besides taking down the names and residences of the children, and so

classifying them as to appoint to each of the teachers their own little circle.

"From the commencement of these efforts we had much felt the want of scripture-tickets, usually given to the scholars either for reward or encouragement, and also the want of books suitable for very young children. We applied for aid to our friends at Hamburg, and were by them soon furnished with books and tickets, and what was more, were favoured by a visit from brother Elnoin, the superintendent of the Hamburg Baptist Sabbath school; who was from long experience enabled to give much valuable advice during our conferences for the improvement of the school here. Additional encouragement was afforded us on Feb. 25th, when eighteen scholars were added, and one teacher. The spark had now been fanned into a flame. The tickets and pretty little books may not have been without *their* influence, but be that as it may, on March 4th forty-three new children had applied for admission. We looked at each other in silent astonishment, this we could not have anticipated, but more were yet to come. March 11th, forty-five children applied for admission, so that the present number on our books is one hundred and seventy.

"Do not, however, be under the impression that these children have merely strayed here, and are therefore likely soon to leave off attending; the parents of all the new scholars have been weekly visited by the teachers, and asked whether their children attend our Sabbath school with their consent. On these occasions they are always courteously received, and in return, the parents are invited to attend our meetings; many *have* in consequence of the invitation attended, and a double blessing is thus secured. We cannot yet consent to part with brother Elnoin, at least not until the great increase of scholars in a measure subsides.

"May the Lord crown this work with his richest blessing, and permit this short sketch to serve as an encouragement to other churches."

THE SONG OF THE DYING SWAN.

Child. How long will the swan live?

Parent. It is not known. A goose has been known to live a hundred years; and, from the firmer texture of the flesh of the swan, that would probably live longer.

C. Does the swan sing?

P. No; I believe not. The ancients used to suppose it did; but it is now understood that it utters only a kind of shrill hiss or whistle.

C. But Tom told me that he read, in a poem, of the dying song of the swan. Is it not true that the swan ever sings so?

P. Poems do not always tell what is true. They sometimes instruct by using fables. This is one of the fables of the ancients. But I can tell you about a death which is equally beautiful, and it is all true. Shall I tell it to you?

C. O yes; I want to hear it.

P. Swartz was a missionary; that is, one who left his own country to preach the gospel to the heathen. He died at the age of seventy-two, having been a missionary forty-eight years in India. He had such a high character among the heathen, that he was suffered to pass unmolested through the savage and lawless tribes. They said, "Let him alone—let him pass,—he is a man of God!" A tyrant named Hyder Ally, while he refused to enter into a treaty with others, said, "Send me Swartz; send me the christian missionary to treat with me, for with him only can I treat." The people had been so cruelly used, that they left their lands, and refused to raise anything. All they had raised had been seized and taken away. The whole country would soon have been in a famine. The heathen ruler promised justice, and tried to induce them to go back to their plains, but all in vain. Swartz then wrote to them, making the same promises. Seven thousand men turned to their land in one day.

When he came to die, he lay for a time apparently lifeless. Gerricke, a worthy fellow-labourer from the same country, supposing he was actually dead, began to chant over his remains a stanza of the beautiful hymn of which they used to sing together, to soothe each other, in his lifetime. The verses were sung through, without a motion or a sign of life from the still form before him; but, when the last clause was over, the voice which was supposed to be hushed in death, took up the second stanza of the same hymn, completed it with a distinct and sweet utterance; and then it was hushed, and was heard no more. The soul rose with the last strain.

Is not this more touching and beautiful than the fable about the dying swan? I hope you will remember it, and whenever you read of the swan you will recollect this story, and think how sweetly death comes to a man who has faithfully served Jesus Christ.

TODD.

JUVENILE MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

NEW PARK STREET SUNDAY-SCHOOL.—On Tuesday evening, June 19th, a lecture was delivered in the school-room, by Rev. Eustace Carey, on "Idolatry," illustrated by several rejected idols. At the close of the meeting, the contributions for the past quarter were received, which amounted to £10. 18s. 11d., of which sum £3. 5s. was collected by the young friends of the congregation, the remainder by the teachers of the school in their respective classes. We congratulate our young friends that they have been enabled to do so much for the Mission. If the teachers and children of all our Sunday-schools would work and give like those of New Park Street, there would be no abandoning of Mission schools, or withdrawing native preachers.

HASTINGS.—WELLINGTON SQUARE CHAPEL.—On Sunday afternoon, June 10th, a lecture was delivered in the school-room, by Mr. Thomas J. Cole, on "Christian Missions," showing the necessity for Christian Missions, the effects of missionary labours in raising the heathen from their state of degradation, and the efforts that can be made by young people to help this good work. The lecture was illustrated by the large missionary map and drawings of various idols. The children seemed deeply interested, and at the close the teachers expressed their determination to do what they could for the advancement of the Mission cause.

ISLINGTON GREEN SUNDAY SCHOOL, (2ND CHURCH.)—On Sunday afternoon, May 6th, a highly interesting juvenile meeting was held, when Messrs. Henry Keen and Henry Potter addressed the children on the claims of the Mission cause, and illustrated their addresses by the large missionary map.—J. E. T.

OUR OWN BOOKSHELF.

Missionary Stories from the South Seas. Price One Penny.

THE first number of the above series contains missionary addresses, delivered by natives at the May meetings, in the South Seas. Our young friends have all heard of the labours of the beloved missionaries in the South Seas, and if they wish to hear of the success of their labours, we hope they will procure the little book; and if they do so, we are sure they will read it with pleasure, and, we hope, *with profit*.

CANTERBURY.

From Mr. Ashdown, the Secretary of the Canterbury Juvenile Missionary Association, we hear good accounts of our young friends there. The Collecting Books have yielded £29 5s. 4d., and the Boxes £15 9s. 11d. £55 in all.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

"Genesis xv. 17, 18. "A burning lamp that passed between the pieces: in the same day the Lord made a covenant with Abraham."

This is probably a symbol of the Divine presence, and ratified the covenant: the burning lamp is still used in the East, in confirmation of a covenant: on occasions of great importance they will say, "We invoke the lamp of the temple. It is still a general practice, at the celebration of a respectable marriage, to have a fire of the man-go-hee, as a witness of the transaction.

John vi. 2. "Him hath God the Father sealed."

This saying is difficult, and has been variously understood: the following is one explanation. Most Christians believe that our blessed Lord laid down his life as an atonement for the sins of the world; and to this circumstance the saying, "Him hath God the Father sealed," seems evidently to refer. It certainly was the custom among nations round Judea to *set a seal* upon the victim that was deemed proper for sacrifice. The account of providing white bulls among the Egyptians, for sacrifices to their god Apis, illustrates this:—"If they find even *one black hair* they deem him *unclean*; but if the priest, after diligent search, find him to be without blemish, he signifies it by binding a label to his horns; then applying wax, he *seals* it with his *ring*, and the beast is led away: but to sacrifice one, not thus sealed, is an offence punished with death." Thus God, infinite in holiness and justice, found Jesus to be a lamb without spot or imperfection, and therefore *sealed* him—pointed him out, and accepted him as a proper sacrifice for the sins of mankind.

SEEK YE THE LORD!

For the Juvenile Missionary Herald.

SEEK ye the Lord! the day is spent,
Eternity draws nigh,
The shades of ev'ning gather fast,—
Repent, or ye must die!

Must pass from all the joys of earth,—
 These visions bright and fair,—
 To dwell for ever in the realms
 Of hopeless, dark despair !

Where not one ray of cheering light,
 One gleam of hope is shed,
 No whisper'd sound of mercy steals
 Over the living dead.

Then turn thee, sinner, Jesus gives
 Salvation, full and free,
 Purchas'd by his unmeasur'd love
 On mournful Calvary.

Come to this fountain, sinner, come,
 And wash thy guilty soul ;
 Nothing but Jesus' precious blood
 Can make the ruin'd whole !

E. C. S.

OUR DOVE OFFERINGS,

Received up to the 30th June, 1849.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Previously acknow-				Bishop Stortford ..	0	14	2
ledged on Cover				Blockley	1	12	0
of May Herald ..294	2	0		Bow	0	12	7
Alcester	1	5	0	Calne	0	10	0
Ashford	1	3	0	Canterbury	2	15	0
Battersea	0	17	11	Chapmanslade.....	0	7	2
Beccles	1	13	10	Colchester	3	3	0
Bildestone, S. S. ..	1	0	0	Crosby Garrett	1	0	0



**SUGAR MAKING—INTERIOR OF THE SUGAR
MILL.**

WHEN the cane has been cut, and all the trash or loose leaves, and top removed, it is divided into short lengths and then crushed between metal rollers, as is seen in the accompanying cut. These rollers are turned by a large water wheel outside the building. As the cane is

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bruised, the juice is squeezed out of it, and runs off by a small channel into the boiling-house. What becomes of it there we hope to see in our next number.

THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN AT JUBILEE STATION AT BIMBIA (ISUBU COUNTRY) WESTERN AFRICA.

IN 1845 brother Merrick revisited Cameroons river from his station Jubilee, and being in want of a female house-servant to lighten the domestic toils of his dear wife, he applied to prince Josh, a petty chief, at the mouth of the river, for a girl. This man had repeatedly shown a friendly, accommodating spirit to brother Merrick, and as soon as asked, he ordered two children to be brought down to the beach where the missionary boat was ready to be pushed off for his return homewards; they were of ages from ten to twelve years. Brother Merrick scanned their respective countenances, chose the one called 'Nggoko, and directed her to be placed in the boat.

The little creature did not understand the conversation between prince Josh and brother Merrick, for she had only lately been surreptitiously taken from Abo, a town many miles higher up the river, and where another dialect of the Dualla (or Cameroons) language than that at the river's mouth is currently used; the child possibly thought she had been sold to the white man to be eaten by him, for some Africans think they are greatly esteemed as articles of cookery by white foreigners, so she began to vociferate her terrors and to struggle for liberty with her utmost strength; her distress nearly moved the compassionate mind of brother Merrick to restore her, but the impulse was over—ruled by that merciful Being who had a blessing in store for the frightened 'Nggoko.

She was soothed considerably by the language of kindness, so plainly spoken by every action of her new guardian, a language

she began to apprehend, though her untutored and inexperienced mind had probably never before been so addressed ; and when she was landed at the mission station at Bimbia, and, in place of being flayed of her skin, had that covered by garments like to those she saw on the white woman, and, instead of being chopped into morsels for the frying-pan, was served by a cook to fish and flesh, she was acquainted with and housed in what appeared to her as a palace. She had never seen the like of this, she began to breathe more freely, to wear a more serene countenance, and in a short time to evince a confidence in her protectors.

A new name was given to her, and ever since she has been called "Fanny Watson."

I must now revert to the occasion of her forcible abduction from Abo her native place. Her father had long while been a debtor in certain articles of trade to prince Josh ; the latter not being content to give longer credit, instructed some of his traders on their next visit to Abo to seize upon the man or other members of his family—'Nggoko, her mother, and an infant in arms, were apprehended, but the mother effected an escape with her babe : poor 'Nggoko was less fortunate ; but we have often heard, and have sometimes found, that blessings are frequently habited in the disguise of misfortunes.

Brother Merrick was quite alive to his obligations on account of his new inmate.

Wherefore, the first of the English language taught to Fanny was the Gospel in our version, and the little girl was in due time affected by the tale of God's love to lost sinners, and conviction of her own sinfulness made the sound of forgiveness sweetly joyous to her spirit ; dear Merrick and his wife were all the time suing Heaven's favour upon their humane efforts, and having asked for that which must be dear to a once crucified Redeemer, the soul of the little captive maid has been delivered from Satan's bondage, and now she joys in communion with her inestimable

friend and in a daily consecration of herself to Him who gave himself freely unto death for her. Fanny moves methodically and noiselessly through the domestic routines, a comfort and valuable assistant to Mrs. Merrick, a director of other little girls and a teacher in the Sabbath-school, and on other days in an apartment for the purpose.

Fanny scarcely ever needs reproof, either in her daily employment or as a scholar with other learners under Mr. Merrick. She is one of the most forward and intelligent, and by a contrivance which testifies to the heavenly character of her mind and affection, finds leisure in the mornings and evenings to pass considerable time with God in her nice little chamber. She prevents the dawning of the mornings, and closes the labours of the day by no stinted means of secret reading and prayer.

I expect to hear soon of her having been baptized and admitted into fellowship with the church at Jubilee; in that case she will become the first native baptized convert under the ministrations of our missionaries on the *Continent* of Western Africa.

A short while before I took leave of brother Merrick at Jubilee, in July last, prince Josh had applied to him for a return and surrender of Fanny—he purposed to give her rank amongst his many wives!

All our minds were of course strongly abhorrent of that purpose, and the dear object of it wept the most, and clung to her friendly patron and minister with convulsive force. Brother Merrick quieted her by saying, “Fanny, you must ask help of God; and your mistress and I, who know that the hearts of all men are in his power, will pray that prince Josh may be moved to pity and let you remain here.”

Our brother made a visit to Cameroons expressly on her behalf: a preventing grace preceded him in the journey, and after having fairly set before prince Josh the present state of Fanny’s mind, the moral beauty of the change wrought by God, and the foulness of

the desecration by which he would mar it if he persisted in his demand, the man 'of God had proof his prayer having come up acceptably from the beginning, for the licentious heathen broke a meditative silence of a few minutes by this gladdening sentence, "Keep him, Missa Merricky, me hab plenty o' woman, me no want for spoil him, and me no want pay for him; no more (only) let him Mudder see him one time for sabby (know) me no chap (eat) him, me no sell him."

Oh, what joyous satisfaction brother Merrick diffused amongst us and through the breast of his little adopted, *regenerated* maid, when I saw him return to Bimbia! Who does not think that prince Josh should have a reward of grace, though he makes no demand of right?

Here follows Fanny's farewell letter to me:

"DEAR DR. PRINCE—I am very sorry you are going away, and hope the Lord will take you across the mighty waters in safety. I hope the Lord will help you to do much good for my country; I am truly sorry to know that my own people are living without God, and should rejoice to see a God man going to live among them to tell them of Jesus who died to save us. Praying that the Lord will help you and bring you back to this land,

"I am, your humble servant,

"FANNY WATSON.

"June 26, 1848."

Since the foregoing was in type, the following letter has been received by a generous friend who had offered to buy little Fanny's freedom rather than that she should remain a slave. It is a touching expression of her gratitude and of her love to Christ:—

Jubilee, March 28th, 1849.

MY DEAR MADAM—I write to thank you for your kindness in giving your money to get me out of Josh's hands, but my master

has made up his mind not to pay him any money. I hope soon to go to my country, should the Lord open the way, and then I shall persuade my father not to take any money from my master, for I feel quite ashamed to think that my father would charge anything for me. I know great trials await me, but I trust the Lord will deliver me out of them all. My daily prayer to God is that he would send the Gospel of his Son to my country, and that the word of God may soon cover the world as the waters cover the sea. The Lord has been very gracious to me in rescuing me from the power of the wicked one: may I show forth my love and gratitude by walking in his commandments blameless—may your life be long spared to be a blessing to many, and to cause the afflicted and persecuted to rejoice, and many widows' hearts to sing for joy!

I am your humble servant,

FRANCES WATSON.

THE HEATHEN CHILD'S INQUIRY.

Ye happy English children, who live across the sea,
In front of idol gods, we hear, you never bow the knee;
Our parents takes us often to the temple, hand in hand,
And there we prostrate fall, before the idols of the land.

We are told that all good children to the temple ought to go,
With offerings in their hands, that they may wise and happy grow
And yet we hear from white men, you are happier far than we,
And wiser, though to gods like ours you never bow the knee.

Now tell us why you have no gods of clay, and wood, and stone,
And why you always bow the knee to one great God alone—
A God we never heard about, and one we cannot see,
Who dwells in heaven, as we are told, wherever that may be.

THE ENGLISH CHILD'S RESPONSE.

O little heathen children ! You cannot think the pain
We feel, because we know you pray to idol gods in vain ;
'Tis true they've eyes, and ears, and mouths, but none of them
can talk,
Or see, or hear, and though they've legs you know they cannot walk.

You ask us *why* we do not pray to idol gods like these,
And think it strange that little girls and boys across the seas
Should not, like you, join hand in hand, and to the temple go,
To offer at an idol's shrine, and wise and happy grow.

We have a book, a blessed book, a book you never saw,
That tells us of the one great God and of his holy law ;
It tells us he is Lord of all, in heaven and earth and sea,
And that to him, and him alone, we all should bow the knee.

'Twas he who made this world so fair, and all that it contains,
Who told the purple blood to flow within our little veins,
Who gives us food, and health, and friends, and night and day
provides
For all our wants, and all our friends, and all the world besides.

'Tis true we cannot see him with our little mortal eyes,
'Tis true he reigns in heaven supreme, above the lofty skies ;
But everything that he has made on earth he sees and knows ;
He looks with kindness on his friends—with anger on his foes.

He says that we must worship him, and pray to him alone,
Through Jesus Christ, who died on earth for sinners to atone ;
And grievous is the sin before an idol god to fall,
And give to that the glory due to God, the Lord of all.

O little heathen children ! We should like you much to see
The book that tells us how we all may wise and happy be
How we may have our hearts renewed, and all our sins forgiven,
Be holy while we live, and when we die ascend to heaven.

This precious book to send you, our hearts within us burn,
That you may learn its sacred truths, and from your idols turn
And a happy plan we've thought of, and resolve what we will do,
That you all may have the Bible, and some Christian teachers too.

To the mission we will give what little money we can spare,
We'll ask our friends and neighbours in the happy work to share ;
And we'll not forget to pray that God may all our efforts bless,
And in heathen lands to missionaries grant divine success.

C. C. D.

Kandy, May 3rd, 1849.

NEWS FROM AFAR.

CEYLON.

To the Scholars of the Baptist Sunday School, St. Albans.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS—The Singhalese vary in colour from a dark brown, or mahogany colour, to nearly black. They have bright black eyes, and black hair, which they all, men, women, and children, tie up in a knot behind. Servants, bullock-drivers, and others of the lowest class, dress like the fishermen referred to in my last letter, but more respectable natives have a cloth bound tightly round the waist, reaching down to the ankles, and some wear a jacket in addition. The women dress much in the same way. Indeed, so slight is the difference, that it was several days before we could distinguish a woman from a man. Some of the children are clad like their parents, but thousands of them wear no clothes at all. The love of jewellery is universal

among the females, but the Singhalese do not wear so much as the Tamils and the Moors. These will have from ten to twenty ear-rings in each ear, several nose-rings on one side of the nose, necklaces, bracelets, finger-rings, and anklets; the last containing a number of little bells, so that the lady has "music wherever she goes." The profusion of jewels distributed about the person of a bride and her female attendants, can scarcely be conceived by those who have not seen a native wedding. Mothers also love to adorn their children with jewels, and it is no uncommon thing to see a child without a single garment, having a gold necklace and other valuable ornaments dangling about its person. This custom, however, is dangerous, as children are sometimes stolen for the sake of the ornaments they wear. Some of the men wear occasionally a handkerchief or small turban on their heads, but a much greater number wear a large tortoise-shell comb. This is quite flat, in shape something like the blade of an ancient battle-axe, and is stuck on the crown of the head just above the knot, giving the wearer a very ridiculous appearance. They are so common, however, that even native preachers preach in them. Another comb is also generally worn in addition. It is about an inch wide, and bent in the shape of the head, so as to reach nearly from ear to ear. The women wear combs, but they are smaller and of a somewhat different shape. *Modelairs*, that is native headmen of the maritime provinces, wear coats, with a profusion of gold buttons, and shirts with gold or diamond studs; but the headmen of the interior, however high their rank, are never seen in such English-looking clothes. They ordinarily walk or drive about with their arms and shoulders bare. On state occasions they wear white muslin jackets crimped all over, and large hats of the same material crimped to correspond. Formerly almost every article of dress indicated the caste to which the wearer belonged, and many such distinctions still exist in the interior; but in Colombo, and some other large towns, where Europeans

reside, these distinctions are gradually dying away. The natives generally wear no shoes or any other covering for the feet; but the more respectable class wear a kind of sandals, which when they enter a house are *always* taken off and left at the door. A servant takes charge of them, and when required, carries them behind his master from place to place. This has often reminded me of the language of John the Baptist respecting our Lord, "whose shoes," or sandals, "I am not worthy to bear." The sandal-bearer also carries his master's umbrella, and this is so curious an article that I must give you a description of it. It is formed of part of a leaf of the talipot-tree, and is just like an enormous fan. This is handsomely gilded and otherwise ornamented, and held over the head by the servant, who if the weather be wet, exposes himself to the pelting rain while keeping his master dry. The umbrella, however, is chiefly used to screen off the sun, for which purpose three are sometimes used,—one held on each side and one over the head. Any exposure to the sun or rain on the part of the servants is thought nothing of, as they are generally low caste, and appear satisfied to be treated as an inferior race of beings. The most cringing servility is manifest in all their deportment, while their masters whom they call "Lord," and sometimes "Lord God," exact from them the utmost obedience. The dress of headmen, by which they are distinguished from other natives, consists chiefly in a superabundance of cloth twisted round their bodies. This is generally of the finest white muslin, twenty or thirty yards of which are wrapped round one person. A profusion of rings also, set with diamonds and other precious stones, decorates their fingers. I have seen on a headman's finger a single ring said to be worth £200. When a headman walks out he is followed by many attendants; it being accounted very mean to be attended by only a few. This will remind you of three hundred and eighteen servants of Abraham, who were all born in his house, and of the many intimations given us in Scripture of the importance attached by the

inhabitants of the east to a large number of servants. The Singalese generally travel on foot, but in the interior headmen sometimes ride on elephants, two or three servants sitting behind them, and many following on foot. More frequently they travel in palanquins. These you have often seen represented in pictures. They have no wheels, but are carried on the shoulders of six or eight men, half of them in front and the rest behind. A smaller kind, called a tom-jou, is sometimes used. It is like an arm chair with a hood to it, and can be carried by two persons. A few of the natives ride in bullock carts, and a few in carriages drawn by horses, like Europeans. For the carriage of goods a two-wheeled hooded cart is used. It is drawn by two bullocks or buffaloes, and is a safe though slow mode of conveyance. So great is the traffic between Colombo and Kandy, a distance of seventy-two miles, that about five hundred of these bullock bandies are always on the road.

In my next, I will describe the habitations and employment of the natives.

Yours sincerely,
C. C. DAWSON.

HOME INTELLIGENCE.

A COUPLE OF HINTS. PATNA ORPHAN REFUGE.

Liverpool.

DEAR SIR—If the following account be suitable for insertion in the Juvenile Missionary Herald as calculated to offer a suggestion or to increase an interest in the Refuge, it is at your service.

For some years our schools have sent £8 per annum for the support and Christian instruction of two orphan girls, at the Patna Refuge. We recently proposed to our boys that they should elect one of their number, to write to the children in the Refuge. Having done so, they were asked what they wished to know

about the children there, and their questions have been nicely embodied in the letter I enclose. One of our teachers is delivering two lectures on the Baptist Mission in India. We have a magic lantern at a small charge for hire, and the lectures are illustrated by upwards of twenty beautiful views sent us from the Mission house. We charge one penny admission, and purpose giving the proceeds to the Mission. These lectures I should say are only part of a series of "penny lectures" which, for two seasons, have been conducted by our teachers, and have a salutary influence both upon the schools and the lecturers.

I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

S. B. JACKSON.

JUVENILE MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

BUTTESLAND STREET, HOXTON.—On Monday, June 25th, a lecture was delivered by Mr. B. L. Green, on Idolatry, illustrated by several idols. The greatest interest was displayed by the young people, who listened with deep attention, when their condition in happy England was contrasted with the forlorn and wretched state of the heathen. Mr. Rothery, the minister of the chapel, spoke to the assembly, and concluded by prayer.

J. E. T.

ISLINGTON.—In the month of May last, a meeting was held, for the formation of a Juvenile Missionary Society, at Baker's Rooms, Islington, when the Rev. John Trafford of Weymouth presided, and a deputation attended from the Young Men's Missionary Association. About eighty young people were present, and manifested a deep interest in the missionary cause. A committee was appointed, who soon afterwards met, and issued monthly collecting cards. On the 22nd of July the *first quarterly* meeting was held, when the president, Mr. S. Jennings, took the chair, and as the *first* monthly cards had been received, it was found that the sum

collected by the young people amounted to about £2. After singing and prayer, the secretary gave a short account of the operations of each of the Baptist Missionary Societies, and intimated his intention of giving a brief missionary report at every quarterly meeting. Mr. Tresidder, Secretary of the Young Men's Missionary Association, then gave a most interesting address, illustrated by anecdotes, a large coloured missionary map, and several idols. The young folks afterwards held up *both hands*, and thanked Mr. Tresidder for his kindness, with acclamation! The President having announced that each of the young friends present would receive a copy of the missionary map, published by Nisbet, and presented to them by Mr. J. M. Jones, made some very felicitous remarks upon the "Illustrations of the Life of a Missionary," and the meeting was closed with singing and prayer.

THE BEST ENVELOPE FOR CONTRIBUTIONS.

A SERVANT girl at B—, who had attended the Ragged Schools, and derived much spiritual benefit from them, came one evening, at the close of the school, and put a note into the rector's hand. He found, to his surprise, upon opening it, that it contained half-a-sovereign. This was designed as the half-yearly contribution of this servant-girl, which she hoped to continue to give out of her wages of 8*l.* a-year, in thanksgiving to God for the blessing received through the Ragged Schools. On presenting it, the thankful girl expressed her sorrow that it was so small a sum; adding, as a kind of apology, "But, Sir, I have wrapt it in an earnest prayer, and with many tears." What a beautiful envelope was that! Dear little reader, let your heart be like hers, and *devise liberal things*, and take care that you wrap up all your contributions in this excellent envelope.—J. H. G.

FRAGMENTS WORTH GATHERING UP.

WHICH MUST IT BE?—You may die at any moment, and you are as near to heaven or hell as you are to death.—*James*.

BE COURTEOUS.—What I want is the heart and gaiety of social intercourse—the frankness that spreads ease and animation around it—the eye that speaks affability to all, that chases timidity from every bosom, and tells every man in the company to be confident and happy.—*Chalmers*.

A Christian needs both sanctifying grace and pardoning mercy; by the one God subdues our iniquities, by the other he forgives them.

The cross of Christ is the sweetest burden I ever bore! it is such a burden as wings are to a bird, or sails to a ship.—*Rutherford*.

The moralists of our age, while they try to mend and embellish human life, have never struck one effective blow at that ungodliness of the heart which is the germ of all the distempers of society.—*Chalmers*.

OUR DOVE OFFERINGS,

Received up to the 31st July, 1849.

	£	s.	d.
Previously acknowledged in August Herald	..	366	9 1
Foots Cray	1	10 1
Hackleton	0	10 0
Kislingbury	0	4 0
London—Blandford street	..	3	4 11
Reading	2	18 0
Sodbury	0	2 6
		<u>£374</u>	<u>18 7</u>

JOHN'S MISSIONARY BOX.

(From the Juvenile Instructor of the Church Missionary Society.)

At a Missionary Meeting held in one of the midland counties, the people were urged to try and collect for the Society by means of missionary boxes. After the meeting, one little boy, of about twelve years of age, came to the minister, and asked if he might have a box. "Yes, my boy," said he, "come home with me, and I'll give you one." When they came to the minister's study, they discovered that all the boxes had been already given away; so he said, "I'll write to London, and in two or three days I hope I shall have a fresh supply. Come then, and you shall have one." His little applicant was full of zeal; and as he saw the trains on the railway passing the town several times a day from London, he thought the boxes would come immediately; so the very next day he comes to the parsonage to inquire for his box, and also on the second, and the third, and the fourth day, and on every successive day, for fourteen days. At length the boxes came, and John's want was supplied; but scarcely half-an-hour had passed away, when the servant comes in and says, "Please, Sir, John's come again." "What can he want now?" said the minister. "I am very busy"—he was preparing for the Sabbath day—"however, I'll go and see." "Well, John, what now?" "Please, Sir, my missionary box." "But I don't want your missionary box till it's full." "Please, Sir, 'tis full." "What! full in half-an-hour?" The contents of the box were emptied out, and it was found to contain, in half-pence and pence, more than five shillings. John is again supplied with another box—like the former, one of those small boxes which the Society furnishes, for John was only a poor boy—but in three days John was back again with his missionary box full. So the minister said, "This will never do: I see that I shall have John continually coming: I'll search him out the biggest box in my house." So he gave him one of the largest missionary boxes. Still, John was back again in a fortnight to have

his box emptied, and two months afterwards he came again to have it emptied. Thus, within three months, that poor but earnest little boy has had his missionary box filled four times.

Now, my dear little reader, let me say to you, *Go and do thou likewise*. Full of the love of Jesus, and having that mind which was in Him, go, and in this way seek to help to bring home some lost sheep among the heathen: and it may be that the same testimony may be borne of you that was borne concerning little John by a friend of mine—"I never saw so happy a looking boy as John." The sure way to be happy is first to be holy, and then to be *always abounding in the work of the Lord*. God says, *It is a good thing always to be zealously affected in a good cause*.—J. H. G.



THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



SUGAR MAKING—INTERIOR OF THE BOILING-HOUSE.

WE have brought the sugar-cane from the field to the mill. In the mill we have seen it crushed between metal rollers, the juice running off by a small channel into the boiling-house, and now we have it there. It has found its way into the large plates or coppers, which are ranged in a row. A fire is burning beneath them, and is kept up

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chiefly by the trash or dried sugar-cane leaves and stalks. As the liquid sugar boils, the water is thrown off in vapour, and the solid material remains. It requires considerable skill to boil the sugar well. If the fire is too hot, the sugar is burnt: if not hot enough, the water is not driven off in vapour, and the sugar spoils or wastes.

RAMGOTI, THE VILLAGE BOY.

THE following history of Ramgoti, a boy connected with our station at Barisál, will interest our readers. It is furnished by Mr. Page:—

Madra is a village about two and a half days' journey N.W. of Barisál. Here, some three years ago, the Gospel of Christ was carried by a man named Kangali, who, previous to his reception of Christianity, was the head of a large body of poor, simple-minded people of the Chandal caste. That what he communicated in his wanderings about this district was the true Gospel, there can be little doubt; for to this day he is amongst us, by word and life witnessing to his sincerity. Hundreds have listened to his words. In the above village, many families with one mind renounced caste, and not a few made an open profession of faith in the Saviour by being baptized in his name. Amongst the latter there was a lad named Ramgoti. He was the poorest of the poor, and in appearance just such an one as would meet with nothing but scorn, if he did not excite pity. Reduced by a wasting sickness, and burdened (for to the poor even sacred obligations are at times burdensome) with the support of a widowed mother, and a widowed sister with her children, his was a cheerless lot. Who would have envied him? Who would have thought that we should have to write of him? But salvation, that sovereign gift which exalts Lazarus above the rich man, and raises him up to the lofty height of heavenly glory,—salvation was brought to the poor lad's door.

In August last I visited Madra among several other stations. Naturally enquiry was made into the life and conduct of all our people, particularly of the baptized. Some were consistent; others unworthy, but of Ramgoti who could speak ill? "There are two Christians in these villages," said an active and pious native preacher, "and one of them, and the better of them, is Ramgoti." This directed my attention to the boy. I took him apart, and had some conversation with him. I was surprised at his clear views of the Gospel, and at the depth of feeling with which he expressed them. There was no hypocrisy in that simple, serious, humble lad. He manifested a great desire to learn more of Christianity; and it was truly pleasing to hear his questions and replies. At the several services we had he was all attention. His heart was good ground, in which good seed was being sown. On one occasion I spoke to the people from John xiv. 1, 2. I wished to comfort them, for several of them had been greatly oppressed, and had suffered the loss of all things. After service Ramgoti came to my boat to talk with me. He was very ill, and our conversation turned on his sickness. "If Jesus Christ will," he said, "he can make me well: but if he chasten me, I will not complain." I told him his sickness might be unto death, and asked him if he knew any passage of Scripture which, with such a prospect, afforded him comfort. His eyes filled with tears as he replied—"Let not your heart be troubled; in my Father's house are many mansions." Be it remembered that he was not a school-boy trained to answer. He was ignorant of all things, save those precious truths, which none but the Almighty Spirit could have so powerfully impressed upon his heart.

In September, on my return home, I brought him with me, that he might have an opportunity of attending the hospital here. I wished also to know more of him, and myself to instruct one who valued so dearly religious knowledge. For a month and a half he was under my eye; and it must be owned that he was a

Christian indeed. No covetousness, no indolence, no unsteadiness was there in the lad. And yet how oft are these dispositions evinced! All the Christians loved him; and never a day did he speak an unkind word, or do an unlovely act. Sometimes he prayed at our little meetings: and then might one understand if the suppliant had been taught to pray by God or man. There was an artlessness and a feeling in his prayers which I have rarely witnessed; a sense of sin, an abasement of self, an humble clinging to the feet of Jesus, which nothing but sincerity could express. One morning, at sunrise, the Christians met (as was their custom) for prayer. I joined them, when Ramgoti was praying. Standing up in the midst of the little group, with hands uplifted, he was pouring out one of the most touching supplications I ever heard. The unaffected, simple, earnest strain of his prayer, interrupted now and then by the strength of his feelings, brought tears to my eyes. I thought, Can this be the village boy who, till lately, never bowed but before an idol, or a presumptuous man?

We all wished him to remain at Barisál till every effort could be made for his recovery: but he was so anxious about his mother and sister, that he would return home. Day by day he used to talk of them, and shed tears when he thought they might be in want of the necessities of life. "Who will look after my mother if I do not return? Do let me go, Sáhib: I will try and come again." He went; and I saw no more of him. But the testimony of all his brethren and neighbours convince me there was no mistake in my opinion of his character. He was always the same consistent lad. And, fault-finding as the natives are, none had an evil word to say of Ramgoti, even to his dying hour. Will it be affirming too much to say that he "grew in grace and in the knowledge of Jesus," when it is known that three times every day, alone in his little hut, he communed with God; that he loved prayer; and that he never went to his work, or on a visit to another village, or even to market, without first, in a few words,

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imploing the Divine presence? Nor was he known to take a single meal without imitating his Lord and Master, and asking a blessing. His little brother can tell of the severe rebuke he received from him—who was always so meek and gentle—for having put food to his mouth forgetful of the bounteous Giver of all.

But there is a touching, though a trifling, incident or two connected with his last hours which I cannot but record. He had gone to market on a Monday in February last: on his return he was taken very ill with fever. Hourly the disease gained strength. Death was knocking at his door. Mother and sister, as they saw their only earthly stay about to be removed, were greatly agitated, and wept much. But the pious youth comforted them: "Weep not," he said, "I am going to Jesus Christ; he calls me. But your grief and your tears delay my departure. I did wish to see the Sáhíb. I dreamed that he was here. Nevertheless he will think of you when I am gone. I am going to happiness." After a while, he called to his mother and said, "There, you will find an inkstand (it was worth six pice). When I was at Barisál, the sirkár's son gave it to me. But I have heard that the boy was punished for giving away anything without his father's knowledge. In this I was to blame. I did wrong in taking it. But I have owned to my fault, and asked forgiveness. For a long time I have wished to return the inkstand: but no one went from hence to whom I could entrust it. Now do you return it, mother. Take care, do not fail." So spoke this conscientious boy. He could not die in peace while he held so trifling an article belonging, as he judged, to another!

Very soon after this charge to his mother, he became conscious of the approach of the last enemy, and he prepared to meet him. "Let us pray," he said. On this, his mother and sister, who were the only persons near him (for no one else knew how rapidly he was dying), put themselves in the posture of prayer. He tried to

do the same, but was too weak to move. "Hold me up, mother," he cried, "I must not pray lying down." And then, supported by those dear to him, he began to call on the Saviour. Few were his words: but, from the depths of a sincere heart, they ascended high at the mercy seat; and they were numbered there. Oh! speedily shall he receive an answer. Faint was his utterance, and fainter still. Suddenly his voice failed, his head sunk, and the two lone widows, anxious to know why the prayer had ceased so abruptly, perceived that the suppliant had been called to the presence-chamber of his Lord.

LATIN AND LABOUR.

JOHN ADAMS, the second President of the United States, used to relate the following anecdote:—

"When I was a boy I had to study the Latin grammar; but it was dull, and I hated it. My father was anxious to send me to college, and therefore I studied the grammar till I could bear it no longer; and going to my father, I told him I did not like study, and asked for some other employment. It was opposing his wishes, and he was quick in his answer. 'Well, John, if Latin grammar does not suit you, you may try ditching; perhaps that will: my meadow yonder needs a ditch, and you may put by Latin and try that.'

"This seemed a delightful change, and to the meadow I went. But I soon found ditching harder than Latin, and the first forenoon was the longest I ever experienced. That day I ate the bread of labour, and glad was I when night came on. That night I made some comparison between Latin grammar and ditching, but said not a word about it. I dug next forenoon, and wanted to return to Latin at dinner; but it was humiliating, and I could not do it. At night, toil conquered pride; and, though it was one of the severest trials I ever had in my life, I told my father that, if he

chose, I would go back to Latin grammar. He was glad of it; and if I have since gained any distinction, it has been owing to the two days' labour in that abominable ditch."

Boys may learn several important lessons from this story. It shows how little they oftentimes appreciate their privileges. Those who are kept at study frequently think it a hardship needlessly imposed on them. But they must do something; and if set to ditching, would they like that any better? You may also learn from this anecdote, how much better your parents are qualified to judge of these things than yourselves. If John Adams had continued his ditching, instead of his Latin, his name would not probably have been known to us.—*Anecdotes for Boys.*

NEWS FROM AFAR.—INDIA.

To the Readers of the "Juvenile Missionary Herald."

Monghir, India, June 22, 1849.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—Though living so far off, I am favoured with a sight of your little "Herald," and much pleased I am to see what pains are taken to fill it with such matter as may interest you; and I should be very glad to add even a mite to your stock of information about the people among whom Missionaries have gone to preach.

I hardly need tell you that here nearly all the people are either Hindoos or Mahommedans. The Hindoos worship a great many false gods, whose histories are filled with such bad and shameful things, that I should be very much ashamed to write them, and very sorry for you to read them; and so you need not wonder that the people should be very bad, for the sheep go of course where the shepherd leads. But what a kind, wise, and holy Shepherd you are taught to follow! and so you, above all children, ought to grow up in love and goodness; for oh! whom would you follow, if not the meek and loving Jesus?


The Hindoos make idols of stone, and wood, and earth, and build temples of various sizes to put them in; and for this reason the Mahommedans find fault with them, and call them idolaters and infidels. And they call Christians infidels too, because we will not acknowledge Mahomet, and because we call Christ the Son of God, which they take great offence at, and often bring up against us, when we are preaching in the bazar.

But because the Mahommedans find fault with the Hindoos, and call them idolaters, do you suppose they are any better themselves? Alas, no! The Hindoos, as you have heard, worship the river Ganges; and the Mahommedans, on a set day in the year, spend much money and trouble to make rafts, in a variety of curious shapes, like boats, horses, and so on, which they light up with lamps, and set afloat on the river, in honour of Khaj Khizr, who, they say, was a prophet, and discovered the water of life. So what difference is there between them and the Hindoos?

Again, the Hindoos set up long bamboos, and put little red three-cornered flags on them, in honour of Hunooman, the monkey-god, whose picture you have formerly seen in this "Herald;" and the Mahommedans, once a year, set up a row of long bamboos near our bazar chapel, dressed out with flags from top to bottom, and at the top of all a large tuft of hair, and then, at night, with music and feasting and dancing, pair and marry these bamboos, to celebrate, as they say, the marriage of Gazeer Meer. So what good ground do you think they can have to blame the poor Hindoos? I must, however, say, that all the Mahommedans do not approve of this foolish custom; but I am sorry to add that those who do not,—who pretend to be wiser and more religious, and to worship none but God,—are not at all better in their conduct; and so their faith proves itself to be a dead faith, and their religious services, of which they make such a show, cannot be pleasing to God.

But once more. Just the other side of the road from our house,

the Mahommedans have set up an idol, which is worshipped by almost every Hindoo, as well as Mahommedan, in Monghir. They would not call it an idol, but I think I have a right to do so, for I should think anything that men put in the place of God may be called an idol. But what idol is this? It is a tomb, said to be that of a saint, called Peer Nuffah, and it is the custom of great numbers of persons, who have causes in the court, to vow that if the Peer will give them success, they will offer him a piece of cloth and sweetmeats, part of which, if not the whole, is taken by the fakeer, who lives at the tomb, and takes care of it, and his associates. Very often, companies of women, with gaudy clothes and much music, come to pay their respects to the Peer, and ask some favour of him. The tomb stands on a hillock, and there are steps to go up to it, and I have seen them, in reverence of the Peer, kiss every step as they went up. You will know there is no purity connected with this idolatry, any more than with any other, when I tell you that amongst the most frequent of the Peer's visitors, are companies of prostitutes, who often perform their shameless dances before the door of his tomb. Numbers of people every day, as they pass by the place, take off their shoes and make a low bow, and then put on their shoes again and walk on. And even those who pass up from the river after bathing, on a road that runs by our native preacher, Nainsookh's house, a good way off, stop opposite the tomb, which they can see over the fort wall, and make their salaam. Of course, when we see them, we ask them what possible use it can be to be making a bow to a man's tomb, who died so long ago, that even his bones are turned to dust. And we try to convince them that it is a great sin to turn away from the living God, to the grave of a dead man. Sometimes they will not stop to listen, sometimes they seem ashamed, and once Nainsookh saw a party of boatmen bringing sweetmeats to offer, and reasoned with them, and they saw the folly of what they were going to do, and turned back, and, I dare



say, ate the sweetmeats themselves. But we must work hard, and pray much for God to work with and by us, that this and every form of idolatry may be set aside. And it will be so by-and-by, for so it is written in Isaiah ii. 18, "The idols he shall utterly abolish."

Mahomet set up his religion by opposing idolatry and killing thousands of idolaters, and telling people they ought to worship one God, taking for his motto, "There is no God but the Lord, and Mahomet is his prophet;" and yet here we see his followers joining the Hindoos in their idolatry and their system of caste, and even more wicked in their conduct than they. So we see nothing that man can do or teach can keep from sin. But, my dear young friends, Jesus and his gospel can; and let me close by entreating you, if you have not done it already, to seek without delay to have Jesus and his gospel written in your hearts, that you may be holy now, and happy for ever.—Believe me, yours very affectionately,

J. PARSONS.

LETTER ABOUT JOHNNY AND HIS FOUR PENNIES.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—A few days since a letter came from the North of England, written by the mother of a little boy six years of age.

Would you like to know something that was in the letter?

Well, then, listen:—"Johnny sends you 1s. 6d. more for the African Mission; and I believe that he has really sought that the blessing of God may attend his little donation." It gave me very great pleasure to receive this 1s. 6d.; and I will tell you why. The little boy had earned it all in half-pennies, and he saved each half-penny, as he gained it, during a period of several weeks, until they amounted to the 1s. 6d. which he has sent for the poor Africans. A little while ago he sent 3s. for "The Dove." He had not so much of his own, so he asked some of his mamma's friends to help him, which they did.

I hope you all remember your Missionary Ship, for she cannot go all across the sea to Africa, without a great deal of money. Once, when Johnny was about four years old, he had four pennies in his possession, and he imagined himself very rich. So he began to think what he should do with all his money.

Can you guess, dear children? Did he buy some sweetmeats, or some playthings for himself? No; he never thought of doing so; but he remembered that some poor people came to the house, who had not enough to eat and drink. So with one penny he bought, at a neighbouring farm, two cups of milk, that he might give it to some of them. He then asked his mamma to send the remaining three pennies to Dr. Prince and Mr. Clarke, in Africa, with this message:—"Please tell them whenever they want anything, to let me know." I dare say some of you will smile at this message, and think it very foolish in Johnny to wish *three pennies* to be sent all the way to Africa, for this was his idea. But, remember, dear children, it was all that he had, and, in his estimation, a large sum. Pity for the poor heathen, and love for the kind missionaries who go to tell them the sweet story of the love of Jesus, made him glad to give it. How pleased I should be to hear that Johnny had given his *heart* to Christ; and then, perhaps, if he shall live to be a man, he will give *himself* to the Africans, to be one of their dear missionaries!

And now, my dear little friends, when you are thinking what to do with your money, will you remember "Johnny and his four pennies?" I have one more request to make. You must not deny me. Will you think about Jesus, who died in your stead on the cross? and because he loved you so much, will you love him in return, and give, not only your money, but your whole heart unto him? May every youthful reader of this letter be a lamb in the flock of that kind Shepherd who "laid down his life for the sheep!" This is the earnest prayer of one who loves you.

S. S.

ON THE BABUL (ACACIA ARABICA).

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—I promised to write something about this tree, and, as it inhabits the jungle, we may as well study this in connection with other wild plants. Some people think that the Babul is a very ugly tree, and at one time of the year, the commencement of the rains, it has indeed little to recommend it to the sight. At that time it drops its leaves, and we see nothing but the black, crooked, thorny branches. It certainly then looks a very gloomy miserable tree; but see it clothed with its new verdure, and glorious with yellow, deliciously-scented balls, and there are few trees which in elegance or perfume will rival it. The tree often reminds me of a good man of solid worth seen under disadvantageous circumstances. He may be despised for a time, but in his proper season he will appear in all his loveliness and attract the attention of all. And thus you remember our Lord himself appeared, whilst on earth, to many, as a root out of a dry ground; to them he had no form nor comeliness, and when they saw him there was no beauty that they should desire him. But to those whose eyes were enlightened, the Saviour appeared as the beautiful Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the valley.

This tree belongs to the extensive order of Leguminosæ, or bean tribe. All of this order have pods like a pea, that are split down the middle, and have the seed arranged on one side. The flowers of the hemp plant (san) are a beautiful illustration of this order. They have butterfly-shaped flowers, as they are called, and pods like peas. This order of plants is not only very extensive, but one of the most useful to man for ornament, utility, or nutriment. Various beautiful flowers, fancy woods, the furze, the broom, the bean, pea, vetch, clover, and lucerne, are included in this. From this, too, gum arabic, senegal and kino, and various precious medicinal drugs, not to mention indigo, the most useful of all dyes, are obtained. The name of the common Indian babul is

Acacia Arabica. It is so well known as a forest tree all over Upper India, that it must be unnecessary to describe it. Its hard dark bark, its long white thorns, its flowers like scented golden balls, and its pods notched after every seed, distinguish it, with its height, from the two other kinds of babul. In addition to this I may remark, that it grows without any cultivation and any watering, in the most dry and barren ground. Let us now think of its many uses.

Its bark is considered a powerful tonic, and is much used for tanning leather, and to give it a red and also almond colour. A decoction of the bark is employed as a substitute for soap. The seeds and pods are eaten with great avidity by sheep and goats in the hot weather, when grass is scarce, and it is chiefly from the seeds which, in chewing the cud, they reject, and which fall in the ground, that the babuls spring up in the jungles during the rains. It is remarkable that neither goats nor sheep will swallow the seed, but reject them in a mass as they chew the cud. The shepherds sell these seeds for sowing along the borders of fields. Every fifth year the trees which spring from these seeds are sold for a considerable sum—a moderate-sized field yielding a hundred rupees. All this wood is used for agricultural purposes.

Another remarkable use of the pods is for calcining silver. This silver is called in the Urdu, *kushta*,—slain, or killed silver. The pods are first ground to powder, made into little cakes, and dried in the shade. The rupee is then placed in the middle of a heap of these cakes, which are lighted. The tedious process of burning this rupee thirty-two times has to be resorted to before it is calcined or becomes killed. It then has the appearance of a silver rupee, but on rubbing it between the fingers it becomes like ashes. Hindus place great faith in this as a medicine, and for every rupee of calcined silver they give five of common silver.

Its leaves are also used by the Hindus to cool the body, by applying them bruised to their naked heads.

Its wood is invaluable for many purposes. Its round corners serve for the knees of ships, or the sloping parts below the bows of the vessel, where it rounds off. The wood is strong, tough, and durable. All cart-wheels are made of this, as the toughest wood; also tent-pegs, all agricultural implements, &c. The old cart-wheels are eagerly bought up by goldsmiths, as the dry babul gives the fiercest flame of any wood. All Europeans use this for fire-wood, and its charcoal is the best in India.

Lastly, the gum of this tree is the famous gum arabic, the purest and best of gums for medicinal purposes, and for the arts. Whenever the tree is wounded or a branch is cut off, the tree in the course of a few hours, especially in the hot weather, begins as it were to bleed, or distil gum. This in some parts is very dark, but sometimes comes out like pure pellucid tears, which harden in the sun. These are broken off and sold.

Now surely you will join with me in thinking that the babul is one of the most useful trees in India, and that whenever we see it, we should bless God for giving the Hindus so great a blessing. Learn also not to look too much to outward appearances. Many an excellent man may have a rough exterior, but only know him thoroughly and you will soon discover his worth. T. P.

CHRIST IS ALL.

BY HON. AND REV. B. W. NOEL.

JESUS, not on works I rest,
Nor baptismal waters trust;
Through thy suffering I am blessed,
Through thy merit owned as just.

'Tis not sacramental bread;
'Tis not wine my life can be;
But the blood which thou hast shed,
And thy body pierced for me.

Thou my Mediator art,
Saviour, Shepherd, Prince, and Friend;
Grave thy name upon my heart;
Make me love thee to the end.

Thou art peace unto the mind;
Thou art to the hungry bread;
Thou art light unto the blind;
Thou art life unto the dead.

Priests exalt with wayward zeal,
Canons weak and worthless shown,
Doctrines which can never heal;
All to cast thy honour down.

Priests their idol church will sing,
Make patristic lore their pride;
Thou my Prophet art, and King,
And thy Word alone my guide.

Priests invoke, in hour of need,
Absent saints, and angels weak;
Thou for me dost intercede,
Why should I another seek?

Jesus, moved by love divine,
Thou thy wand'ring sheep hast sought;
Henceforth I am wholly thine,
By thy cross and passion bought.

Saved by thee from death and shame,
To thy praise I fain would live;
Take whate'er I have or am,
Use the life which thou dost give.

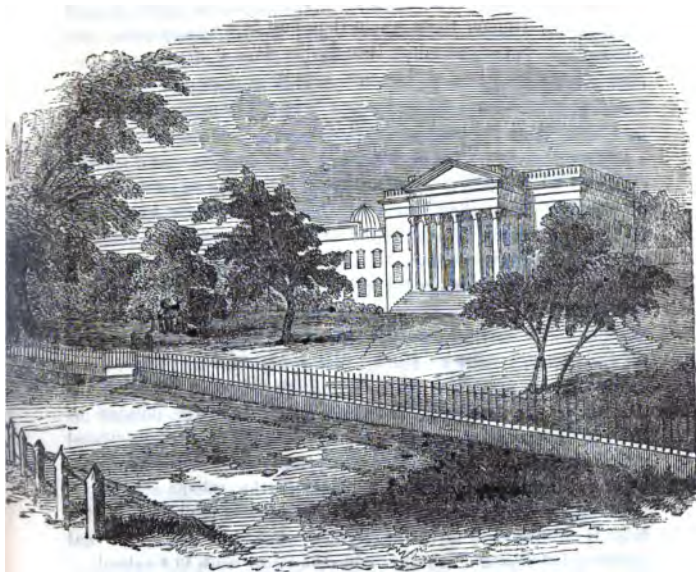
Thee I will with joy obey,
Honour those whom thou dost love;
Serve and praise thee day by day;
Be whate'er thou dost approve.

Saviour, make thy servants know
Of thy love the breadth and length;
And upon them all bestow
Wisdom, Courage, Zeal, and Strength.



EGYPTIAN HANDCUFFS.

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



SERAMPORE.

WE have here a view of the building where Mr. Denham meets his Classes of Hindoo and English Students. It was erected by the three Missionaries, Carey, Marshman, and Ward, and is intended as a place of instruction for the Natives of India, and especially such as are willing to hear of the Christians' God.

Mr. Denham's account of his labours will be read with much interest.

NEW SERIES, VOL. II.]

M

[NOVEMBER

THE IDOLS TO BE ABOLISHED.—"The natives of India possess through the efforts of missionaries and British munificence, rare advantages. At the Government colleges a first-rate secular education is imparted to all castes without distinction. Religion, however, is forbidden to be taught. Hence numbers of young men leave those institutions every year, who necessarily entertain a profound contempt for idolatry, and a no less disregard for the truths of Christianity; 'Heady, high-minded young men, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God.' Frequently have aged Hindoos said to us, 'We shall die Hindoos, our children perhaps may, but the next generation ——? Every thing about us tends to confirm the worst of such suspicions.'

"Already the Divine blessing has smiled upon the first part of our plan. We now possess spacious and suitable accommodations for children and native students. Five young men are beneath our own roof, two more will have joined the class as probationary students by the time you receive this letter. A large number of Hindoo youths and young men are receiving in the college school a Christianised education. Five other youths, of European parents, will be entered next month as students in the college school. I need hardly say that in the discharge of such complicated duties help is needed; a brother of earnest piety and zeal, and real practical habits,—one who has been inured to work in England.

"We have spacious grounds, halls for teaching and examination, class reading and committee rooms, and a large but not very select library. Thus we may be said fairly to have overcome our early difficulties, and that things are in a proper train for working."

WHAT STILL NEEDED.—"Our thoughts now naturally look towards England. We feel anxious for the sympathy and prayers of our brethren, and of all who feel an interest in India's welfare. We ask you to unite in prayer with us that God will put into the hearts of youthful converts in India, to devote themselves to his sacred service, and that they may receive such mental and moral

training here as shall fit them to become the messengers of peace and love to a guilty people."

IMPORTANCE OF THIS WORK.—"The Directors of the London Missionary Society, impressed with the necessity and importance of this subject, after due consideration, have resolved that a theological seminary for native Christians shall be formed in connexion with every principal section of the mission field.

"The locality and facilities of Serampore are well known, and are in no whit inferior to any station. There is free access to the people around and on both sides the river. The church consists of more than a hundred members; the native preachers are in the habit of holding meetings with the people every day; the young men and ourselves go out, as often as our other duties permit, to the bazaars and market-places. The heathen schools number between 800 and 1000 children, and these varied efforts, for the most part, are sustained by local subscriptions. It is refreshing to be able to say, in times like these, that all we contemplated, notwithstanding the vast outlay it has occasioned, has been accomplished without asking the Society for a shilling, and that no debt encumbers our future movements. God never breaks his promises. In his strength we entered on our work. The words of the immortal Carey at Kettering, which kindled the zeal of the churches, were, '*Attempt great things, and expect great things.*' We have attempted, and may we not expect? The responsibilities connected with the work left by such men as Carey, Marshman, and Ward, are not ordinary responsibilities. I felt that from the day I came here. Their God was Abraham's God, and *He is our God*. Since that day, waking and sleeping, India has scarcely ever been absent from my thoughts."

WHAT IS A MISSIONARY?

It was Sunday afternoon. The weather was damp, and chilly; and as little Lucy had a cold, she could not accompany her

parents to the house of God: but she had been taught to improve the sacred hours, and, therefore, first learned the hymn and Scripture to be repeated to her Mamma in the evening, and then read the "Sunday books" of which she had an ample store. When she could no longer see in the winter twilight, she rose from her seat, and stood at the window watching for the first appearance of the loved group, who were out. At length they approached the garden-gate, and Lucy ran to meet them in the hall.

"How late you are, dear Papa!" she exclaimed, as she led him to his accustomed seat by the parlour fire. "I began to think you were lost."

"I am late, my dear child," replied Mr. M., "for I have been to hear a missionary preach his farewell sermon."

"What is a missionary, Papa? for I often hear people use that word, and I do not quite understand what it means."

"A missionary is a messenger, my love."

"Oh, then, am I a missionary when Mamma sends me with a message to the school-room or nursery?"

"Not exactly, Lucy!" said Mr. M., smiling at his little daughter's literal interpretation; "for we usually reserve that title for those who convey a very important message from some great personage."

"Then, I suppose, the people who carry the Queen's messages are missionaries?"

"They might be so called, certainly, but the term missionary is applied principally to those persons who carry a still more important message than the Queen's."

"Dear Papa, you quite puzzle me; what can you mean?"

"We understand by a missionary, my dear Lucy, any one who tells the sweet tidings of Jesus' dying love to guilty sinners,—who carries the *important message of God's pardon to repentant rebels.*"

"Then my sister Edith is a missionary when she goes to the Sunday-school: for when she takes me with her, I always hear her tell the little girls about Jesus

"Yes! every faithful Sunday-school teacher is, or ought to be, a missionary of Jesus Christ to the young heathen minds around."

"Papa! Heathens at our Sunday-school! I thought there were no heathens in England!"

"We are all by nature heathens, my dear; that is, *ignorant of God*."

"But here in England, Papa, surely people cannot be quite ignorant of God!"

"Listen to this statement," rejoined Mr. M., taking up a volume from the table, and reading,—"'Religion was never brought under her observation.' 'No nurse or mother ever talked to her of Jesus, or told her stories of His sufferings, nor ever warned her of God's displeasure; her infant mind was never stored with sacred words, nor her memory exercised with Holy Writ.'"

"Poor child! was that one of the Hindoos in the missionary stories, Papa?"

"You might well think so, my child, but it is the confession of a lady brought up in our own happy land, and not very long ago—Caroline Fry!"

"She needed a missionary, then, I think."

"True, and she happily was directed to the Bible and the Saviour, and afterwards became a highly useful character; but it was discoveries like this which led to the employment of 'town' and 'city missionaries,' to seek out those careless persons who will not take the trouble to go to any place of worship, or even to read in their own Bibles the words of eternal truth."

"Is Mr. F. a missionary too, Papa, who so often tells us about the Jews?"

"Yes, he has devoted himself to try and communicate the precious tidings of their great Sacrifice to this interesting race."

"But what missionary did you hear this afternoon, Papa?"

"One who is about to sail abroad, and take the message of salvation to the perishing idolators of barbarous regions."

"Oh dear! how glad they will be to hear the message, will they not?"

"Judging from the history of other nations, my love, I am afraid there will be but few who hear the gospel gladly; to most it will be but as a 'tinkling cymbal,' or at most, 'as the sound of a pleasant instrument.'"

"Then it does not seem of much use to be a missionary to the heathen, does it?"

"Ordinary motives, such as worldly honour, riches, or fame, would certainly never tempt any one to such a life of toil and anxiety."

"Then why do people become missionaries?"

"What do you think led the greatest Missionary to leave his happy home, and seek the wretched beings who had no claim upon his kindness?"

"I do not know who was the greatest missionary, Papa."

"He is sometimes called 'the Messenger of the covenant,' my dear, and laid down his life a ransom for guilty sinners."

"Do you mean the Lord Jesus Christ, Papa?"

"Surely! did he not condescend to be the *Missionary* and *Teacher*, as well as the *Sacrifice* for man? He knew the inestimable value of the immortal soul; and while teaching his disciples that, losing that, he is '*nothing profited*' even if he '*gain the whole world in exchange*,' he commands his people to '*go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.*'"

"Dear Papa, but every one cannot do that."

"Every one can *help* in the good cause, my dear Lucy, and ought to feel it a solemn *duty* to do so, as far as possible."

"I am sure I should like to tell the heathens about Jesus, and so I will when I am old enough to go with sister Edith to the Sunday-school."

"You need not wait till then, my child; God says to you as to others, 'Freely ye have received, freely give.' You have had kind parents and friends to teach you the Bible, and all you have learned has cost you nothing; now freely give this same knowledge to others."

"But *how*, dear Papa? I do not know any heathens in England."

"You may frequently meet with them, my dear ; so store up your mind with the wisdom of the Bible, ever praying that God may enable you to make a right use of your knowledge at every suitable opportunity—but you know it will not do for all Christians to go abroad."

"O no, because we want some teachers at home."

"Those Christians whom God calls to go abroad, will gladly take Bibles with them to give to the poor heathens, so you may buy some Bibles to send to them."

"Will the little boys and girls be able to read the Bibles we send?"

"Not till they have learned to do so ; and then they will have some Bibles in their own foreign language."

"Oh ! dear Papa ! but I should not know where to buy foreign Bibles !"

"Well, then, we must give the money you wish to devote to this purpose to some one who will know where to procure suitable books."

"Is there any one who can do so, Papa?"

"Yes, there is the Missionary Society you have often heard of—a number of Christians who join together for this very object—to furnish Bibles, and send them out to the heathen by the best missionaries they can find."

"What sort of people are missionaries, Papa?"

"The Bible tells us that they ought to be full of faith in Christ and love to perishing sinners—willing to go anywhere—to be school-masters, preachers, evangelists, or colporteurs—just anything God may appoint."

"Oh, then, do not they all have churches or chapels to preach in every Sunday?"

"No. In some countries that would not be allowed, and the missionary is sometimes obliged to content himself with carrying about a basket of books to sell, and conversing with anybody who may be willing to hear the good news he can tell. These are the *Colporteurs*, or hill-carriers—so named, from the custom being introduced among the Swiss mountains in time of persecution."

"What are evangelists?"

"Persons who travel with the sole view of finding entrance for the gospel. Mr. Borrow travelled thus through Spain, talking with his fellow-travellers, making presents of the Scriptures when he had opportunity, and selling copies to those who were willing to purchase."

"Was he a missionary too?"

"Surely! and another very important part of missionary work is translating the Bible, and thus enabling foreign nations to read in their own tongues the wonderful works of God. Very often these nations have no written language till the missionaries prepare it for them."

"Ah! and the same person could not do all these things?"

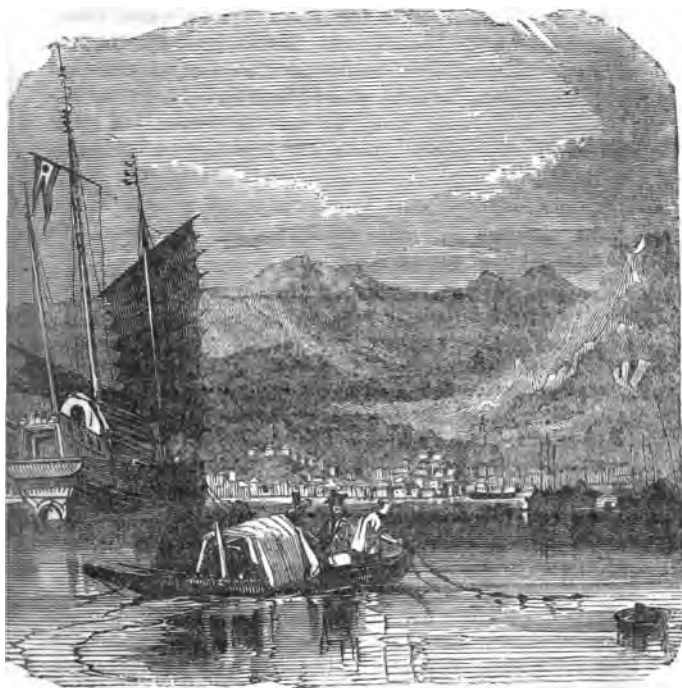
"No! therefore it is so desirable for Christians to help one another, and each take the part for which God has fitted him by his peculiar character or talents. In the Saviour we have an example of all kinds. In the house—by the way-side—at the synagogue—at the marriage festival—at the dying couch and funeral solemnities—there was *He*, ministering the words of life and peace—the perfect pattern of a perfect missionary: 'Behold my messenger,' saith the Lord, '*my servant in whom my soul delighteth.*'"

E. W. P.

WHAT MAY BE DONE BY TRYING.

IN 1847, a small church in Monmouthshire, composed principally of working people, raised £3. 15s. for the mission. They were exhorted to give systematically, and the young friends were encouraged to extend their labours. To work they went. One little girl collected a pound; and though death has thinned the ranks of the givers, the sum of £5. 16s. 8d. has been collected for 1848.

If all the small churches would increase their efforts in the same way, the Society would be greatly aided. Little readers, what if you and I try and do our share?



HONG KONG.

HERE we have a view of Hong Kong, the new settlement of the English on the Coast of China. The island is about thirty-five miles from Macao, and was ceded to our Government at the end of the last war. Over one of the

cliffs, seen in the distance, falls a fine torrent of water, which, before the building of Victoria, flowed across the beach to the sea. The colour of this water is reddish, from the soil it flows through, and the whole island was called from this circumstance Hong Kong, or the red torrent,—a name which it still retains. Here are Missionaries connected with the London, the Church, and Baptist Missionary Societies. Schools have been formed, and several Chinese have professed the name of Christ, and abandoned the superstitions of their fathers.

THE SIBERIAN LEPER.

SIBERIA is a very cold country: it is also very large; for it is more than three thousand six hundred miles long, and nearly two thousand miles wide, so that it is one hundred times larger than England. It is not, however, so pleasant a land: the ground is mostly covered with snow, and the rivers are frozen over for more than half the year; and the natives, in winter, pass from place to place on sledges, drawn by rein-deer. Few flowers are found in the land, and the trees bear but little fruit. Bears, wolves, and other wild animals live in the forests; they are hunted for the sake of their skins, which the people sell to make fur, or form into clothes for their own use. There are different tribes thinly spread over this dreary country, but the greater part are known by the name of Tartars. Only a few of them live in towns; they wander about from place to place, living in tents.

Most of these Tartars are the followers of the false prophet Mohammed; others worship a man, called the "grand lama," wickedly addressing him as "God, the everlasting father of heaven;" and many bow down before idols of wood and stone, which their own hands have made. Attempts have been made to bring the Siberian Tartars to the knowledge of the only Saviour,

and God has blessed the labour of his servants in the conversion of some of these poor idolaters.

A missionary was passing one day among the tents of some Tartars, when he saw a man lying on the ground, nearly dead. He was a leper. This is a very sad disease: the body is covered with large white sores, which burn with pain; the eyes become red, the blood is corrupted, and the flesh wastes away. Everybody shuns the leper—there is no hospital to receive him, no surgeon to try to cure him; his own family turn from him with disgust, and he is often left to perish. And then, among the heathen, he has no Bible to comfort him, and no hope of heaven beyond the grave. Our Lord, when he was on the earth, had pity on lepers; and love to Christ leads missionaries to feel pity for them too.

The poor man lifted up his eyes, and fixed them on the Christian teacher as he walked along. "I know you," he said. "How can that be?" asked the missionary: "have you ever seen me before?" "Oh yes, I have," replied the dying man: "did you not preach in such a bazaar?" (or, market-place.) "I cannot really tell; I have no particular recollection of it." "Do you not remember," said the man, "you stood upon the steps of a house?" "Oh yes, I do recollect it now." "You told us," said the leper, "about Jesus who died to save sinners, and that men of every nation might come to him, and he would receive and save them. O sir, I never heard such things before. I then believed in Jesus; I received him as my Saviour—and now I am dying, and am looking to none other to help me."

Affected with what he had heard and seen, the missionary went to a tent where he found several Tartars drinking. He asked them, "Why do you not go to your brother? he lies there dying, with nobody to help him." "Brother!" they cried with scorn; "he is no brother of ours: he is a dog!"

The missionary could not prevail on these cruel men to render any help, so he went back alone to comfort the poor leper; but he

found he had just died. There was no one to bury him, so he dug a hasty grave, and, rolling in the body, he covered it with the earth, and departed. And there that body will lie till the judgment-day; and when the trumpet shall sound, it shall rise to "glory, honour, and immortality," no more to suffer pain and disease, but with the glorified spirits in heaven, it shall be for ever with the Lord.—*Religious Tract Society.*

HOW TO GIVE.

At a missionary meeting held among the negroes in the West Indies, these three resolutions were agreed upon:—"1. We will all give something. 2. We will all give as God has enabled us. 3. We will all give willingly." As soon as the meeting was over, a leading negro took his seat at the table, with pen and ink, to put down what each came to give. Many came and gave, some more and some less. Among those that came was a rich old negro, almost as rich as all the others put together, who threw down on the table a small silver coin. "Take dat back again," said the negro who received the money; "Dat may be according to de first resolution, but not according to de second." The rich old man accordingly took it up, and hobbled back to his seat in a great rage. One after another came forward, and almost all giving more than himself, he was fairly ashamed, and again threw down a piece of money on the table, saying, "Dar! take dat!" It was a valuable piece of gold; but it was given so ill-temperedly, that the negro answered again, "No, dat don't do yet. It may be according to de first and second resolutions, but not according to de last;" and he was obliged to take up his coin again. Still angry at himself and all the rest, he sat a long time, till nearly all were gone, and then came to the table, and with a smile on his face, very willingly gave a large sum to the treasurer. "Very well," said the negro, "dat am according to all de resolutions."

WHAT DO I MOST WANT?

SOME years since, a Sunday-school teacher, in the south of London, spoke to the children on the importance of prayer. He told them that Jesus Christ was always glad to hear the prayers of Sunday-school children, if offered by faith. One little boy, about seven years of age, paid great attention to the address of his teacher, and when he went home, he told his mother what he had heard, and asked her to teach him how to pray, but she could not; so he resolved to try and make a prayer of his own, and before retiring to rest that Sunday night, he fell upon his knees, and offered the following short, simple, beautiful prayer: "O Lord, I should be very much obliged to you if you would give a new heart." Jesus Christ gave him a new heart; for he has said, "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me." A little girl in the same Sunday-school retired to her home and determined that she would begin to pray. She considered what she most wanted, and, looking at her dress, thought that she most wanted a new frock and a new bonnet. She therefore knelt down and prayed that God would enable her to find a sovereign to purchase what she thought she most needed. Believing that her prayer would be answered, she went out and walked about the streets, diligently seeking the gold coin. After seeking for some time, she remembered that her teacher had stated one thing only was needful, and that was a new heart. She immediately ran home, and in secret entreated the Lord that he would give her a new heart. And she was not disappointed, for God has said, "A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh."

Let me entreat you, my dear young friends, to ask yourselves this important question, What do I most want? and may you all seek by faith for a new heart!

GIVING A TEST OF PIETY.

His excellency, Governor Briggs, the president of the American Baptist Missionary Union, in the course of his address at the final adjournment of the late meeting of the Union at Philadelphia, made the following remarks :—

“Will you indulge me with one word upon the subject which was discussed this morning?—the duty of men to contribute of their worldly substance to benevolent purposes, whether these purposes are for the missionary, or for relieving the poor, the widow, or fatherless; no matter what. Men make mistakes, and ministers sometimes do, by presenting the subject in a manner that is not fully understood. Heaven does not require that a man should give away all his property; but, let me tell you, that giving money to the great cause of the church is sometimes made the test of religious character. Do you remember that young man who came to the Saviour and asked him, ‘Good Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?’ And the Saviour said to him, ‘Keep my commandments.’ What are they? He named them. ‘All these have I kept from my youth up.’ He had kept a moral, strict observance of the Mosaic law, had observed all the commandments of God; but that Saviour, who could see his heart as we would see his face, saw in the dark recesses of that heart, unseen by its possessor, a difficulty which obstructed his course to heaven. What did he say to him? ‘Thou lackest one thing. Go, sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have eternal life.’ Oh, what a moment in the character of that young man! Great worldly possessions he held in his hand. *Eternal life* was presented as the purchase of these possessions. What did he do? He turned away from the Saviour. Yes, he turned his back upon that good Master, and went away sorrowful. Oh, could the veil be taken away which separates us from the eternal world, and that young man be presented to us, is there any reason to believe that he is not now sorrowful? The occasion may come when the Being who knows your heart will apply this test to

you. The difficulty lies concealed in more hearts than one. Men hold on with a tenacious grasp to their money at the hazard of their souls. They sometimes say, Such a one gives too much; he cannot afford it; that poor woman had better take her money for her children's bread, than to give it to benevolent purposes! Oh, how they mistake the thing! Did you ever know a man or woman impoverished by giving to these purposes? No! The instance cannot be found; I challenge it to be produced. It is sure, for the throne of Heaven has declared, that 'the liberal soul shall be made fat.' 'There is that scattereth and yet increaseth, and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty.' Liberality will be rewarded. Why, my friends, I would be *liberal* from *selfish* motives; but by the order of Providence, we must be so from good motives."—*New York Recorder*.

"WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?"

Thy neighbour?—it is he whom thou
 Hast power to aid and bless;
 Whose aching heart, or burning brow,
 Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbour?—'tis the fainting poor,
 Whose eye with want is dim,
 Whom hunger sends from door to door—
 Go, thou, and succour him.

Thy neighbour?—'tis that weary man,
 Whose years are at their brim,
 Bent low with sickness, cares, and pain—
 Go, thou, and comfort him.

Thy neighbour?—'tis the heart bereft
 Of every earthly gem:
 Widow and orphan, helpless left—
 Go, thou, and shelter them.

Thy neighbour?—yonder toiling slave,
 Fetter'd in thought and limb,
 Whose hopes are all beyond the grave—
 Go, thou, and ransom him.

Where'er thou meet'st a human form
 Less favour'd than thy own,
 Remember, 'tis thy neighbour worm,
 Thy brother or thy son.

Oh! pass not, pass not heedless by,
 Perhaps thou canst redeem
 The breaking heart from misery—
 Go, share thy lot with him.

LINES AT SEA.

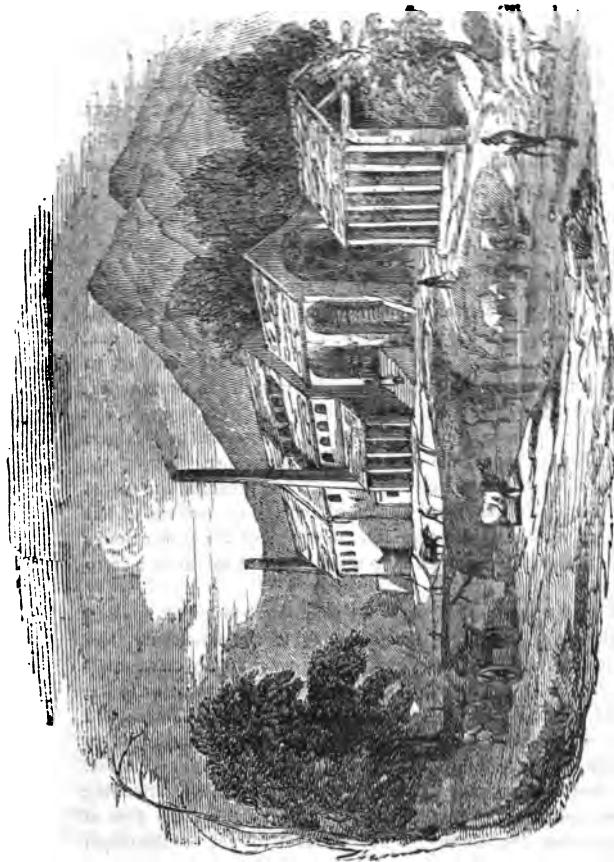
*Composed by a pious captain in a storm which threatened his
 vessel with shipwreck.*

SHALL I fear when I am dying?
 Shall I shrink from death's cold tide?
 Hark! an angel voice replying,
 Jesus Christ is at thy side.
 Evil from thy path shall flee,
 He is here to comfort thee.

In my heart his love I'll cherish,
 Sinking in the swelling sea;
 Father, shall thy children perish,
 Who have put their trust in thee?
 No; thy Son has crossed the flood,
 And will bring them home to God.

Still my hope, my strength shall rally,
 When I yield my farewell breath;
 Through the gloom of that dim valley,
 Darkened by the shade of death,
 Nothing shall my heart then fear,
 Christ, my Lord, is ever near.

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



SUGAR-MAKING—EXTERIOR OF SUGAR-MILL.

SUGAR-MAKING—EXTERIOR OF SUGAR-MILL.

THIS cut finishes our views of sugar cultivation. The mill, the trash-house (on the right), the boiling-house, are all seen in this picture,—as they may be seen in many parts of the West Indies. In this month the crops of sugar-cane are being cut, and sent to the mill. Early in the year the sugar is sent to England.

AN AGED SABBATH SCHOLAR.

A SHORT time since, I committed to the silent grave, “in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection to eternal life,” an aged sister in Christ, named Elizabeth Grant. She was born in Africa, but was stolen, when a child, from her native land, brought to Jamaica, and sold as a slave. Here she grew up to womanhood, and advanced towards old age, without receiving any religious instruction: for no missionary had at that time come to this part of the island to preach the glad tidings of salvation.

About nineteen years ago, Mr. Nichols first preached the gospel here. Elizabeth was then awakened to a consciousness of her danger as a sinner,—became intensely anxious about her soul’s salvation, and inquired with deep solicitude, “What must I do to be saved?”

Nearly all the slaveholders in the neighbourhood were opposed to their people attending the preaching of the missionary, and meeting together for prayer; but, as they could legally claim every alternate Sunday for themselves, hundreds crowded to listen to the word of life whenever Mr. Nichols visited Brown’s Town; and various expedients were adopted by which they were enabled to assemble, when the toils of the day were over, for prayer and praise.

Elizabeth’s mistress did all she could to prevent her attending religious services, and would compel her to sleep on the floor of her own room that she might not be able to get to the prayer

meetings, which her fellow-slaves held in their dwellings ; but as soon as she found that her mistress was asleep, she would steal out of the house and make her way to some brother or sister's cottage "to get a word of prayer."

Persecution at length broke out ; her beloved pastor was driven away never to return ; the chapel was levelled to the earth, and many slaves, who had become "freemen of the Lord," were compelled to endure a great affliction for their attachment to the gospel.

I have not heard that Elizabeth had to suffer either stripes or imprisonment, like many others ; she was a domestic, and her mistress was, I believe, attached to her and treated her kindly ; but she was now deprived of her chief joy ; she could no longer "go to the house of God with the voice of joy and praise ; with the multitude that kept holy-day."

In 1834, the Toleration Act became part of the law of Jamaica, so that every impediment to preaching the gospel was removed. Mr. Coultart, who for many years had laboured in another part of the island, then visited Brown's Town, and gathered together the scattered flock. It pleased God, however, soon to remove this honoured missionary from his labours, and the charge of the congregation devolved upon me. Elizabeth's heart was filled with gratitude for the opportunities she enjoyed of hearing the word of life. She became a candidate for Church membership, her religious experience was highly satisfactory, and in 1837 I had the happiness of baptizing her, and of admitting her into the communion of the church of Christ.

Although full sixty years of age, she was anxious to learn to read the word of God. A young member of the church, who had himself just learnt, taught her the alphabet ; she entered the Sabbath-school and steadily persevered in her efforts until she succeeded in her object, and became entitled to the beautiful gift-book of the Bible Society, containing the New Testament and

book of Psalms, which was presented to every emancipated slave on learning to read it. This book seemed to be her richest treasure. She carried it everywhere with her. Whenever she had leisure she would be seen pondering over its pages. Sabbath after Sabbath she attended Mrs. Clark's class (composed principally of elderly females.) She grew both in grace and in the knowledge of her Lord and Saviour.

A few Sundays before her death, after reading the 18th verse of 6th chap. 2nd Cor., "I will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty," with joy beaming in her countenance, she exclaimed, "Misses, let me read that verse again,—it is so sweet." And truly the word of God was sweeter to her than honey and the honey-comb.

Although she lived five miles from the chapel she was never absent, unless prevented by sickness, from the morning prayer-meeting, the school, or the various services of the Sabbath. She was one of the first in, and the last out of the sanctuary. With sincerity of heart she could say, "Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thine honour dwelleth."

She proved her love to the cause of God by her liberality. While it was in her power to give, she contributed not less than two dollars every quarter, besides offerings to missionary, and other objects, from a little fund she saved while she was a slave. I have sometimes remonstrated with her for giving so much, but she appeared to feel that she could not give enough to prove her gratitude to Him who had given himself for her. At length her fund was exhausted and she was unable to work, but God in whom she trusted did not forsake her. A member of the church took her into his own house, and esteemed it a privilege to be permitted to minister to her necessities.

On Saturday evening, the 21st of April last, she came to Brown's Town, to be in readiness for the services of the following day. In the afternoon she was taken ill. On the Sabbath morning she was

unable to rise from her bed to come to the house of God. We sent her medicine; she took some camphor and water to cool her fevered frame, but refused the rest, saying, "I shall not need it; I am not going to stay; I am going to Jesus." Soon after this, our morning service began; she heard the singing. "Hark!" she exclaimed, "they are singing Massa's praise!" and without a struggle or a groan fell asleep in Jesus.

She was at the time of her death, it is supposed, between seventy and eighty years of age.

J. CLARK.

JUVENILE MEETINGS AND LECTURES.

DEVONSHIRE SQUARE.—On Friday evening, September 28th, a Meeting of the Sunday-school Children was held in the School-room, which was addressed by Messrs. Thomas J. Cole, and C. E. Ogden.

BATTERSEA.—On Sunday afternoon, September 30th, a Juvenile Meeting was held in the Baptist Chapel, Battersea, when Messrs. Harper Twelvetees and Henry Keen delivered appropriate addresses on "The Condition of the Heathen World,"—"The Work of the Baptist Missionary Society, and the Help Young Persons can render to the same." We are glad to add that a Juvenile Auxiliary to the Baptist Mission was formed at the close of this interesting meeting.

CHELSEA.—On Thursday evening, 11th October, a Juvenile Meeting was held in Paradise Chapel; the young people and Sunday-school children met in good numbers at Tea, at Five o'clock; after which, the Rev. William Groser presided, and encouraged the young friends to engage with all their might in the missionary cause:—Messrs. James Benham and Benjamin L. Green also addressed the meeting, and evidently obtained the sympathy of

those present in the cause; at the close, a Juvenile Auxiliary was formed, rules adopted, officers appointed,—and so all promises to go on well.

ISLINGTON.—The Second Quarterly Meeting of the Juvenile Auxiliary in connexion with the New Baptist Church, was held at Baker's Rooms, on Sunday afternoon, the 21st October. The Rev. Isaac Dextey presided, and addressed some encouraging remarks to the Meeting; the Secretary gave his promised Report of missionary operations; he also announced that an attempt would be made to form a "Girls' Working Class," and invited all who could use their needle to put in a stitch for the little heathen children. Messrs. C. E. Ogden and John Olney then greatly interested the meeting by their addresses on "India," and "China." We are glad to find our young friends working so well; the School is not a large one, yet the average contributions have been fifteen shillings per month.

NEW PARK STREET.—On Tuesday evening, October 30th, a Lecture was delivered in the School-room to about 200 children, by Mr. Henry Keen, on "West Indies and Africa," illustrated by Dissolving Views: the Superintendent of the school, Mr. William Olney, announced the subscriptions for the past quarter to be £9 0s. 3d.; the attention paid, answers given, and interest manifested by the little ones, pleased us much; the missionary spirit pervades both teachers and scholars, and it is hard to tell the good that may result from a well organised Auxiliary like New Park-street.

LION STREET.—On Wednesday evening, October 31st, a Lecture was delivered to the children, and their parents, in the School-room, by Mr. Thomas J. Cole, on "China and the South Seas," illustrated by Dissolving Views, which added greatly to the inter-

rest of the meeting; the Lecture was listened to with deep attention, after which Mr. W. E. Beal, Treasurer to the Juvenile Auxiliary, read extracts from a letter received from Mr. Webber, of Haiti, and proposed to the meeting that the funds in hand, \$3. 10c., be devoted towards payment of the school grant to Haiti, which proposition all very cheerfully acceded to. We hope our friends at Lion-street will persevere in their Quarterly Juvenile Meetings, they being so well calculated to perpetuate the missionary spirit among the young.

A WORD FOR ALL.

THIS little Magazine tells us that the year 1849 is fast passing away—a few more days and it will have run its course. Now we do not wish our young readers to be sad, or of a gloomy temperament; yet it would be well for each one to think of the past twelve months; how quickly it has flown, some whom we love dearly, and who read with pleasure the first number of our magazine, are now no more—they with us loved the Saviour, and though we are left, he has carried them away to dwell with Him in Heaven. But while such has been the case with some few of our readers, millions of the poor heathen have died without hearing of Jesus and his salvation; they had no kind teacher in their dying hours to point them to the cross, the way to heaven; yes, it is too true that before this year closes 20,000,000 of the heathen will have left this world unprepared to meet their God; should not then our hearts be filled with sadness, and does not every little boy and every little girl say, What can I do to help the heathen? If this inquiry comes from the heart, we would say, *Pray for the heathen*. The beloved Dr. Carey prayed earnestly, prayed constantly, prayed believingly: he with others commenced the Baptist Missionary Society with prayer, it has and *still must* be carried on by prayer; and as we have proved that God listens to the prayers of children, let us, if spared, commence the year with prayer: pray that God will

give us a missionary heart, a heart to feel for the missionary, a heart to pity the heathen ; and if you do feel for them, ask your kind teachers to have a *Missionary Prayer Meeting* in the Sunday-school, on the first Sunday in the new year ; and if you ask them, we are sure they will be glad to grant your request.

J. E. T.

DISSOLVING VIEWS.

THE Committee of the " Young Men's Missionary Association " hope to make arrangements for the delivery of Missionary Lectures illustrated by Dissolving Views, at nearly all of the Baptist Sunday-schools in and near London. We hope our young readers will not fail to attend them, and to prevent regret afterwards we would say, try and persuade your dear parents, aunts, uncles, cousins, and all your companions, to go with you : for as your teachers intend to make some trifling charge for admission, every friend you take with you will help the " Baptist Missionary Society."

OUR OWN BOOKSHELF.

Aunt Mary : or, Make happy and be happy. B. L. Green.

Do not our little readers sometimes ask the way to be happy ? well, here is the question answered. This is a small book, a very pretty tale, and, in simple language and lively style, it teaches well the lessons it is intended to convey. We warmly recommend our young readers to get this " New Year's Tale ;" and find out the secret of happiness for themselves.

Green's Illustrated Almanac for 1850.

THIS welcome little Annual has again appeared. We can heartily commend it to all our young friends : and as it costs only a penny, we trust that very many will buy it in order to economize the most precious of all earthly treasures—time.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

ZACHARIAH xii. 1.—A Missionary in India relates the following incident:—"At a catechising of one of the schools, a Brahmin interrupted us by saying, that the Spirit of God and the spirit of man were *one*. In order to show him the absurdity of such a declaration, we called upon the boys to refute it, by telling us the difference between the Spirit of God and man. They readily gave the following answers:—'The spirit of man is created—God is its creator;' 'The spirit of man is full of sin—God is a pure Spirit;' 'The spirit of man is subject to grief—God is infinitely blessed and incapable of suffering. These two spirits, therefore,' replied the boys, '*can never be one.*'

1 JOHN iii. 1.—When the Danish missionaries in India appointed some of their Indian converts to translate a catechism, in which it was mentioned, as the privilege of Christians, to become the sons of God, one of the translators, startled at so bold a saying, as he thought it, said, "It is too much—let me rather translate it, 'They shall be permitted to kiss his feet.'"

SPEAK GENTLY.

SPEAK gently! It is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently—let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here!

Speak gently;—love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind;
And gently friendship's accents flow,
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child!
Its love be sure to gain:
Teach it in accents soft and mild—
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear—
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care !

Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not his care-worn heart,
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in peace depart !

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor,
Let no harsh tone be heard :
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word !

Speak gently to the erring—know
They may have toiled in vain :
Perchance unkindness made them so :
Oh, win them back again !

Speak gently ! He who gave his life
To bend man's stubborn will,
When elements were in fierce strife,
Said to them, " Peace, be still."

Speak gently ! 'Tis a little thing
Dropped in their heart's deep well :
The good, the joy which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

From the Tract Magazine.

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FOR
M.DCCC.L.



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PREFACE.

MANY interesting narratives of Missionary labours have our young readers been permitted to read during the year that is past. Many curious customs of foreign lands have amused you. Many strange and sorrowful things have we told you of the gods the heathen worship, and the cruel rites they practise to honour them. We hope that you have not only been amused and interested, but led to pray that God would send the Gospel, and make known the love of Christ, to the myriads who are perishing.

We thank you for your many kind gifts to aid the Society to send Missionaries abroad, and hope to receive next year many more proofs of your love to souls, and to Christ who came to save them.

We are glad, too, that so many thousands of little boys and girls read our little HERALD; but we wish that many thousands more may do so. Try, therefore, every one of

you, to get a new Subscriber for the New Year; when we hope, if God spares our life, to give you many more beautiful pictures, pleasant stories, and bright examples of heathen children, and others, surrendering their hearts to God.

Your affectionate friend,

THE EDITOR

Mission House,
33, Moorgate-street.

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



DENONATH BOSE.

ABOUT three years ago the father of Denonath Bose, with all his family, came to live at Intally. He is a shopkeeper. Denonath, his eldest son, was eleven or twelve years old when he

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B

[JANUARY.

began to go to the school which is kept by Mr. Geo. Pearce. He was very diligent in learning his lessons, and showed great quickness and intelligence.

He soon began to dispute with his teacher against the Word of God, and would go with his parents to idol temples, and offer sacrifices to their gods. His father was very anxious and watchful that he should not become a disciple of the Saviour, and often warned him against it.

But Denonath began to visit his uncle, who is a Christian, and after a little while he broke caste when he was hungry, by eating rice at his house. This he did unknown to his father; for a boy who breaks caste will lose the affection of his parents, and be no longer loved by brothers and sisters, and other heathen relatives.

Fearing he would love God, and give up the worship of idols, Denonath's father sent him away into the country for a little while. But on his return he again went to school. Some time last March or April, the festival of the Charruck, or Swinging Festival, took place in Calcutta. Do my little readers know what is done at this festival? It is this.

It is a feast in honour of the bloody goddess Kalee. Men, stupefied with opium, proceed to her temple, and pierce their bodies with iron rods in several places. Their hair is clotted together with mud. Their faces and naked bodies are smeared with ashes. And in this filthy and disgusting state they go all about the town, attended by bands of horrid music, and dance like madmen. Others have iron hooks inserted in the flesh of their backs. A cord is then fastened to the hooks, which is also attached to a long pole that turns on a point at the top of another pole fixed in the ground. Some men now lay hold of ropes hanging from the other end of the pole to which the poor wretched idolater is fastened. They raise him in the air, and swing him round many times. These cruel and horrid deeds they do in honour of Kalee.

Denonath went to see all this. He had seen it many times before with pleasure. But now he had read his Bible, and he felt that Jesus was the only Saviour, and that the worship of Kalee was not like the gentle and loving service of the Lord Jesus Christ. He felt too he was a sinner, and that if he continued an idolater he would be lost for ever.

In his little chamber he knelt down that night, and prayed. It was his first prayer. Has my dear young reader ever prayed to Jesus? Do you love your Bible, too, as Denonath now loved it? He read it often, and began to go frequently to hear the preaching of God's Word. He would no longer salute the Brahmins with "Pranam:" that is, fold his hands and worship the Brahmins when they came near to him. When his father reproved him for it, he said, "I cannot do so any more: they are but men, and we may not worship any but God only."

Denonath's father was very angry. He forbade his going any more to hear the preaching, or to the prayer-meetings for the boys. But the lad feared God, and finding his father would not suffer him to do so, he asked to be admitted into the family of the missionary. He said he ought to love Jesus more than father and mother. At last he left his father's house, and came to Mr. Pearce's house. He said, "I am now come, Sir, to remain with you."

Next morning early, his father came with a crowd of people, crying bitterly for his son. On seeing Mr. Pearce, he said, "Oh, Sir, give me my son!" and wept. Mr. Pearce sent for him. Denonath came trembling. "Oh, Denonath," said his weeping father, "why have you left me? Come home again." The boy said, "I have not forsaken you. I wish to serve the true God, which you will not let me do at home. If I remain an idolater I shall perish. Do you, father, come with me, and then we both shall be happy." "Go with you!" angrily said his father; "will you support me and the family?" "No," said Denonath, "I

cannot support you, but God will." "God will!" said the father with a sneer: "will you go back with me or not?" "No," the lad replied, "I cannot go back to Hindooism again." And so the father went away.

About nine o'clock he came again with some Brahmins. These tried to reason with Denonath, and to persuade him to return. But he stood firm in his love to Jesus. After railing at him very roughly, one of them said sneeringly, "Why, how old is this new-fangled religion?" "Eighteen hundred and forty-nine years," said Denonath. "Eighteen hundred and forty-nine years! how is that? Why, how long have the English possessed this country?" "Not quite one hundred years," said the lad. "And how long have there been Christians here?" "Ever since the first Hindoo believed the gospel." Their arguments failed. They began to consult what to do. But Denonath said, "'Tis of no use your attempting to bring me back. I TELL YOU PLAINLY I AM A CHRISTIAN, and will never turn to you again."

They now took hold of his hand to drag him out; but as they were not permitted to do this, they left in a rage, and gave him up for lost.

About two months after, Denonath was baptized, and confessed before many witnesses his love to the Lord Jesus Christ, and is now a member of Christ's church.

Is my little reader ready to say with this converted Hindoo boy, "I am a Christian?" If, dear child, you do not love the Saviour more than father or mother, you cannot be his disciple.

BRIGHT HOPES.

Yes, children, there are bright hopes for "this dark world of sin and woe;" better times are coming; God is sending out his light and his truth; the darkness in some places is going away, for the "Sun of Righteousness" is rising upon those places "with

healing on his wings;" the famine is being relieved, and those who were starving and perishing in soul are tasting of that Bread of Life—the true bread from heaven—which alone can save them.

Yes, dear young readers, there are bright places, even in the dark parts of the earth, where "the wilderness and the solitary place" is made glad, and where the desert rejoices and blossoms as the rose. It is but here and there yet, and of the millions of perishing heathen but few have heard the sound of the everlasting gospel. And yet, since the first Christian Missionary went out to make known to the heathen the unsearchable riches of Jesus Christ, many, many thousands have been saved by it from the wrath which is to come.

Dear readers, it is a pleasure to me to know—and, if you do not know it, I think it will please you to be told—that that blessed gospel which has done such great things for us, is now being preached by hundreds of Missionaries, in hundreds of places in heathen lands, to tens of thousands of those who were ignorant heathens, but are so no longer. And I am sure you will believe me when I tell you that in those places there is joy and peace and love, such as was never before known in them.

But more, much more, needs to be done before the earth can be filled with the knowledge of the Lord.

Children! you can help; and you may help.

Sunday-school children! you have freely received *much*, we wish you freely to give a *little*.

Dear children! it costs much to send Missionaries to heathen lands—to print Bibles and tracts; and if a hundred times, or a thousand times, or ten thousand times more than is given for this purpose, were given, it could all be used—yes, all.

In the Report of the Young Men's Missionary Association, I read that if each scholar in every Baptist Sunday-school were to give one farthing a-week, those farthings in one year would

amount to nearly eight thousand pounds—enough, dear young friends, to support many Missionaries—enough to buy tens of thousands of Bibles, or millions of tracts or little books like that which you hold in your hand, full of good news to the heathen about Jesus, the Friend of sinners and the Bread of eternal life.

Do not say or think, then, my dear young friends—children in Sunday-schools—that because you are poor children and young, you can do nothing for the perishing heathen.

“ What if a drop of rain should plead,
So small a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh the thirsty mead :
I'll tarry in the sky ?

What if the shining beam of noon
Should in its fountain stay,
Because its feeble light alone
Cannot create a day ?

Does not each rain-drop help to form
The cool refreshing shower ?
And every ray of light to warm
And beautify the flower ? ”

To be sure they do ; and your farthing, dear child, given out of gratitude to the Saviour and love to poor heathens, will help to save a starving, perishing soul.

G. E. SARGEANT.

THE DOVE

A GENTLEMAN residing in a village near Bedford was recently very much pleased with the application of a well-behaved little boy, who politely presented a card, hoping to receive a donation for the “ Dove ” Missionary ship.

This young missionary collector repeated the following lines, which had been successful in obtaining many contributions :—

"Pray silver my wings,
 As the Psalmist sings ; *
 Or to be more bold,
 Plume me with gold ;
 Or, to change my note and trope,
 You will copper my keel I hope.
 Then forth into the sea again I launch,
 Bearing the peaceful olive-branch." †

THE PRIESTS OF BURMAH.

THERE has been a mission in Burmah for many years. The religion of the Burmese is not the same as that of the Hindoos. In India, they worship Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva ; but in Burmah, Boodh is worshipped. The priests are called *pongyee*, or *bon-ghee* ; which means, "great example," or "great glory." Any one may become a priest, or cease to be a priest, as they like.

When a youth becomes a priest, he is examined in his belief, and takes certain vows. He is then clad in a yellow robe, and is led forth on a horse richly caparisoned, with a long train of attendants and relations. Women go before him, carrying on their heads the clothes he will wear in future, and the utensils he will use ; also rice, fruit, cloth, china, cups, and other things, as a present to the superior of the house, or monastery, in which he will reside.

From that day he is separated from all his relations. If his own mother fall into the water, or into a pit, he must not help her out, except no one else is nigh, and then he must only reach to her a stick or a rope. He must have

* Psalm lxviii. 13.

† Gen. viii. 11.

no money; nor eat after the middle of [the day; nor drink, without straining the water; nor spit in water, or on the grass; nor dance; nor sing; nor wear long hair; nor play musical instruments. He must wear no turban, or shoes; and his raiment must be made up of rags picked up in the streets. The picture will show what a Burmese priest looks like when he is walking out. The fan he carries is the leaf of the Talipot-tree.



The dress of the priests is made to cover them from the neck to the feet. It is made of two cloths. One is put on like a petticoat, and fastened with a girdle; the other is thrown over the shoulders, and round the neck. So sacred is their dress, that the foolish people may often be seen pay-

ing their devotions to a priest's old garment, hung on a bush to dry, after being washed.

Now and then they preach. They sit cross-legged in a row, on a raised seat, and hold their fans before their faces, that they may not see the people, and especially to avoid gazing at the women.



It is their rule to walk about the streets every morning, tingling a little bell, to receive boiled rice, enough for the day, which the superstitious people freely give them. This rice they receive in a black earthen pot, containing about a peck. In the lid are small compartments, made to hold little cups of curry, meat, or fruits.

When a Ponghee dies, the bowels are taken out of the body, and filled with honey. The body is coated with bees'-wax. The face and feet are gilded. The corpse then lies in state for many months, on a platform covered with or-

naments of fringe, coloured paper, and pictures. After this it is buried with great pomp.

Such are the men who teach the Burmese to worship the false god, Budha. They are often very wicked men. They know not the true God, who made heaven and earth; and when the Missionaries speak of the compassion and love of the Redeemer, they mock their words, and strive to hinder the people from coming to the Saviour.

Dear child, pray that the Holy Spirit may turn their hearts to God, and that he will send to the poor Burmese the knowledge of the great High Priest, the tender, loving, gracious Saviour, Jesus Christ."

THE TREE THAT NEVER FADERS.

"MARY," said George, "next summer I will not have a garden. Our pretty tree is dying, and I won't love another tree as long as I live. I will have a bird next summer, and that will stay all winter."

"George, don't you remember my beautiful canary-bird, and it died in the middle of the summer, and we planted bright flowers in the ground where we buried it? My bird did not live so long as the tree."

"Well, I don't see that we can love anything. Little brother died before the bird, and I loved him better than any bird, or tree, or flower. Oh! I wish we could have something to love that wouldn't die."

"George, let us go into the house. I don't want to look at our tree any longer."

The day passed. During the school hours, George and Mary had almost forgotten that their tree was dying; but at evening, as they drew their chairs to the table where their mother was

sitting, and began to arrange the seeds they had been from day to day gathering, the remembrance of their tree came upon them.

"Mother," said Mary, "you may give these seeds to cousin John; I never want another garden."

"Yes," added George, pushing the papers in which he had carefully folded them towards his mother, "you may give them all away. If I could find some seeds of a tree that would never fade, I should love to have a garden. I wonder if there ever was such a garden, mother?"

"Yes, George, I have read of a garden where the trees never die."

"A real garden, mother?"

"Yes, my son. In the middle of the garden, I have been told, there runs a pure river of water, clear as crystal, and on each side of the river is the *tree of life*,—a tree that never fades. That garden is *Heaven*. There you may love, and love for ever. There will be no death—no fading there. Let your treasure be the tree of life, and you will have something to which your young hearts can cling, without fear, without disappointment. Love the Saviour here, and he will prepare you to dwell in these green pastures, and beside those still waters."

THE SCHOOL FOR MISSIONARIES' DAUGHTERS AT WALTHAMSTOW.

DEAR CHILDREN,—When this Number of your little Magazine reaches you, many of you will be assembled, after a long half-year's absence, in your happy homes—rejoicing in the many pleasures which loving parents have prepared for the Christmas holidays. Do you know that at Walthamstow, near London, there is a school in which some dear children are taught, who cannot, like you, return to their parents when the holidays come? I mean the Mission School, where many dear girls, the daughters of Missionaries in distant and different lands,

are gathered together, to be instructed as they could not be if they remained with those dear parents. Not long ago, I saw the large and happy company of busy learners assembled at their lessons; I did not see any sorrowful faces, yet I think, when the holidays come round, and these dear girls see the joy of other children, when they meet in their own homes with all they love, they must sometimes feel a little sad when they remember how far they are from their beloved parents, and how many years must pass before some of them can hope to meet again.

The reason I tell you all this is, that I want you to think with love and interest of that school, and I will tell you why.

Some ladies have fixed that this year there shall be a Bazaar in London, and whatever money is obtained by the things that are sold there, is to be given to this school, in order that more dear girls may be received there, and especially that those whose parents have died, while they were labouring among the heathen, may find a second home among kind friends at Walthamstow. Now, should you not like to try to prepare something for this Bazaar during your happy Christmas holidays? There are many little things which you could make, especially if your dear mammas and elder sisters will help you in the difficult parts; and even if you think that what you can do will not be worth much money, it will have been good for yourselves, dear children, to be reminded, amidst the enjoyments of your own happy homes, of those families who are thus painfully separated for Christ's sake. And will you try to find out the meaning of that verse—"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ?"

Your affectionate friend,

S. F. T.

A NEGRO BOY'S LOVE FOR HIS BIBLE.

At Savannah Grande, in Trinidad, one of the West India islands, our missionary, Mr. Cowen, has a school for the negro children.

A little while ago, one morning, a lad, fourteen years old, presented himself to the teacher, with his slate and some papers, and his Bible under his arm, for admittance among the scholars. There are Roman Catholics in Trinidad, and this boy had for some time belonged to the Abbé's school—that is, the priest's. After he had been in the school a few days, Mr. Cowen said to the boy, "Why did you leave the priest's school?" "Because," said the boy, "the Abbé told me one day that I must not bring my Bible there any more; and that if I did, he would take it from me." Although a Roman Catholic, the little fellow did not like to lose his Bible, and ever since he has been daily reading the words of truth. He has also induced other lads to attend the school with him.

LITTLE VICTORIA.

IN Mr. Cowen's school, which he keeps in his own house, is a little girl named Victoria. Her parents are Roman Catholics. A little while ago, the priest claimed the little girl as the property of his church, and did all he could to prevent her going to Mr. Cowen's school. He called it "the devil's school," and said that if she went there, she would become "crazy." But her parents still sent her with other children, and now she can read the Testament, after three months' instruction, commencing with her letters. Mr. Cowen has given her a Testament, and she takes it home to read to her parents, and a few sabbaths ago her father came to worship.

Let our young readers pray for these dear children, that they may love the Saviour about whom they read, and that they may always value their Bible.

JUVENILE MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

JAMAICA.—On 25th September, 1849, the annual meeting of Salters-hill and Maldon Juvenile Missionary Association was held

at John's-hall School-room. Parents as well as children were there in goodly numbers. The children and young friends of the above associations contributed last year, for Africa, £4 16s. 1d.; and for schools in Jamaica, £10 9s. 4d.; besides helping the Missionaries in many other ways.

PRESCOT STREET.—On 29th October, 1849, the annual meeting of the Juvenile Auxiliary was held in Prescott-street Chapel. The subscribers and friends took tea together; after which the Rev. Charles Stovel presided. A report was read, and addresses delivered by E. B. Underhill, Esq., Messrs. Hick, Bowser, and Warmington. The large attendance of both children and adults was encouraging, and all left, we hope, with a determination to do more for the Missionary cause.

SHACKLEWELL.—On 31st October, 1849, the first quarterly meeting of the Juvenile Auxiliary was held in the Chapel; about 400 children and friends were present, who were addressed by Messrs. Batley, Cox, F. J. Potter, and Williams.

BLOOMSBURY.—On Tuesday evening, 6th November, 1849, a crowded and interesting meeting was held in the New School-room—the Rev. William Brock in the chair. The Missionary map was explained, rejected idols exhibited, and addresses delivered by Messrs. Benham, Green, and Olney. At the close a Juvenile Missionary Auxiliary was formed.

HARVEY STREET, HOKTOW.—On Wednesday evening, 14th November, 1849, a meeting to form a Juvenile Auxiliary was held in the Chapel. The chair was taken by Rev. H. P. Simonds, and the meeting addressed by Messrs. Caudle, Hanks, Potter, and the Chairman. The meeting was one of a pleasing and encouraging character.

BLANDFORD STREET.—On November 20th, 1849, the first

annual meeting was held in the Chapel—the chair was taken by Rev. W. Bowes; a report was read, from which it appeared that good progress had been made—contributions, amounting to £12, had been received, and devoted to Missionary purposes. Addresses were delivered by Revs. W. Brock, John Branch, E. B. Underhill, Esq., Messrs. James Benham and B. W. Carr. The attendance was good, and all seemed much interested in the meeting.

J. E. T.

The Dissolving Views have been exhibited, and Lectures delivered on China and the South Seas, and on the West Indies, and Africa, by Messrs. Cole, J. Olney, and W. Olney, at the following places:—Devonshire Square, Homerton Row, Beulah Chapel, Somers' Town, and Shakspeare's Walk.

Rev. xiv. 13.

DEATH the destroyer hath entered our garden,
And pluck'd of our flowers the choicest and best;
Transplanted from earth to bloom brighter in heaven,
Glad angels have convoy'd them home to their rest.

Their sorrows are over, their conflict is done,
They have pass'd the dark valley their Saviour to meet;
Their robes they have wash'd in the Lamb's precious blood,
Their crowns they have cast at the Conqueror's feet.

Rejoicing in Jesus they rose to the skies,
Their warfare was ended, the race they had run!
And now with the ransom'd and glorified saints,
They shout the glad chorus of victory won.

Bending down from those glorious mansions on high,
They beckon us upward to yon happy shore;
Pursuing the pathway our Saviour has trod,
Again we shall meet to be severed no more.

1849.

E. C. S.

GENTLY THEY PASSED AWAY.

GENTLY THEY PASSED AWAY

GENTLY they passed away !
Their spirits rose on high,
Cleaving the azure sky,
Far from the mourner's sigh :
Gently they passed away !

Gently they passed away !
Their spirits were at rest,
Upon their Father's breast,
No more by sin distressed :
Gently they passed away !

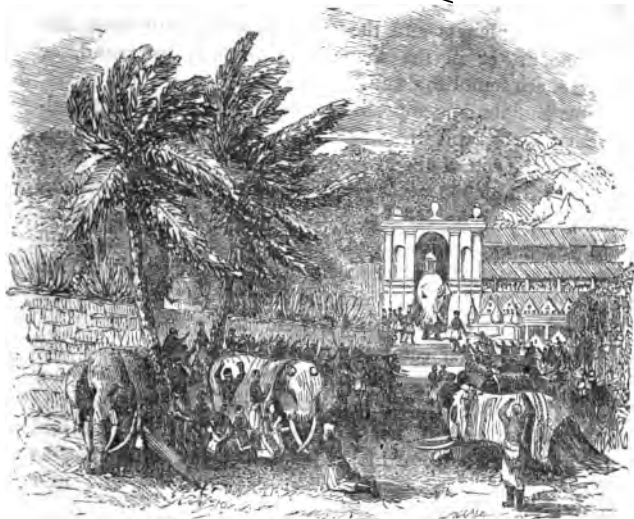
Gently they passed away !
As the last ray of light
Upon the mountain's height
Fades unperceived from sight :
Gently they passed away !

Gently they passed away !
We knew not that they passed,
That they the bourne had crossed,
And to our view were lost :
Gently they passed away !

Gently they passed away !
We wept their early flight,
They were our heart's delight,
Sweet as the sunshine bright :
Gently they passed away !

Gently they passed away !
We breathed our fervent prayers
Our end might be like theirs,
As free from pains and cares :
Gently they passed away !

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



GAUTAMA BUDDHA.

If a map of Asia be laid before my young friends, they can find the empires and kingdoms of China, Japan, Ava, and Siam. In all these countries Buddha is worshipped. Also in the island of Ceylon, in some parts of Hindostan, Thibet, and Tartary. The god Buddha has many names; each country worshipping him under different forms. In Ceylon and Burmah he is called Gautama.

Buddha himself, they say, dwells in the centre of the

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universe, in a large stone, around which are other stones, where the planets and the stars, persons with faces like half-moons, or in the shape of a triangle, or round, or square, are found to dwell.

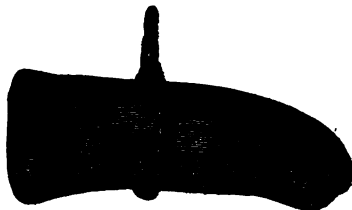
But Buddha has appeared on earth more than two-and-twenty times, and the last time he was called Gautama. He was the son of the king of Giamba Dwipa. He lived happy with 40,000 wives for thirty-one years, and then left them that he might live alone, without food or lodging, for six years, to become a god. Thus he became Buddha for forty-five years, and when he died, he ascended to the "hall of glory." Ever since, he has ruled the earth, and will rule it for two thousand five hundred years more.

He left several commandments. Men were not to kill any living creature, nor steal, nor commit adultery, nor utter lies, nor drink intoxicating drinks. But Gautama was neither honest, nor a speaker of the truth himself. He persuaded some of his enemies to drink wine that he might destroy them, and often practised cunning and deceit.

Once he turned himself into a grain of sand, and placed himself in the eye of his enemy, and called him to seek him. The other hearing his voice so near groped about and looked in vain, till having wandered through four great and two thousand small islands, he gave it up. Gautama then showed himself. He made a ladder of gold and gems, and lowered it before the face of his enemy. He then descended, not as an atom of sand, but in his pomp and glory as a god. Such are the silly stories the worshippers of Gautama tell of the god they serve.

When Gautama died he left many relics for the people

to worship, and especially the impression of his feet. In the pagodas, or temples, they also preserve parts of his garments, portions of his hair, and his teeth. In Ceylon they worship a tooth.



This tooth is called the Dalada. The natives of Ceylon say that it is the guardian of their native land, and whoever possesses it will be the sovereign of their country. And what do you think this tooth is? Why, it is a piece of ivory, which has become of a very dirty yellow colour. At some time or other it formed part of an elephant's tusk; but these poor foolish people think and worship it as the tooth of a god. It is a little curved, as in the picture; is nearly two inches long, and an inch thick at its largest end. It is kept in one of the most sacred temples belonging to the former kings of Kandy, and is covered with six cases, all of which are placed on a silver table, hung with very rich silks. The largest cover is of silver gilt, with many gold ornaments and jewels, and is five feet high, in the shape of a bell. All the five inside cases are of gold. On a little table in front the people lay their offerings, and having bowed down before it, they depart.

Every now and then it is worshipped with very great pomp and ceremony, and the people flock by thousands to

the sanctuary to witness it. The three outer cases are removed, and the tooth contained in the other three is placed on an elephant's back, most richly clothed in silks and gold. A beautiful small cupola, having silver pillars, is placed over it; and as the elephant appears coming out of the temple gate, the multitudes of people raise their arms above their heads, join the points of their two fore-fingers, and bending forward, cry "Jadhu!" in a loud deep tone, and adore this bit of ivory. Two lines of magnificent elephants, covered with cloth of gold, and cloth of many brilliant colours, form the passage along which the relic is to pass on its way to the town. These elephants likewise kneel down to do honour to the tooth of Buddha.

You, dear children, know God better than these poor heathen. He is a spirit. While He made all things, and is present everywhere, he dwells not in images of wood or stone, nor will He be worshipped in the works of his hands. He has forbidden such worship as this, and idolaters will be shut out of the kingdom of God. Oh! let us pray that God may send his holy Word to instruct them in his true worship, and to bless the labours of the missionaries, who are striving to turn them from the service of idols to the service of the living God.

NEWS FROM AFAR.—CEYLON.

To the Scholars of the Baptist Sunday School, St. Alban's, No. 10.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS.—I again take up my pen to give you some further account of my dark-coloured neighbours. Their houses, or rather hovels, present a very miserable appearance, being built entirely of mud and sticks, with a cocoa-nut leaf roof. In large towns, however, they are generally covered with tiles. Of course,

there are no such things as fire-places or chimneys in any of them, and the articles of furniture are very few. In the corner of a room, or in the open air, they cook their food, which they eat with their fingers, sitting on a mat, and holding the plate or leaf which contains it, before them. They sleep on the ground, their only bed-furniture being a mat and a pillow. These they roll up in the morning and put in a corner of the room. I have often been reminded of the case of the man who was commanded to take up his bed and walk. If good Matthew Henry had lived in the east he would not have thought that such an act required a great exertion of strength, nor have supposed the bed to be as much as a strong porter could carry. Nothing is easier or more natural to the inhabitants of the East, when they rise in the morning, than to roll up their mat bed, and, taking it under their arm, put it out of the way for the day.

Fifty years ago, during the reign of the King of Kandy, not one of his subjects was allowed by him to sit upon a *chair*; but this was not felt to be a grievance, as not one had ever done so. Their custom is to squat upon the ground cross-legged, or to sit upon their heels, a posture which no Englishman can imitate, unless taught to do so from his infancy; and their favourite attitude is to stretch out their arms, resting an elbow on each knee. In this way they sit for hours together chewing their betel leaves, and looking like so many ruminant animals between asleep and awake. What is said of Indians generally, is equally applicable to them,—namely, that in their estimation it is better to walk than to run; it is better to stand than to walk; it is better to sit than to stand; it is better to lie than to sit; it is better to be asleep than awake; and death is best of all. Of course this is said of the lower class of natives, but *they* form the majority of the population.

Those who have mixed with Europeans and adopted many of their habits, have, in a great measure, thrown off the native

apathy, and long for the enlightenment and general improvement of their countrymen. Such persons live in houses of a superior make, white-washed, and partly painted. Tables, chairs, and other articles of European furniture are found in their houses, and occasionally some English or native pictures decorate the walls. The Singalese, when they rise in the morning, have a cup of coffee and a little hot cake, like an English crumpet, besides which they have two meals (if they can afford them) every day—one about noon, and the other about seven in the evening. These meals are the same every day in the year, and consist of boiled rice, with the addition of a little curry. The curry is a kind of soup or porridge made of cocoa-nut milk mixed with vegetables, fish, or any other eatable, and highly spiced with chilli and other hot ingredients. As they go so long without food, and wear so little clothing, it is not difficult to tell at a glance whether they have eaten their customary meals, and I do not regard as an exaggeration what Mrs. Winslow says of the little naked children, that after eating their rice they look as if each one had swallowed a pumpkin. While I am writing this letter, a native woman has come to inform us that next Monday her baby will be seven months old, when they are going to give it rice for the first time. This reminds me that it is a universal custom, and is the occasion of much feasting and rejoicing. Of course, the information is intended as a hint that some little present will be acceptable.

In the interior, the natives are chiefly employed in cultivating their paddy or rice fields. These are all perfectly level, and at times covered with water. They are separated from each other by low mud banks, and are so constructed, that each field, though quite level, is a little lower than the one adjoining. A stream of water is directed so as to flow into the highest field, and from that, through a little aperture in the bank, to the next, and so on to the last. Enough water is allowed to remain in each field to reduce the soil to a soft mass, and in this state the seed is sown.

Thus they "cast their bread upon the waters," hoping to "find it after many days." The appearance of some of these fields, at a little distance, is very beautiful. They look like an immense flight of steps leading to a noble mansion, which you may fancy the trees at the top hide from your view. When the wind passes over the green blades of paddy, or the ripened ears, the scene is lovely. No attempt to paint it could ever be successful. The shot-silk of ladies' dresses will give you a faint idea of it. At harvest time, a large space in the centre of the paddy fields is cleared, and the earth made hard for a threshing-floor. Here bullocks or buffaloes are employed to tread out the paddy—reminding a *Christian* spectator of the Divine command,—“Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn.” The grain is then collected into a heap, and submitted to the winnowing process. This is performed in the following manner. A quantity of grain is taken up in a sieve or fan, and slowly poured out upon the ground—the fan being held up as high as the head. By this means the solid ears fall directly under the fan, whilst the light and withered ears are blown to a distance by the wind. When the whole has been thus winnowed, the good grain is carried to the store-house, and the empty husks are collected in a heap and burned. David says, “The wicked are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.” And of our Lord it is said, in allusion to a custom like that I have just described, that “He will gather the wheat into his garner, but he will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire.”

The straw generally remains for a long time in heaps round the threshing-floor, as it is of but little value; and the floor, a clean dry place, affords a comfortable resting-place for travellers, whenever any pass that way. How often have I been reminded by such a scene of “the threshing-floor of Atad, which is beyond Jordan,” where, after the death of Jacob, and when they were going to bury him, “all the house of Joseph and his brethren, and his

father's house, mourned with a great and very sore lamentation for seven days."

Near the paddy fields, but hidden by a profusion of fruit trees, will be found the houses of the natives. To approach them you must generally pass under a swinging gate, which must be lifted up for the purpose, and falls down when the hand is released. The doors of many of the houses are made in the same way, after the fashion of swinging sign-beards in front of public houses in England. They consist of cocoa-nut leaves strongly bound together. These are lifted up in the morning, propped open during the day, and let down at night. They have often reminded me of the words—" *Lift up* your heads, O ye gates! and be ye *lifted up*, ye everlasting doors! and the King of Glory shall come in."—Hoping what I have written will interest you, and promising to write again soon, I remain, your sincere friend,

C. C. DAWSON.

Colombo, Nov. 6, 1849.

TRAVELLING IN SOUTHERN INDIA.

"WHEN setting out on a journey in England, you have only to pack up the clothes and books you are likely to want, and to get into whatever carriage you intend to travel by, knowing that you will be able to order your dinner, or take up your abode for the night, at some comfortable inn upon the road.

"But you must make very different preparations for travelling in India. Your palanquin must be not only your carriage, but your bed, your library, your wardrobe, and the bearer of almost everything you will require on your journey. You may pack a few of your clothes in the imperial on the top, but must leave room in it for your tea-things, your knife and fork, candlestick, wax candles, bread, tea, sugar, and, in short, for all those minor comforts which, while we possess, we so seldom think of, or are

grateful for; but of which we sadly feel the want, when deprived of them. On the outside, a tea-kettle must repose among the folds of a coarse blue cloth which lies on the top, and occasionally serves as a cover to the palanquin; a gurglet of water, in a wicker case, is slung at the back; and some place must be found for a camp stool, which is by turns to serve as a seat, a table, or a washing-stand. Within the palanquin are a mattress and pillow, two little drawers, and everything to make you comfortable by night and neat in the day. All being ready, you get into it, the bearers lift it on their shoulders, and you set out on your strange journey.



“The poles of the palanquin are carried by three men in front and three behind, while six more run by the side, ready to change with them every three or four minutes. The ‘mussalchee’ or torch-bearer, runs also with them, holding in his left hand the torch, made of twisted cotton cloth, and in his right a flask of oil, with its long bamboo neck, to feed the flame. But your party is

not yet complete. You must have a 'cavady coolie,' to carry the remainder of your books and clothes, in two tin boxes, fastened to the ends of a long bamboo, and slung across his shoulders. But do not entrust him with your provisions, or anything you are likely to require for immediate use, lest he should loiter on the road, and you should find yourself in the morning, as I have known it to be the case, without bread for breakfast or a change of clothing. You must not be frightened at the strange noise the bearers make; nor as a lady, a friend of mine, once did, attempt to stop them, thinking they are groaning from pain or over-weight. It is their constant habit, and you will soon get so accustomed to it as to forget they are making it.

"You will start, probably, about five or six o'clock in the afternoon, and as you proceed, the stillness and coolness of the evening air, the clearness of the atmosphere, giving to the stars a brilliancy unknown in colder climates, or revealing the moon as a globe of light suspended in the firmament, and the evening planet almost like a smaller moon, the fire-flies flitting round and round the trees—all combine to give you a feeling of romance and delight, perhaps scarcely known before; while the only sounds you hear, are the strange noises and the footfall of the bearers, or the distant croaking of the frogs, which your inexperienced ear will probably mistake for the bleating of lambs or kids. 'Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,' but not displeasing when all else around is silent.

"You will be struck, as you travel on, by 'choultries' (open native buildings for the use of pilgrims or travellers), which are very numerous, both on the road and on the banks of rivers. They have been built at different times by wealthy natives, and one, or sometimes more, are attached to the larger pagodas; and before so many travellers' bungalows had been provided, Europeans also were often glad to take shelter in them. They vary greatly in size and beauty, and some of them are very splendid; but in gene-

ral the smaller ones consist merely of a kind of deep colonnade, the back being a solid wall, and the sides and front having only the open pillars which support the roof. The floor is paved, and raised one or two feet above the ground.

"Your route will occasionally lie along the sea-shore, and the night scene will be diversified by the soft moonlight playing on the waters, and the croaking of the frogs will be exchanged for the murmur of the waves upon the beach. Sometimes the bearers will run along so deep into the water, for their own refreshment, that with the sea on either side of you, you would feel alarmed, were you in other hands.

"At another time, your curiosity will be excited by figures of horses, made of pottery, standing under trees. They are of various sizes, some larger than life and others very small, but all made after the same model, with short thick necks, and covered with trappings; occasionally, but not often, they have riders on them. They are white-washed, and there are often twenty or thirty together, sometimes ranged side by side, staring at you as you pass, and sometimes placed in a hollow square, with their faces towards the centre. They are very numerous in the province of Tanjore, and seem to be offerings for some blessing received; and as the Rajah of Tanjore is of Mahratta extraction, they are probably figures of Candoba, an incarnation of Siva, and the great local divinity of the Mahrattas, as he is generally represented as an armed horseman.

"But to return to your journey:—At four or five o'clock in the morning, you will be roused by the bearers' cry of 'Sepoy! Sepoy!' and by finding your palanquin set down at the door of a travellers' bungalow. The summons is quickly answered by a respectable-looking man, often with a white beard, and with a red or white turban, and whose red soldier's jacket over his native dress, tells you that he has belonged to our Indian army. The door is soon unlocked, and you and your palanquin admitted. These travellers'

bungalows have been erected by government, at intervals along the principal roads, for the use of European travellers, and consist usually of two rooms, each having a bath-room attached to it. The only furniture is a table and two or three chairs, with now and then a cot; but many of them have been lately supplied with a small religious library, by the liberality of private friends.

"Your first business will be to unpack your palanquin, and then to bathe and dress; and by the time you have finished, your tea-kettle is boiling, milk and eggs have been procured from the neighbouring bazaar, and you sit down to a hungry breakfast.

"After breakfast, your tea-things must be washed and re-packed, and you will then have some hours for reading, writing, or meditation, as you feel most disposed. Your bearers have left you, to get food and rest, the sepoy and peon in charge have laid themselves down to sleep, and you are left to the enjoyment of the most perfect quiet and repose.

"Dinner-time now approaches;—a fowl has been procured for you, and by the help of the shadow of the bungalow, which serves him as a dial, the sepoy contrives to bring your curry and rice at the time you ordered it. After dinner, if it is tolerably cool, you will probably saunter out to look about you. If a tank is near, your eye will catch the bright deep red blossom of the sacred lotus, with its 'broad and buoyant' leaves, now lying motionless on the water, and now gently flapping up and down as a wave may pass across the surface. A herd of buffaloes will probably be there, enjoying the delicious coolness—their whole bodies below the water, with only 'their nostrils raised to meet the air.' It is now, however, time for you to resume your journey; your bearers make their appearance, and you are at first puzzled at one part of their preparations. Two men, taking each the end of a cloth, five or six yards in length, fold it together like a table-cloth; one of them stands fast, while the other, putting his own end of the cloth round his waist, winds himself round and round in it as tightly as

he can, till he reaches his companion—when, taking the other end from him, he twists it into his waist. The whole party do the same, and thus, ‘with their loins girded,’ they are ready to start.”

South Indian Sketches.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

DEUT. xi. 10.—“*The land whither thou goest in to possess it, is not as the land of Egypt, from whence ye came out, where thou sowedst thy seed, and wateredst it with thy foot, as a garden of herbs.*”

“If you were to watch the gardeners watering the Mission garden, you would understand the meaning of being ‘watered by the foot.’ The well in the garden has the usual low wall nearly round it, and into this is fixed a ‘picotta,’ i. e., a strong upright piece of wood, at the top of which a long pole is fastened in the middle, so as to swing up and down. One end of this pole is much larger than the other, and to the smaller end an iron bucket is suspended, by means of a slip of bamboo twenty or twenty-five feet long. One man climbs up the upright piece, and placing himself on the middle of the horizontal pole, treads alternately backwards and forwards, by this means raising and sinking the bucket; while another stands on the ground ready to empty it into a channel cut ready to receive it.

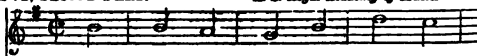
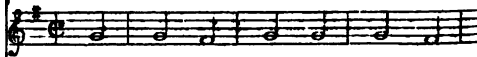
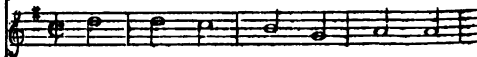
“The whole garden is divided into beds and borders by small shallow channels, and through these the water is conveyed over the whole garden by a third man, who guides it aright by opening or closing a passage for it with his *foot*. The gardens are watered in this manner every evening; and the soft and pleasant song of the gardener is doubly welcome at the end of a sultry day, when, borne on the evening breeze, it tells you, you may now throw open your doors and windows without fear of a scorching blast.”

GRIFFINS. L.M.

PSALM 72, SECOND PART.

ARRANGED BY H. C. BANISTER
E. S. Royal Academy of Music.

SOPRANO.

2D TREBLE
OR ALTO.TENOR,
3rd LOWER.

BASS.



sun Does his suc - ces - sive jour - neys run;

sun Does his suc - ces - sive jour - neys run;

sun Does his suc - ces - sive jour - neys run;

sun Does his suc - ces - sive jour - neys run;

His king - dom stretch from shore to shore, TILL

His king - dom stretch from shore to shore, TILL

His king - dom stretch from shore to shore, TILL

moons shall wax and wane no more.

moons shall wax and wane no more.

moons shall wax and wane no more.

HOW HINDOOS DIE.

THE Hindoos worship many of the large and noble rivers of India. But there is no river so holy as the river Ganges. Every morning and evening, the natives, young and old, may be seen by thousands, bathing in its sacred stream, that their sins may be washed away. It is said there are more than three millions of holy spots on its banks, where the goddess Gunga can be worshipped.

On the shore there are often built ranges or flights of stone steps, to render the approach to the river more easy. These are called ghauts, which means a wharf, or landing-place.

Thousands, yea, millions of people every year come on pilgrimage, from long distances, at a great expense of time and money, to make offerings at the ghauts, and in the numerous temples built on or near them to the honour of the goddess, and to bathe in the holy stream. But especially do they bring the sick and the dying to breathe out there the last breathings of life; and often, too, the dead, or the bones of the dead, to be laved in its waters.

Often, when a person is nigh unto death, his relations carry him on his bed, or on a litter, to the ghauts. The litter is made of a few bamboos fastened together, and slung on the shoulders with ropes. In his last agonies, when shivering in the cold hand of death, the poor Hindoo is dragged from his bed, and carried, all uncovered, sometimes beneath a burning sun—sometimes amid the cold dews of night, to the river-side. The water of the river is poured in large quantities down his throat. His breast, forehead, and arms, are smeared with mud, and the names

of their gods are written in it on his body; for the very mud of the Ganges is supposed to have a purifying power.

Just before the soul quits the body, the dying man is laid on the earth, and immersed to the middle in the stream; while his relations stand around, tormenting his last moments with superstitious rites, drowning his cries with shouting the names of Narayun, of Gunga, of Ram, and of other gods, and increasing a hundredfold the pains of dying.

One evening a missionary and his wife were walking by the river-side, when they saw two respectable natives carrying a woman in their arms. They inquired what they were going to do with her. They replied, without the least sign of feeling, "We are going to put her into the water, that her soul may go to heaven, for she is our mother." "Is she ill, then?" said the missionary's wife. "She is not very ill," they said, "but she is old, and has no teeth, and what is the use of her living?" "Will you, then, drown her because she is old? Will you not have compassion on your mother?" said the lady. But they would not heed what was said. And although that night they were hindered from completing their cruel intention, yet the next evening they were seen to bring her again, and to throw their poor old mother into the dark and muddy stream.

"I once," says a missionary, "witnessed one of these scenes in all its aggravated cruelty. It was a young woman who was not willing to go to the river. As they drew near the ghaut, her screams were fearful. She cried, "*Ame morey jay na!*" ("I am not dying!")—but the men who bore her along would not listen to her cry. They laughed at her entreaties, were deaf to her threats, and rushed with their

victim into the river's bed. A few cups of water were poured down her throat, which soon stopped her cries in the agonies of suffocation and death.

One day, a poor man was seen sitting on a bed of sand in the river, and a woman by his side. It was her dying son. She smeared the mud over his body, and laid his feet in the sacred stream. Yet he was strong enough to struggle with her, and to say, "I will not die! I will not die!"—to which she only replied, "To die by Gunga, is blessed, my son!" At last she stifled him with mud; when his father helped her to push him into the river.

But there are many whose relations leave them on the banks of the river to perish with hunger, or by the attacks of vermin and wild animals. Sometimes a man may be seen creeping along with the flesh half eaten off his back by birds: and another, unable to move, with his limbs torn by dogs and jackals. One morning a missionary saw a poor old man on the river's bank, who had been left there all night. His body was rubbed over with mud, and quite naked, and exposed to the ants. He was covered all over with insects, and tormented by their stings and bites. The natives near would not help him: they said, "He was put there to die, and die he must."

Thus are these poor idolaters left to perish; and often, when they are long in dying, their friends hasten their death by cruelty, or at once throw them into the stream. And as the ships sail up the beautiful Ganges, human bodies float past in thousands—some white as snow, others black and blue, in various stages of decay. Upon them are perched ravenous vultures, or carrion crows, tearing and devouring these mangled human remains.

Thus do Hindoos die who have no hope in God, no trust in Jesus Christ. They go down to the grave, with no kind hand to smooth the dying pillow, no friends to shed the tear of sorrow, no parent or child to regret their long departure to that region whence none return. And if they cry to their false gods to save them, no hand is stretched out for their relief.

Not so do Hindoos die who have hope in God, who trust in Jesus Christ. Around Krishna's bed stand his Christian friends and brethren. They cheer his passage to the grave by sweet words of Scripture, and by hymns that chant, in heavenly strains, the Redeemer's love. From his dying lips are heard to flow, in weak and faltering tones, yet expressive of joy and confidence, the precious words, "My Saviour has sent his messenger for me; I wish to go to him."

And Chandi too, as he nears the moment in which he shall fall asleep in Jesus, is surrounded by the villagers and the members of his family. "The Lord is at hand," he says. And his voice, as he calls on his Saviour to take him to himself, is heard above the heart-rending sobs of the weepers. He dies, full of the hope of immortality, rejoicing in the Lord.

At the ghaut, the Hindoo dies without Christ, the victim of cruelty, in deep horror and darkness—an idolater. But

"Jesus can make the dying bed

More soft than downy pillows are :"

and the Christian Hindoo dies in sure and certain hope of a blessed resurrection and a happy eternity.

Dear young readers, pray that the miserable and perishing Hindoos may put their trust in Him!

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

GEN. xxiv. 15.—“*Behold, Rebekah came out . . . with her pitcher upon her shoulder.*”

A GENTLEMAN told me that he was one day reading Gen. xxiv. with his moonshee (native teacher of languages), when, coming to the 15th verse, the man observed, “Rebekah must have been a high *caste* woman.” “How do you know?” “Because she carried the pitcher on her shoulder; the low *castes* always carry burdens on their heads.”

MRS. JUDSON'S GRAVE.

ON a green mound, crowned by the Hopia tree, and beneath its shade, lie the remains of Mrs. Ann Judson and her babe. For two long years she suffered an overwhelming weight of sorrow. Her husband, Dr. Judson, the first missionary to Burmah, was a prisoner in chains among the Burmese. Led from place to place by his persecutors, she at first followed his steps, and then lost all trace of him. And when he was liberated, the agonies and sufferings she had undergone brought her to an early tomb; but not until she had seen five Burmans confess the power of Christ Jesus to save. Her child lived but a few months, and its last bed was made within the small bamboo fence which surrounds the mother's lonely grave.

Mrs. Sigourney has penned the following beautiful lines on the visit of the Rev. H. Malcolm to the spot. It is situated at the junction of the Salwen river with the sea.

“Rest! rest! the Hopia tree is green,
And proudly waves its leafy screen
Thy lowly bed above;

And by thy side, no more to weep,
Thine infant shares the gentle sleep—
The youngest bud of love.

“How oft its feebly-wailing cry
Detained unsealed thy watchful eye,
And pained that parting hour,
When pallid Death, with stealthy tread,
Descried thee on thy fever bed,
And proved his fatal power!

“Ah! do I see, with faded charm,
Thy head reclining on thine arm,
The teacher far away?
But now, thy mission labours o’er,
Rest, weary clay, to wake no more
Till the great rising day.”

Thus spake the traveller, as he stayed
His step within that sacred shade:
A man of God was he—
Who his Redeemer’s glory sought,
And paused to woo the holy thought
Beneath that Hopia tree.

The Salwen’s tide went rushing by,
And Burmah’s cloudless moon was high,
With many a solemn star;
And while he mused, methought there stole
An angel’s whisper o’er his soul,
From that pure clime afar,

Where swells no more the heathen sigh,
Nor ’neath the idol’s stony eye
Dark sacrifice is done:

And where no more, by prayers and tears,
And tolls of agonising years,
The martyr's crown is won.

Then visions of the faith that blest
The dying saint's rejoicing breast,
And set the pagan free,
Came thronging on, serenely bright,
And cheered the traveller's heart that night
Beneath the Hopia tree.



HEATHEN CHILDREN AND MISSION SCHOOLS.

We are always glad when we hear any of our dear young readers express a desire to assist the schools established for poor heathen children; and we are sure that those of them who love the Lord Jesus Christ (and we hope there are many such), rejoice when they hear of any poor children who are delivered from heathen darkness, and are seeking the Saviour.

There are some ladies who have given up their comfortable homes, and the society of their brothers, and sisters, and friends, to go out to the dark places of the earth to instruct these poor children, and they have lately informed us of the schools they are conducting, and the blessings with which God has been pleased to attend their instructions.

One lady, whose school is in China, after giving a very pleasing account of her scholars, adds, as to one who had been, but who is not now married, "She spent a most satisfactory fortnight with me—I am well satisfied that her heart is right with God."

Another lady is teaching in the General Baptist School at Cuttack, in Orissa, which has been referred to in former volumes. Many of the children in this school have been rescued from the murderous Khunds, who purchase poor children from their parents or others, and sacrifice them. She says, "The number is now 150: eighty have just been brought in—the countenances of many of them are very interesting, intelligent, and affectionate; and I assure you, they have already found a warm place in our affections. There has been no jealousy on the part of the children already in the school, but they have shown them much kindness in various ways. One of them, a sweet girl, ten years old, had retained her language better than the others, and she manifested much affectionate solicitude for her new friends, going from one to another, asking what they wanted, and comforting them when they wept—which was the case with several for the first day or two. I was delighted at seeing such marks of sisterly affection; she seemed

as though she could not do enough for them. The poor girls were very anxious to see the boys who came with them, so we took them over to their compound (or yard), when some of them called out their brothers, as they termed them, laid their hands upon their heads, and wept very much—evidently, tears of affection. Some of them doubtless are their own brothers, a strong likeness bearing testimony to the fact; while in other cases, it is probable they were sold at the same time, and remaining together, have become as brothers and sisters. One fine lad, who bore a strong resemblance to a very pretty girl, who is pious, was asked if he had a sister? The dear fellow answered, with tears in his eyes, 'I had a little sister once, but I know not what became of her;' and he looked up to the sweet girl with an expression of countenance which said plainly, that he would have no objection to own her for a sister.

We learn, from the Report of the General Baptist Missionary Society, that it was at length discovered that they really were brother and sister. Oh! who can conceive the feelings of these dear children, who had each probably considered the other to have been sacrificed, in thus finding one another in this home of mercy! It is said the meeting was a very joyful one; they shed mutual tears of pleasure, and requested they might take their morning meal together.

"The last rescued portion are from a district where the sacrifice is performed in a dreadfully cruel manner. After being fastened to a stake, the cruel people run upon them with knives, and cut off the flesh from every part of the body, leaving the remains to be consumed to ashes, and these also are used for the land, under the idea that they will have better crops. An old woman came with the children, who had had two sons thus sacrificed; one of them quite a youth, cut to pieces before her own eyes. She says that she cried and wailed, and was almost frantic, but was told that if she was not silent she should be severely punished; probably her own life would have been taken."

After speaking of a girl who "has no inclination to leave, and is very useful," the teacher says, "indeed, we are obliged to make all the older girls monitors, or we could not get on, having so many that cannot read."

We have had several additions from the heathen community of late. One was a poor little orphan girl, whose parents died on pilgrimage. Another was found by one of our native Christians, wandering in the bazaar uncared for and unknown: her parents had left Balasore for Cuttack, she being their only child; on the way they were seized with the awful cholera, and both died; the people took all they had in the shape of brass vessels, &c., leaving the poor orphan to live or die. In that destitute condition she subsisted on what she obtained by begging, and reached Cuttack, where, being an utter stranger, she had no one to pity or to save her but this native Christian, who brought her to us. Truly, the tender mercies of the heathen are cruel. How destitute of feeling must those creatures have been to rob a poor orphan girl of her all, and leave her to the mercies of the world, and that a heathen one! But such is the hardening system of idolatry. The case of another little girl was similar, or rather that of her little brother, for they were both delivered to a native officer to bring to us, but the poor baby-boy died of starvation, the unfeeling people refusing to give, or even sell, a little milk for his sustenance on the way. Another, who is a member of the church, and has lately been married to an excellent young woman, also a member of the church, was left, nearly eleven years ago, by his merciless relatives, on the dreary sands of Poonee, to die alone, or be torn to pieces by the voracious vultures or jackals. Mr. Stubbins, one of the Missionaries, providentially passing that way, saw him, and, like the good Samaritan, took him under his care. His wife, when a child, was about to be sacrificed, but was rescued by a British officer. Colonel Campbell, the excellent officer who is employed by the Government to watch the Khunds, and prevent these sacrifices, has rescued upwards of five hundred victims.

Perhaps some of our readers may wish to know whether these poor children understand what they are taught. The Missionary says: "At family worship, they are questioned on the portion they read. One or two answers may serve as a specimen. When reading of the birth of Christ, they were asked whether Mary, the mother, and Joseph, the reputed father of Christ, were rich or poor? 'They were poor,' was the immediate reply.—'What proof can you give?' 'He was born in a stable, and laid in a manger.' They were told that this was not conclusive, as the Scriptures state, 'There was no room for them in the inn.' After some reflection, one of the elder ones stated, that she thought the mother, Mary, must have been poor, or that she would have presented, at her purification, the superior offering of a lamb, instead of the inferior one she offered, and which was allowed only in case of inability to offer the former. (See Leviticus xii. 8.) On another occasion they were asked whether the centurion spoken of by Luke was a Jew? They replied that they thought not, as the Jews said, 'He loveth our nation, and hath built us a synagogue,' which would not have been remarkable had he been a Jew; and Christ said, 'I have not found so great faith; no, not in Israel.'"

We hope to give our readers, in the next Number, some further information about poor Heathen Children and Mission Schools; and we trust that it will produce in the breast of each "happy English child," not only gratitude for privileges and blessings enjoyed, but earnest desire to save these poor children from the miseries to which they are exposed.

THE MILLER'S BOY AND HIS BIBLE.

"I RETURNED," says a Swedish colporteur, "through a village, where there are several water-mills. A Bible had been purchased from me there three years since by a miller's boy, who not long before had fallen into the water, and had narrowly escaped being

crushed by the mill-wheel. Snatched wonderfully from death, *John* (this miller lad) had at that time begun to be concerned about the salvation of his soul. Hence the purchase which he made of a Bible. He read that sacred Book, and was fervent in prayer; the Lord heard his prayers, and he became a stanch confessor of the truth as it is in Jesus. He was not long in becoming the object of persecutions from the miller, the miller's wife, his comrades, and persons who frequented the mill. All were determined to render it impossible for him to read the Bible; but the Lord watched over him.

"Shortly afterward, *Andrew*, the miller's son, a young man of twenty years of age, a victim to habits of impiety and dissipation, became likewise a disciple of the Saviour. This happened in the following manner. John was Andrew's assistant at the mill. Originally, they were the best friends in the world; but after John's conversion, Andrew employed all sorts of suggestions, artifices, threatenings, and even violence, to plunge his comrade into a disorderly life. All his efforts were ineffectual. One day, while John was busy out of doors, Andrew, who was alone in the mill, took John's Bible for the purpose of casting it into the river; however, just as he was about to throw it in, he opened the Bible mechanically, and this passage caught his eye:—"Two shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken, and the other shall be left." Matt. xxiv. 41. This declaration struck his conscience with the rapidity of lightning; it took possession of his heart; and, under the weight of an inexpressible emotion, he placed the Bible again in John's chamber. Dating from that moment, Andrew became a new man; thereafter, he showed himself to be a sincere servant of Jesus Christ. United from that time in heart and soul with one another, John and Andrew, young as they were, soon became, in the hand of God, instruments of a religious awakening in the village and the surrounding neighbourhood."

MISERIES OF CHILDREN IN HEATHEN COUNTRIES.

In the memoir of the late Mrs. Shuck, the wife of a Missionary in China, there is the following affecting statement :—

“ I have recently met with a poor little Chinese girl, about six years old, whom we have adopted as our own child. Her case is peculiarly interesting. Her mother, imitating the example of other heathen mothers, sold her to a Chinaman, who kept her only a few months, and sold her again to another Chinaman and his wife, whose hearts, if they were in possession of such a thing, would not allow them to bestow on her a single act of kindness. They used her cruelly, and made her perform such labour as could be expected only from older and stronger persons; and it seems that these cruel people, not satisfied with this, denied her necessary food. By chance, an American, on the eve of leaving this place for his native land, saw her, and feeling anxious to rescue the dear child from death—for she was indeed near to death—offered to buy her. Fortunately, the Chinaman consented, and received for her the sum of ten dollars. The gentleman did not wish to take the child home, and hearing that I was anxious for a little Chinese girl, presented her to me. She is now living in our family, and is standing by my side at this very moment.”

In a letter written a few months afterwards, Mrs. Shuck refers to another case, if possible, still more affecting :—

“Hearing a loud knocking beneath the window, I went to ascertain who were talking. Several Chinese females, and an old man, with a poor little blind girl, were standing outside. As soon as they saw me, they all cried out, with one accord, to know if I would not like to purchase the little girl whom they had brought. They seemed exceedingly anxious to get rid of the child, and continued calling to me, ‘She is blind, and only six years of age; do you not wish to buy her?’ The price they had fixed on this poor little object of pity was ten dollars. I spoke but little on the subject; told them I did not design purchasing

their child, and walked away with some such reflections as these : What a vast and deeply affecting contrast between the children of Chinese parents, and those whose privilege it is to dwell in a land where Christianity triumphs ! In the one, we see them tenderly nurtured in the lap of maternal love. When disease seizes them, how intense the solicitude of the mother ! She watches by their bed-side, without one wish to leave ; but if compelled for a moment to do so, how eager she is to return ! But, on the other hand, how differently are the children of the Chinese mother reared ! The disease and misery to which they are born are indescribable. When ill, they have no endearing mother, whose delight it is to attend to their wants : they become ill—they suffer—they die—uncared for, and unthought of ! If they should happen to be blind, or lame, or disabled for work, how joyfully will those whose duty it is to befriend and support them, part with them for ever for the sake of gaining a few dollars ! With what pity should the happy citizens of America"—(and, we may say, of England)—"look upon the untaught millions of China ! How frequently and how fervently should they pray that the Chinese may be guided by that light which will lead the husband to gaze upon his wife as indeed the companion of his bosom, and not a slave ; and the mother to look on her sons and daughters as blessings from on high, and so to train them as to fit them for the skies."

MISSIONARY LECTURES TO THE YOUNG.

LECTURES, illustrated with Dissolving Views, have been delivered on China and the South Seas, and on the West Indies and Africa, by Messrs. James Banham, Thomas J. Cole, Henry Keen, William Olney, and John Olney, at the following places :—Windmill Street Chapel ; Spencer Place Chapel ; New Court Sunday School ; Alfred Place Chapel ; Ann's Place School-Room ; Church Street Chapel ; Prescott Street School-Room ; New Brentford Chapel ; Keppel Street Chapel ; Hammersmith Chapel ; Islington Green Chapel ; Regent Street Chapel ; Bow Chapel ; Battersea School Room.

J. E. T.

SONG OF THE BOATMEN TO GUNGA.

BY KABI PRASAD GHOSH.*

GOLD river ! gold river ! how gallantly now
Our bark on thy bright breast is lifting her prow ;
In the pride of her beauty how swiftly she flies,
Like a white-winged spirit through topaz-paved skies !

Gold river ! gold river ! thy bosom is calm,
And o'er thee the breezes are shedding their balm ;
And nature beholds her fair features portrayed
In the glass of thy bosom—serenely displayed.

Gold river ! gold river ! the sun to thy waves
Is fleeing for rest in thy cool coral caves ;
And thence, with his tiar of light, in the morn
He will rise, and the skies with his glory adorn.

Gold river ! gold river ! how bright is the beam
That lightens and crimsones thy soft-flowing stream ;
Whose waters beneath make a musical dashing,
Whose waves, as they burst, in their brightness are flashing.

Gold river ! gold river ! the moon will soon grace
The hall of the stars with her light-shedding face ;
The wandering planets will over thee throng,
And seraphs will waken their music and song.

Gold river ! gold river ! our brief course is done,
And safe in the city our home we have won ;
And as to the bright sun now dropped from our view,
So, Gunga ! we bid thee a cheerful adieu.

* Written in English by this Native Hindoo.

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



THE DERVISHES.

ALL my young readers have, doubtless, heard of the false prophet Mohammed. I am not intending to-day to tell them about his history, but to give a short account of some of the many follies into which the system of religion which he founded has led its followers.

Mohammedanism, like all other false religions, teaches that men can procure God's pardon, and fit themselves for God's favour and presence, by their own doings. The poor Mohammedans know

nothing of the atoning work of Christ, though they speak of Him as a great prophet; and they do not believe in that blessed Spirit who alone can make us holy, and prepare us for heaven. Now, amongst the Turks, who are Mohammedans, there is a sect called Dervishes, who fancy that they are holier than others, because of the fearful cruelties which they inflict on their own bodies—those bodies which God made, and which therefore they have *no right* to injure—and also because of the strange performances of which you will presently read. “Dervish” is a Persian word, which signifies a beggar, or one who has nothing; and these men go bare-legged, and with very little clothing, and pretend that they are very poor—though I do not think this is more true than that they are very humble and full of love to God and men, which they also profess to be. The person who established this sect was called Mevelava; and amongst other wild stories which are told of him, they say that he once spun round and round without stopping, and without taking any food, for four whole days! while his companion, Hamea, played on a flute; and after this the story says that Mevelava fell into a trance, and received wonderful instructions about the establishment of this order of Dervishes. How strange that people in their senses can believe such things! Yet, dear children, he who is called “the father of lies” seems to have a marvellous power in making his poor deluded victims believe in his falsehoods. You in dear, happy, Christian England are not likely to believe such stories as this—but may God grant that none of you may be deceived by other “lies” of Satan, as fatal in the end as this. You will only be safe from his devices in *one* place—the fold of the good Shepherd. Have you sought to be admitted there?

Now, if you remember what I have told you about Mevelava, you will understand why his followers do the strange things which I am going to relate.

A gentleman who has been travelling in the East has sent home

a description of a scene which he witnessed a short time ago at a convent of the "howling Dervishes," at Scutari. The Dervishes account every Tuesday and Friday as holy days ;—and it was on one Tuesday afternoon that this gentleman went to see what they did. He was told to take off his shoes, and then he was led into a small, plain room, with an open space in the centre, for the Dervishes, and seats all round for the spectators. About twenty Dervishes had assembled, one of whom, the chief of the order, was called the Sheikh. They were of all ages, from boys of eight or ten, to the old and grey-headed. First of all, the Sheikh prayed, and then he and three or four of the others began to play on instruments, while the rest rose from the cushions on which they had been seated, and stood in a line, taking tightly hold of each other's arms. Then altogether they began to repeat, in slow and measured tones, "La Allah illallah" ("There is no God but one"), keeping time to the words by rocking their bodies backwards and forwards. By degrees their movements and their voices became more and more excited ; the music grew louder—the utterance of the words more rapid—and the rocking of their bodies more violent—till at the end of about twenty minutes they had wrought themselves up to a perfect phrenzy, and the scene became frightful indeed. Amid the din of the tambourines and tom-toms, nothing could be distinguished but the wild howling of the word "Allah !" broken now and then by piercing shrieks. Here and there one sank to the floor, overcome, as *they* said, with *happiness*, but as *we* should think, with *fatigue* : and another leaped high into the air, as if he wished never to descend again. The rest continued furiously swaying their bodies upward and downward, and whipping the air with their long, dishevelled hair, till at length the Sheikh gave a signal which stopped their frantic movements. Each one then took a tambourine and joined in a solemn chant, and another prayer from the Sheikh concluded the exercises. I should have told you that during this dreadful scene

little children were brought to receive the blessing of the Sheikh, who all the time remained seated on a lamb's-skin at the side of the room. How do you think this blessing was given? By *standing* on the little children, some of whom were only tiny infants! Some means had been taken to prevent the tender little ones from being crushed; but how unlike this blessing was to that which those little children received whom the gentle Saviour took up in his arms and blessed!

The gentleman saw swords, daggers, hooks, and pikes, hanging round the room, with which he heard that the Dervishes formerly cut and pierced themselves during these terrible exhibitions: but this part is now left out.

The Dervishes call all this "devotion," and think to please God with it! When you are thinking of the heathen, and praying that they may turn from their dumb idols to God, do not forget these poor deluded creatures, who, while they profess to worship the "one living and true God," are really sunk in darkness as fearful as the worshippers of Budha or Kalee.

S. F. T.

HEATHEN CHILDREN AND MISSION SCHOOLS.

We promised to give our readers a little more information about Mission Schools, and the blessings which have attended them. The kind Christian ladies who have devoted themselves to this blessed work have gone to various countries, and are instructing children of different colours, and whose parents practise different forms of idolatry and superstition.

One lady, writing from Benares, in Northern India, after giving a pleasing account of the state of her school, says, "Mary has been, with her brother Patras, the means of her mother's conversion, and she was recently baptized."

Another, writing from Cape Town, in Southern Africa, refers in her letter to one girl who is now assisting in conducting another

school, where she is found to be very useful—to two who assist her in her own school, and are a great source of comfort to her—and another who has a school containing more than a hundred children under her, and is decidedly pious and has joined the church. She refers also to a Bible-class which she conducts, with from fifteen to twenty young persons, on the second Tuesday in every month, and says she should be greatly encouraged if friends in England would on that evening remember her in their prayers, that she may be made useful in bringing the dear girls to the knowledge of the Saviour. Perhaps some of our dear young readers, who pray for themselves, and who know the Saviour, will seriously consider this request, and will in future pray for the poor children in heathen lands: they will find that it will increase their interest in Mission Schools, while its influence upon their own hearts will be pleasant and profitable.

This lady says: "My Bible-class and little missionary meeting with the oldest of my scholars continue as usual, and I am happy to say they continue to manifest great interest. When we opened our missionary-box in February we found £1 13s. in it. One encouraging circumstance I must mention. A dear little boy, William Stuart, six years old, sometimes remained to listen. We scarcely observed him, but in January he became ill, and during the holidays died. When the school re-commenced, his sister came with his money-box, containing tenpence-halfpenny, which he had requested should be put into our missionary-box. Shortly before his death, his father asked him if he was afraid to die; he replied, 'No, father, I am going to Jesus; for you know we are taught at school that Jesus says, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."' I love Jesus, and he loves me, and will let me live with him in heaven.' He shortly after breathed his last, and I doubt not that he is in heaven singing the praises of Jesus, whom he loved and trusted in with the sweet simplicity of a little child. The

children are very affectionate, and seldom need anything more than a grave look or a serious word to maintain perfect order."

Another lady, whose school consists of above two hundred, writes, "My English class love the Bible and are much interested in its truths. There are children of every shade in this class: I cannot see them to be at all inferior to English children of similar age and advantages. One Negro boy (so called, but a man in size) pleases me very much; he reads English and writes well, and in the Scripture class is one of the first to see a truth and acknowledge its importance; indeed, his Bible seems his only treasure, and he always manifests his regret when the lesson closes."

It will, we doubt not, be interesting to our readers to learn that there is a Mission School at Jerusalem. The lady who conducts it says, "A regular, steady, and pleasurable attendance has marked the children longest with us; a growing interest in the school, and fondness for it, have characterised those more recently admitted; and a wider door has been opened to us, whereby the children of Jews, Turks, and Christians, now compose our little group, and learn together the precious truths of that gospel which proclaims Jesus the Saviour of perishing sinners. The group is exceedingly interesting; it comprises the descendants of Shem, Ham, and Japheth, and the three religions, Judaism, Mohammedanism, and Christianity."

After various particulars, the lady refers to some of her scholars: "The two Mohammedan girls (sisters) are very promising. Little Neesane continues to give the fullest satisfaction and makes steady progress. There are nine or ten little ones very hopeful and extremely interesting; among these two little girls of the Russian Jewish family stand distinguished. I have been severely tried this autumn by the dangerous illness of the elder, but after a time of distressing anxiety, God in his goodness raised her up again. An anecdote of this dear child will show you what an object of affectionate interest she is to us. On all occasions she is fond of quiet

converse with me alone ; and one evening, availing herself of the opportunity afforded by being seated beside me on a stone in the Jaffa plain, while her sister and another child played at a little distance, she repeated to me, in a clear, sweet voice, one of her favourite hymns :

‘ Salvation, oh the joyful sound,’ &c. ;

and on coming to the chorus—

‘ Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever ;
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer,
Hallelujah, praise the Lord,’

she thus commented on it in the most earnest manner, and with the deepest feeling—‘ Oh, ma’am, that’s nice ! Jesus Christ is *our* Redeemer—*our* Redeemer ! No man can redeem his brother ; no money ! no money ! nothing but the precious blood of Christ.’ I was perfectly amazed : it was certainly the condensing of many lessons I had given them ; but to hear it so clearly, so simply, and so fully set forth by the child, affected me almost to tears. In the mouth of a little Jewish girl, too, it had a deeply penetrating power. She has not been with me more than eight months.

BURMESE GENTLEMEN.

WHEN the gentleman of Burmah leaves his house for a walk, he is always attended in the street by several followers, and sometimes by a crowd. Even a petty officer of middling rank appears with six or eight. One carries a pipe, another a coon-box, another a water-goblet, with the cup turned upside down on the mouth, another a spittoon, and another a memorandum-book, &c. One man is

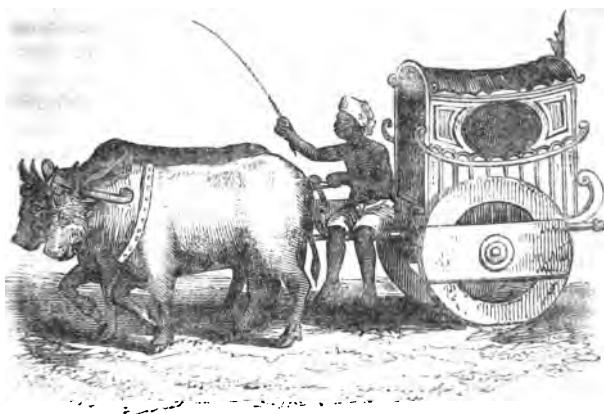
employed in carrying an umbrella, to screen the head of his master from the burning sun.



The men are tattooed on the thighs and lower part of the body. It is begun in patches when they are about eight or ten years old, and continued from year to year till the whole is finished. The figures are those of animals, birds, demons, &c., and are traced with lampblack and oil, and pricked in with a pointed instrument. It is very painful and very expensive. People who are not tattooed are despised, and the practice is regarded as a charm against accidents. Some are tattooed with a kind of red pigment, in small squares on the breast and arms. Some insert small pieces of gold, copper, or iron, and sometimes

diamonds or pearls, under the skin of the arm, just below the shoulder.

The centre of the streets in Ava is kept smooth and clean for foot-passengers, while the sides are left free for elephants, wheel-carriages, and bullock-carts. Very handsome carriages are used by the wealthy. They run on two wheels, which are sometimes made of a solid piece of wood. In some cases, part of the centre of the wheel is cut away. The carriage has no seat, but the floor is nicely covered with mats or cushions, on which the gentleman sits cross-legged. The driver sits on his heels in front and drives two handsome bullocks. As they are used only for the carriage, they trot along very briskly. Around their necks are strings of bells.



As the Burmese have no books, and are very indolent, they spend the day in smoking or riding, or in mere idleness. Their lives are wasted away in sloth and indulgence. They make no efforts after improvement. Their minds are uncultivated, and their religion is one of superstitious reverence for the idol Gautama. Nothing but the gospel of Christ can do them good, or arouse them to seek after the "riches" of heaven. Let my young readers pray that God will bless the labours of the American missionaries, who speak to them of the love of Christ and of God.

THE PALMYRA TREE.

IN the south-eastern districts of India the country is comparatively barren; the tamarinds, and other spreading trees, have disappeared; and the almost level plain of arid sand, extending for many miles along the coast, and stretching far inland, seems to baffle the industry of man, and scarcely yields a shrub or vegetable to repay his incessant toil.

But the providence of God has not forgotten him; and here, where nothing else will grow, the palmyra is provided without human care or culture; the sandy plains are covered with it, and though it can boast of no beauty in its outward form, it affords him a supply of almost all he wants.

From the wood of this tree the villagers procure the stakes and rafters for their huts; the leaves (which are very curiously formed, growing in folds like a large fan, with the folds meeting in the centre, and separating at the outer edge into long taper points,) are used for thatch, and for fences to their little gardens; on being split into strips, they serve them for writing-paper, or are woven into mats and baskets. Of the fibres of the stalk they make their ropes and coarser mats, and the blossom and fruit furnish them with nearly all their food.

The villages in these palmyra-groves are inhabited chiefly by "Shânars," an industrious, hard-working race, and the cultivation of the palmyra is the exclusive right of one class among them, called the "climbing Shânars," and is never infringed on by any others. It is, indeed, too difficult a task for any but those who have been accustomed to it from early youth; and some of our English boys who pride themselves on the ease with which they can climb an oak or an elm, would be puzzled to know how to reach the top of a palmyra, as its tall, stiff stem rises to the height of forty, sixty, or even eighty feet, and throws out no branches to afford assistance to the daring enterprise.

The Shânar, however, has a way of his own contrivance; he puts his feet into a long loop, woven from the fibres of the leaves, whose roughness catching the slight unevennesses of the trunk, may assist him in his ascent, or preserve him from a fall; and with five or six earthen jars strung at his side, a knife stuck into his girdle, and without any covering but the cloth worn round the waist, and occasionally a breastplate of leather, he clasps his arms round the tree, and with wonderful dexterity quickly gains the summit. Here, at the beginning of the palmyra season, he finds, among the cluster of fan-shaped leaves that crown the stem, several long, large sheaths, that contain the flower buds. Over each of these he hangs a jar, and, cutting off the top of the bud, the juice begins to flow, and he descends, leaving it to flow on till evening. Another and another tree is thus visited, and a skilful climber will sometimes visit as many as forty trees in the course of a few hours. They are generally thus employed from three or four o'clock in the morning till noon, when they return home to rest during the hottest part of the day, and go to work again from three or four in the afternoon till nine or ten at night. For four or five months the bud continues to give out its precious juice, and every morning and evening the industrious climber goes through the task of visiting each tree, emptying the jars into a closely-

woven basket of palmyra leaf, and then makes over his hard-earned treasure to the management of his wife. Her work is less dangerous, but not much less fatiguing than that of her husband. She encloses a small space among the trees, with a fence of palmyra leaves, and after lighting a fire with a kind of low thorn which grows there, proceeds to boil down the sweet juice she receives from her husband, called in this state, "Puttaneor," into a thick syrup, which she pours into cocoa-nut shells, or holes scooped in the sand, where it hardens into a coarse black kind of sugar, called "Kurepekutti" (black lump). If the poor woman can find any spreading tree, she gladly avails herself of its shade, but these are very rarely to be met with, and she has to stand over the fire, exposed to the burning rays of the sun, from the morning till six or seven o'clock in the evening. Her work is not yet ended. She must boil the rice for her husband's supper, and when he returns must bathe and shampoo his limbs to remove the stiffness, and prepare him for his next day's work.

When the "puttaneor" season is over, the faithful palmyra yields subsistence in another form. A certain number of the trees have been left untouched till the fruit is ripe, and this they now gather for present use or future produce. Every tree produces thirty or forty nuts, each containing three smaller ones, embedded in a fibrous pulp, and filled with a cooling and refreshing substance, like jelly. But there is still another state in which this useful nut serves for food. It is kept till the outer shell is hard; the inner nuts are then taken out and planted in the patches of sandy ground that surround the village. In this favourite soil the nut throws out a taper root, the size and shape of a small carrot, but in colour and taste like an indifferent potato; and as soon as the green shoot appears above the ground, it is dug up, and affords support during another portion of the year. Sometimes, when a family have more kurepekutti than they need for their own consumption, they boil it again into a yellow sugar-candy, which is sold on

the spot, in square baskets, which are finished after the sugarcandy is put in : so you must cut them open to get at the contents ; but in the bazaars small quantities are exposed for sale, in a little boat, made of two leaves, and prettily fastened together with thorns.—*South Indian Sketches, Part 2.*

YOUNG MEN'S MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

MISSIONARY LECTURES TO THE YOUNG.

THE Committee of the above Association having now ended their Winter Course of Lectures, we heartily thank our young friends for the great interest they manifested at the same. The attendance was most cheering, and we hope all who listened to the pitiful condition of the heathen will, during the summer months, reap a rich harvest for our beloved Missionary Society ; and we can, if spared to the winter of the present year, almost promise our readers that the Young Men's Association will pay them another visit, when we doubt not they will meet with as welcome a reception as they did in the past.

In addition to those mentioned in the "Herald" for March, Lectures have been delivered by Messrs. James Benham, Thomas J. Cole, B. W. Carr, Henry Keen, John Olney, and William Olney, at the following places :—Cotton Street School-Room, Poplar ; Providence School-Room, Shoreditch ; Harvey Street Chapel, Hoxton ; Waterloo Road Chapel ; Highgate Chapel ; James Street School-Room, Camberwell ; Paradise Chapel, Chelsea ; Queen Street Chapel, Woolwich ; Salters' Hall Chapel ; Bloomsbury School-Room ; Lewisham Road School-Room ; Horsley Street School-Room ; Cotton Street Chapel ; Brixton Hill Chapel ; George Street School-Room ; Trinity Chapel ; Shacklewell Chapel ; Little Alie Street School-Room ; Fox and Knot Court School-Room ; Shouldham Street Chapel ; Blandford Street Chapel ; Hatcham Chapel ; Vernon Chapel ; Crawford Street School-Room, Camberwell ; and Islington Green Second Baptist Chapel.

THE DOVE

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—I dare say you feel sorry and disappointed, that our little Dove, having so speedily accomplished her mission, will no longer ride the majestic ocean, bearing the olive branch of peace, the herald of salvation to our sable brethren.

When the preacher of righteousness sent forth the dove out of the ark, her return was speedy, and it was welcome; but after awhile, when she came back no more, joy filled the hearts of Noah and his sons, for they knew the Lord of the mighty waters had not forgotten them; they waited patiently, "though the time was long," till the floods rolled back, and the dry land appeared.

So our little Dove, having borne the good seed of the kingdom to dark benighted Africa, has rested from her labours to return no more. Ethiop's swarthy sons have heard the glad tidings of salvation,—some of them have yielded a willing obedience to the crucified Redeemer. And now—*we* must yet labour on with untiring zeal; we must continue steadfast in prayer, resting in simple hope on the glorious promise, "that Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God." Some of you, dear readers, say, we have been more interested for the Dove this year; we have collected more, and we hoped many young persons were coming to our help,—What shall we do now? Have you given *yourselves* to Jesus? If not—you must *first* believe on Him, that you may have eternal life, and *then* He will accept the labour of your hands; but if you are already enrolled amongst his faithful disciples, be not discouraged, though some briars and thorns strew your pathway; first, ask the guidance of unerring wisdom—then determine never to weary or faint in the mission field, for we must all be missionaries if we would be like our Master;—have one settled object, one purpose before you, steadfastly devote your energies to it. For example, let us agree to take a share in the expenses of a Mission School,—let us pray for it, collect for it, work for it,

correspond with its teacher, specially, about the progress of the children—circulate information. If all who have been interested for the Dove agree to unite their efforts in this way, we may probably be more efficient helpers to the mission than before, and again have reason to exclaim, with grateful emotion—"He hath done all things well." But remember!—*to-day* is your praying-season—*to-day* your opportunity for working; souls are passing every moment into eternity, unprepared, unforgiven. May this thought solemnise our minds, constrain to active, persevering devotedness, to unshrinking consecration of ourselves, our talents, our all, to the service of the Lord.

Believe me, your affectionate friend,

E. C. S.

JUVENILE MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

WE have received several very interesting accounts of meetings in various places; but their length, and our very small space, prevent their insertion.

On New Year's-day, a tea-party and meeting was held at Union Chapel, Manchester. During the year, £13 4s. 4d. had been raised, ten pounds of which are to be given for the support of two orphan children, in Intally School, Calcutta.

At High Wycombe the children met in Union Chapel, also in the British Schools, and at Wycombe Marsh Schools, on the 20th, 21st, and 27th of January, when Mr. Edwin Smith addressed them. The teachers propose devoting one Sunday afternoon in every month to an address on missions.

An interesting missionary service was held in Church-street Sunday School, February 4th, to collect for the Dove. Each child gave a piece of copper, and each teacher a piece of silver, after an address on the idolatries of India, and the worship of Juggernaut and Ram. £1 1s. 9d. was collected. One little girl had a bag, on

which was worked the word "Dove;" in this she had collected several small sums, which she brought to the meeting.

Meetings have been held at Islington Green, and at Kingston, Surrey. At the last place, £7 17s. 10½d. has been collected from the earnest little contributors in the school, being more than double the collection of the previous year.

At Gateshead-upon-Tyne, on the 17th February, the children were addressed by Mr. James Maxwell, who illustrated his remarks by showing the idols, Krishna and Juggernaut. At the close, a boy and girl collected in a cap 3s. 7d. for the mission.

THE MORNING STAR.

"PAPA, what are those sparkling gems
That glitter in the sky?
They look so clear, and shine so bright,
And are so very high!

"I'll tell you what they seem to be—
Gimlet holes in the blue:
Made by the God who shines above,
To let his glory through."

"Those are the stars, my little one,
So very far away;
And they on other worlds like ours
Shine with the light of day.

"Jesus is call'd our morning star,
To guide our souls to heaven;
And all who come to Him for grace,
Shall have their sins forgiven.

"God loved us, so He sent his Son
To die for babes like you;
And thus above the sky we see
His glory shining through."

E. C. S.

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



BIMBIA—THE DOVE.

Our Engraving this month represents a native house at Wanggee, four miles from Jubilee, where dear Mr. Merrick laboured so long and so usefully before his death. It is like the house in which Inangge was chained, and of which you will presently read. In a letter lately received from

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F

[MAY.

Mr. Newbegin, who now occupies the station of Mr. Merrick, we have the following interesting account of the mission and the proceedings of the *Dove*. And although our young readers know that she will, ere long, return to England, and not again return to Africa, they will be happy to learn how she has been employed during the time they have so kindly contributed to her support. Mr. Newbegin says:—

“The good people of Clarence were delighted to see her again; and as the wind was very light, and she sailed very slowly into Clarence, they said they wished they had a long rope, that all the people might drag her in. She soon after went to Bimbia, where Mr. Merrick has been living for nearly six years, and has translated so much of the Scriptures. There are several little boys and girls who read in the Isubu Testament very nicely, who, before Mr. Merrick went there, were all wild and naked; but now they begin to know better. Soon after the *Dove* went to Bimbia, little Fanny was baptized, and I expect by-and-bye she will go to England, because her cruel master wants to do her mischief.*

There was also another poor girl living at Jubilee, who had been sold for a long time to King Bell, at Cameroons, by King William. She saw that it was very sinful to go and live with the heathen any more, and begged to be allowed to stop with the missionaries; but this they would not let her do, so they dragged her away by force, and kept her among the people at Bimbia, who laughed at her, and called her a fool, and said that the “God-men” had turned her head, and now she was crazy. The women all came about her and laughed at her too; and when they found that they could not move her, they put a chain round her foot, and fastened it to a post, where they kept her for several days. When the time came for her to go away, they put her into a large canoe, and she went all night through the creek, and arrived at Cameroons very wet with

* Fanny is now in England, having returned with Mrs. Merrick.

the rain. King Bell then claimed her; she said she would not be his wife, that she saw it was sinful. He became very angry, and treated her very ill indeed, and said he would shut her up all alone in a house full of smoke, so that her eyes might be stung. At last, in a rage, he turned her out of his house, and sent her to live with a woman, who, on the whole, treats her kindly. Sometimes she goes to see Mr. Johnson, at Cameroons, at the mission house there; but King Bell always sends a guard of ten or twelve men with her, for fear she should run away. King Bell sometimes gets so angry with her, that he threatens to sell her to another country; and her brother and King William have both told him he must do so. A few days ago, I had to spend a few hours at Cameroons, and I then saw poor Inangge. She was in the house of the woman I have mentioned. She was respectably clothed, and very clean and tidy in her person—a remarkable contrast to the people everywhere. King Bell promised to let her come and see me in the afternoon; but he broke his promise, and, as I had to leave early the next morning, I did not see her again.

“How thankful you should be that God has put you in a Christian land, where your parents do not sell you to wicked men! At Bimbia and Cameroons they often bury children alive. A short time ago, three children were interred with their dead mothers, in the course of a fortnight. This is what they do in these heathen lands. Now, my dear young friends, you must all pray for poor Inangge, and for the poor Isibus and Duallas.

“We take a trip to sea sometimes, when fever comes on, as it often does, and then we get better; for Africa is a very sickly country, and many missionaries have died because there they preached Christ in preference to any other place. I hope, also, many of you who read this little ‘Herald,’ will one day be missionaries. If you pray earnestly to God, he will prepare you for it, should it be his will to call you, when we are gone, to take our places.”

THE FIELD OF MISSIONS.

How much of meaning have we condensed in this familiar term ! By it we are reminded that the work of missions is a *battle field*, where the soldiers of the cross are manfully engaging with the hosts of Satan, and seeking to drive them from the ground they have for ages occupied, to release man from the yoke of superstition, and to turn the rebellious children to the wisdom of the just.

It is a *mineral field*, in which the courageous and persevering miner is engaged, digging from its subterraneous bed, and cleansing from its earthy particles, gold, silver, or precious stones, which, fitted for the Master's use, shall deck his radiant crown for ever.

It is a *fallow field*, where the sturdy labourer is busily employed turning up the hardened soil, and preparing an entrance for the Word of truth, the life-giving seed.

It is a *harvest field*, where the toiling reapers are, with anxious hearts, separating the wheat from the tares ; and gathering in the precious fruit to the church, ere the autumn storms of fiery persecution can descend to destroy its beauty.

Let us spend a few moments in serious reflection about the mission field.

1st. *The extent of the missionary field*, including within its range eight hundred millions of immortal beings, scattered over the surface of this vast globe, inhabiting every variety of climate, from the icy pole to the burning equator, divided into thousands of clans, tribes, and nations, separated from each other by wide-spread oceans, towering mountains, arid deserts, and deeply-flowing rivers ; or by the still wider gulf of war, petty jealousies, and bitter enmity ; speaking dialects entirely dissimilar, and widely differing in their customs, opinions, and religious belief, and worship.

Such is the extent of the field, and such some of the difficulties which have to be overcome in forming and carrying out plans for

its culture. Who, then, can rightly estimate the benevolence of heart, and the courage of mind he must possess, who from simple love to souls goes forth to labour in this mighty field? Does he not justly claim our warmest sympathies, and our most ardent prayers?

2nd. *The RELIGIOUS STATE of this field.* Five hundred and ninety millions of our fellow-men are entirely ignorant of the God of the Bible, worshipping ugly lumps of wood and stone, practising the most degrading superstitions and awfully cruel rites. One hundred and sixty millions more, though they have a slight knowledge of God and of his Christ—the truth mixed with lying traditions, the simple faith of the Gospel with the absurdities of Paganism,—have their eyes blinded so, that “seeing, they see not, and hearing, they do not understand.” Yea, out of the whole human race there are only fifty-five millions, or about one person in every fourteen, who *professes* the truth as it is in Jesus: and, oh! how few of these have the power, how many of them have only the name to live, while they are dead!

Beside this religious destitution, what a moral waste does this field present to our eye!—here infanticide, murder, self-destruction, robbery, lasciviousness, and the worst crimes become deified, and are, by millions, looked upon as virtues, and as acts pleasing to their gods. Does not this say to us, Up and be doing? Are not our souls stirred within us towards our kinsmen in the flesh, thus perishing for lack of knowledge?

3rd. *The LABOUR this field requires.* The missionaries' work is not merely to sow and to reap; but, like the emigrant cultivating the virgin soil, he has to cut down the dark forest of superstition, to tear up the deep-laid roots of prejudice, to plough deeply into the hard soil of ignorance, to remove the seedlings of vice. Nor is it enough to sow the seed broadcast, even on land so prepared; we must open the hearts as it were with the drill, and place the seed in this softened soil. Then follow the days and

nights of anxious care, alternating between fear and hope, accompanied with earnest agonizing prayer, for the Spirit's blessed influence, without which he knows all is vain. Then succeed the hoeing and the watering, the training and the pruning, until at last his joyful eyes behold sincere converts submitting to Jesus. To perform such labour as this upon every spot where men dishonour God, what a vast number of missionaries is yet wanted, before we can embrace in our efforts all the vast family of man, still perishing for lack of knowledge! Truly the field is immense, "The (promised) harvest is great, but the labourers are few. Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth more labourers into his harvest."

4th. OUR DUTY *in relation to this field* is clearly to do what in us lies to help in its cultivation and improvement. We may not be able to go into the distant field of labour; but there are spots around our own homes which equally call for our attention, and where our personal instructions and influence may be far more usefully applied. Still we can help in supporting those that are in the field, by our personal contributions, by actively collecting from others, by associating with our friends in order to obtain and impart missionary knowledge, and by endeavouring to diffuse a missionary spirit among the young around us. Above all by our earnest, persevering, believing prayers.

To these duties and engagements everything around urges us,—the rapid flight of time, the uncertainty of health and vigour, the thousands perishing daily for lack of knowledge. At this moment seven hundred and fifty millions, living without God and without hope, say, "Come over and help us." Men are not wanting who would willingly go, "not counting their lives dear unto them," for Christ's sake; but our Society, for want of funds, cannot send them. Well may the questions be put to you, "How can they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? How can they hear without a preacher? How can they preach except they be sent?"

Dear young friends, we say again, Up and be doing! Aid in this good work; recollect it has Christ for its author, its director, and its end. He has said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

T. J. C.

HOW TO AID MISSIONS.

AN old labouring man, in a village in Kent, when first told of the Church Missionary Society, exclaimed, "Well, I have always wondered, when people talked about India, why it was that God had given us that large country; *but now I know.*" He immediately became a collector, and brought £6 or £7 every year, which he had got in small sums from his neighbours. When asked how he was able to collect so much, he said, "Why, ma'am, I take some missionary papers with me, and go of an evening, after my work, to a village, and ask the people if I shall read to them; they generally are very glad I should,—so I sit down and read till sometimes they cry, and I cry too, and then they are sure to give me something." He often used to say, "Ah! if I were young, and God would let me go, I would not stay in England. But I am too old—he must go instead,"—alluding to a beloved grandson, whom he had brought up, and whom he ardently desired should be employed in missionary work. The desire of his heart was granted, and one of the last pieces of earthly intelligence that reached his dying ear was, that his grandson had entered on his labour in a distant land.

South Indian Sketches.

THE DRAWINGROOM COLLECTION.

MR. EDITOR,—I have just come from such a nice meeting of boys and girls, held in the drawingrooms of a kind neighbour, where a gentleman told us about the poor heathen in India, China, and Africa, that they worship most ugly dolls, burn poor widows,

drown old men, sell children into slavery, and throw dear little babies to the tigers. It made us very sorry to hear such sad accounts of our black brothers and sisters, so we agreed to pray for them, and instead of spending our money in sweetmeats, to buy them some tracts and Bibles. We gave the gentleman who talked to us nearly six hundred farthings for the Missionary Society. Is it enough to do any good with, do you think?

I overheard my papa say to Morrison's mamma, that, if such meetings do no other good, they serve to educate us children. What he meant I am sure I can't tell; but this I know, that we were all very happy at sending our pocket-money to the poor black children. Don't you think it would be kind if other papas besides ours made their children happy by having drawingroom missionary meetings for them?

Camberwell.

ALFRED M——.

[We have received five bags of farthings, containing in all five hundred and sixty-four, and have returned the bags to the young friends, with the hope of receiving, before three months, the same bags nicely filled by the same cheerful contributors.]

BANKOK—SIAM.

SIAM is a country lying to the east and south of Calcutta. It is supposed to contain three millions of inhabitants. Bankok is the capital, and stands on an island situated in the middle of the river, called by the natives *Meinam*, or "Mother of Waters." The banks of the river opposite to the island are also lined with the houses of the people. As you ascend the river, you can see very few of the dwellings on the land, for they are concealed by many rows of floating houses on the river. The picture represents one of them. It is open in front, and contains a little shop. The goods are placed on a number of shelves, which rise one above

another, like stairs, to the height of about three feet. And there you see the shopman sitting alongside on the floor, ready to sell to any people who pass by, and take a fancy to the articles he sells.



The front of the shop opens with hinges at the top, and is propped up in the daytime with a bamboo. The family live in the rooms behind. The house and shop stand on a raft of large bamboos, which is kept in its place, not by an anchor, but by poles on each side driven into the muddy bottom of the river.

The river is the chief highway or street of the city, and the people row from place to place in small boats. Sometimes a man or woman is thrown into the water by the upsetting of their boat, to the great amusement of the people. Little children, five or six years old, paddle about in very small boats not much larger than themselves. They are

often upset; but nobody troubles about it, for they swim so dexterously and well, as seldom to be drowned.

One day, when Mr Malcolm was going up the river, a little girl about seven years old came so suddenly out of a narrow passage between two houses as to run against his boat and upset her own. She was thrown out several feet, and her paddle in the opposite direction. At first she looked astonished, and then burst into a fit of laughter. She soon recovered her paddle, and then swam behind her boat, still upside down, pushing it toward the shore.

The people of Siam worship in sacred places called *Wats*. They are spacious groves, containing pagodas, temples, houses for images, and dwellings for the priests. There are more than a hundred Wats in and around Bangkok. The Siamese worship Gautama—that is, Budha—under the name of Somona Codom. They are crafty, mean, ignorant, idle, rapacious, cruel, and superstitious. No one blushes at being detected in a falsehood. Yet they love their children, and, like the Chinese, pay great reverence to their parents. There is a mission in Bangkok supported by the American Baptist Missionary Society. Many tracts and portions of Scripture have been printed and circulated; and a few persons, especially Chinese, many of whom live at Bangkok, have been brought, by God's grace, to confess the name of Christ. Mrs. Davenport has a school of twelve or fifteen children, which is opened daily with prayer and religious instruction. Let our prayers unite with these dear missionary friends, that they may have the happiness of witnessing the conversion of these poor heathen children.

NEWS FROM AFAR—CEYLON:

No. II.—To the Scholars of the Baptist Sunday School, St. Albans.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—In this letter I shall continue my account of the various employments of the people of Ceylon. Many of the natives gain their livelihood by making rope from the husk of the cocoa-nut, and others by extracting oil from the kernel. Some keep bazaars or shops by the road-side, for the sale of fruit, rice, curry, stuffs, &c., and many thousands are fishermen. In passing through the streets of Colombo, or any other large town, you will see here a seller of cakes and fruit, there a maker and seller of tortoise-shell combs; then a verandah full of chatties and other coarse earthenware; next an arrack-shop; then a barber, shaving his customers with all the publicity possible; next a dealer in locks, guns, old iron, &c.; then a coffin-maker's, with coffins of all sizes exposed for sale (for persons here are buried on the day of their death, or the next day at latest); then, perhaps, a gold or silversmith at work in his verandah; next a seller of fancy articles, beads, &c.; then a maker of sweetmeats; next a parcel of tailors, making dresses for English or Burgher ladies; then a sort of linen-draper,—and so on.

There are a few carpenters, blacksmiths, and masons; but their work is not of the most superior kind, nor are they remarkably expert. A log of wood which an English carpenter would saw through without any assistance, gives employment to four persons—one at each end, and two to saw. They never use an axe, but employ the adze instead. A blacksmith has his fire, bellows, and anvil, all on the ground, and sits on his heels to work. His bellows are of a peculiar construction, being made of goat-skins fastened to a frame of wood sunk in the ground. Two are used, both communicating with the fire. They are placed at a little distance from each other, and a man, who sets one of his feet on each, and has in each hand a string attached to them,

pulls up one and presses down the other, so that there is a puff of wind alternately. Those who can get English bellows and other tools are of course glad to abandon their old ones. The tinkers, tailors, and shoemakers, are all of them Portuguese.

A few of the natives employ themselves in weaving a coarse kind of cloth; and a few in extracting toddy from the cocoa-nut and jaggery-trees, which they afterwards make into a coarse kind of sugar called jaggery, or distil into an intoxicating drink called arrack. The more educated natives, who have learned English, are employed as clerks in government offices, or by merchants and other European residents. Some of them practise as proctors or lawyers, and have no difficulty in finding a host of clients. The propensity for going to law is strongly marked in the character of the Singhalese. Perhaps it is well that it is so; for the very slight boundaries that mark the division of their properties give occasion for continual quarrels, and these quarrels, if not referred to a court of justice, might be decided by the disputants on the spot, and be attended with fearful results.

It often happens that a single paddy-field, separated from another by only a low mud wall, has twenty owners, each of whom is to help cultivate it, and reap a twentieth part of the produce. Again, a thousand cocoa-nut trees, belonging perhaps to a hundred persons, may have no fences whatever to divide them, so that disputes about ownership easily arise. These are referred to the Court, and its decisions generally bowed to with the utmost submission. Some of the proctors are conscientious men, and do the best they can for an injured client; but others, like the pettifogging lawyers of England, will take up a case, however bad, having an eye only to the fees. In Ceylon, as in the East generally, no one visits a superior without taking a present; and this is thought the more needful when a favour is to be asked. Proctors, therefore, are always approached with a good present. This consists of various kinds of fruit, vegetables, honey, fowls, rice, and other things of use in housekeeping. Some of the people being very poor can pay their proctor for his services



WOMAN POUNDING RICE.

in nothing else; but a little money, in addition, is generally required from every client.

I was told, by a native, of the following case. A poor man went to a proctor, with a present in his hand, to beg him to plead his cause in a law-suit about a paddy-field. The proctor was busy, and he was told to call again. In a few days he went with another present, when the proctor promised to do all he could for him; but said he was in want of an errand-boy. The man having a younger brother at home, promised to send him, and did so accordingly. Soon after, he went again, when the proctor told him he could do nothing in the case without a fee of fifty dollars (£3 15s.). The poor man with much difficulty raised *half* the amount, and took it to the proctor, who accepted it as a part, telling him he must not expect his cause to succeed unless he should bring the other five-and-twenty dollars. The man sold some little property that he possessed, and by hook and by crook obtained the required amount. When he presented it, the proctor promised to bring his case forward as soon as

possible. A long time passed by, and the poor man, hearing nothing about his case, went again to the proctor, who pleaded press of business, and said that he hoped soon to get it decided; but, added he, "My wife is in want of an *arnier* (wet-nurse), and I must beg of you to bring me one." The poor man knew of nobody that would do but his own wife; so he persuaded her to leave her infant to the care of a neighbour, and go to supply the proctor's child with milk. Well, after much further delay, the case was heard in court, and decided; but, alas! the decision was *against* the proctor's client, who, when he heard it, exclaimed in despair, "I have lost my brother, I have lost my money, I have lost my wife, and I have lost my case into the bargain."

The custom of offering presents to superiors is very ancient. In the life of Jacob several instances of it occur; as when, sending his sons to buy corn in Egypt, he said, "Take of the best fruits of the land in your vessels, and carry down the man a present; a little balm and a little honey, spices and myrrh, nuts and almonds." Many such instances are found in various parts of the Old Testament, and some also in the New; as the gifts presented to the infant Saviour, "gold, and frankincense, and myrrh." Here I will close for the present, and make my *salam*.

Yours sincerely,

C. C. DAWSON.

OUR BOOK-SHELF.

Florence Arnott; or Is she Generous? By Aunt Kitty. London: B. L. Green.

Little readers will, we are sure, be delighted with this beautiful book. It will teach them the evils of selfishness, and how it may be overcome with effort, united with simple, earnest prayer.

Lessons for Infant Classes, with an Introduction on Infant-Class Teaching. London: B. L. Green.

A lesson-book to be highly commended for its simplicity,

thoughtfulness, and adaptation to the object proposed. It is just the book for every teacher of the younger classes in our Sunday-schools.

The Holly Tree: a Winter Gift of Original Prose and Poetry. By G. E. and M. Sargent, and Others. London: B. L. Green.

And a beautiful gift too. The story of the African slave girl, entitled, "Joy after Sorrow," our young readers will find strikingly good and true.

JUVENILE MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

Hoxton.—On Thursday, March 7th, a Juvenile Meeting was held in Harvey Street Chapel; Rev. T. Pepper was in the chair, and the young people were addressed by Messrs. E. Smith and J. E. Tresidder.

At Lion Street School Room, a Juvenile Meeting was held on the 13th March. Mr. B. L. Green presided, and Messrs Olney and Hanks addressed the young people. The contributions of the first quarter were voted away, and a determination felt to do yet more for the heathen world.

The Annual Meeting of the New Park Street Juvenile Missionary Association was held in the School Room on Thursday evening, the 28th March. Addresses were delivered by four of the teachers. £50 16s. 4d. have been collected during the year, a sum much larger than that of any previous year. Three schools in Ceylon are supported by the Association, and £7 13s. 4d. were given for the *Dove*, beside the payment of a debt due to the Treasurer. The plan followed so successfully is this: each teacher has voluntarily engaged to be responsible for one farthing per week for every child in his class, and one penny per week for himself. The failure of those who give nothing is made up by those who give more. This plan has been crowned with remarkable success, and is earnestly recommended to all our Sabbath School Associations.

A Juvenile Annual Meeting was held at the new Baptist Chapel, Islington, on the 31st March. £9 have been raised in as many months, and a class of sixteen girls formed, who meet once a month, to make garments for the heathen. £5 of the above sum are devoted to the support of Wilgama School, Ceylon.

HYMN,

Written for the Worcester, Mass., Sabbath-School Teachers' Convention.

BY CHARLES THURBER.

THERE is a spot surpassing sweet,
By sovereign kindness given,
Where old and young together meet,
And sit them down at Jesus' feet,
And learn the way to heaven.

The little prattler stops his play
On Saturday at even,
And on the peaceful Sabbath-day
He comes with joy to learn the way
That leads to bliss and heaven.

The stalwart youth, his toils forgot,
One peaceful day in seven,
Retires to this delightful spot,
To banish earth, and spend a thought
Upon the things of heaven.

The man of toil, with cares oppressed,
Who all the week has striven,
Comes with a calm and peaceful breast,
To think of joys and dream of rest
The weary find in heaven.

The hoary veteran on the brink
Of life's concluding even,
Retires from busy life to think
Within this spot, the brightest link
Between the earth and heaven.

Ho! ye who, in Siloam's pool,
Have washed and been forgiven,
Come ye, till every seat is full,
And grace shall make the Sabbath School
The very gate of heaven.

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



MAHOMET.

In the year 569, Mahomet was born in Arabia, in a wild, wilderness country, where the fierce sun scorched by day, and the cold wind swept at night. The place of his birth was Mecca, situated in the midst of a barren and stony

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desert, where the people worshipped a black stone, placed in the corner of a temple, called the Caaba. This stone, the Arabs said, was the guardian angel of Paradise, who was turned into a stone when Adam and Eve were driven out of the garden of Eden. When first placed in the wall it was of dazzling whiteness, but the kisses of sinful mortals made it black.

Many wonderful things are said to have taken place when Mahomet was born, all of which were intended to show him forth as a person sent by God to change the religion of his idolatrous countrymen. A heavenly light lit up the rocks and hills, the valleys and the torrents of the surrounding country; a lake shrank away from its shores, and the mighty Tigris overflowed its banks.

Mahomet's father died when he was two months old, and his mother before he reached the age of six. His uncle, Abu Taleb, then took charge of him. He had no schooling, and never learnt to write, but went with his uncle to markets and fairs, driving the camels, trafficking in the bazaars, and watching over the herds and flocks.

But Mahomet was very thoughtful and inquisitive, and when he visited other towns and countries with the caravans, he sought out persons who could explain to him the religions of the people where he came. In this way he met with Jews and Christians, and learnt that idolatry was contrary to the will of God. He now formed the idea of changing the religion of his countrymen. He mixed up the narratives of the Old and New Testament with the wild legends and traditions of the Arabs, and gave himself out as a prophet of God.

Will he tell them about the gentle Jesus?—about his life of love, and his death on the cross for sinners? Will he

point them to the city in the skies? No: he prepares a false Bible; he fills it with dreams and marvellous stories which are not true; he tells his followers to fight, and to slay all who will not acknowledge him as the prophet of God. He pretends that one dark silent night, he went to heaven on a wonderful white steed, brought to him by the angel Gabriel, having a human face; the trappings of a horse, its eyes jacinths, and radiant as stars. By its eagle's wings he is borne over Mount Sinai to Jerusalem. There he enters the temple, and then by a ladder of light he ascends to heaven. There he meets with Adam, Abraham, Noah, and many more patriarchs of olden times, and also a splendid dazzling white cock, whose crest is five hundred miles high! By such absurd stories as these he deceived his countrymen, induced them to lay aside their idolatry, and to believe in him as a prophet sent from God.

At first the people would not believe him, and they tried to kill him. He therefore fled to Medina, where, after a little time, he told his followers, that by a vision from Heaven he was commanded to propagate his religion with the sword. And now the wild Arabs flocked to his standard, hoping for plunder; and, after a few years, they spread their religion in many lands, forcing the people to believe in Mahomet, or putting them to death.

Twelve hundred years have passed since Mahomet died. One hundred and eighty millions of people still believe him to be a prophet, and reject Jesus Christ. In India the Missionaries preach to many Mahommedans, and some have been converted. Their religion is fading away. Let our little readers earnestly pray, that the followers of this false prophet may soon, by the teaching of the servants of Christ, be led to repentance and to love the Saviour.

PAPA'S SUNDAY STORY.

Mr. and Mrs. M—— were very solicitous to render the Sabbath both pleasant and profitable to every member of their household. Both shared in the duty of home instruction, and it was one of the happiest hours in the week, when, while tea was preparing, and mamma was either occupied with baby, or seeking spiritual blessings in her own closet, that those who were old enough gathered round papa, and listened to his Sabbath story.

"Here is papa! Come, Edith!" cried little Lucy, who had busied herself in placing chairs and stools for the happy group.

"Why, Edith," remarked Mr. M., with a quiet smile, "Sunday-school teachers are surely too old and too wise for my stories now?"

"Nay, indeed, papa," replied Edith, "I am quite as thankful as little Lucy, and every whit as much interested. You do not know how glad I am to rehearse them to my class; and they help me very much in trying to talk to them out of my own head. But I fear I am not a very apt scholar, for the little things are always vastly more pleased with the repetition of your stories than they are with my best original discourse."

"But, Edith dear," interposed George, "if you and papa are going to discuss the best mode of teaching, I am afraid our patient little sister will lose her accustomed pleasure."

"Ah! one word for Lucy and two for yourself, I suspect, Master George. But please, papa, begin, and then we shall all be gratified."

"Well, what shall it be, Lucy?" inquired papa.

"A missionary story, if you please," said the little girl. "You promised me one about some heathen land turning into a Christian country."

"Now, then, listen. There was once a beautiful isle of the seas, where forest trees grew in luxuriance, and the soft green grass was renewed every year. There were gentle rivers and healing springs,

there were animals which yielded both food and clothing ; myriads of fragrant flowers scented the woods, and numbers of singing birds rejoiced the ear,—the very ground was rich with precious metals."

"What a lovely spot ! Were there any people living there ?"

"Yes ; and these were a fair and handsome race ; they had smooth skins and merry bright eyes. The old people were fine, venerable-looking beings, and the babies were among the prettiest on earth."

"Were they savages, papa ?"

"Alas ! yes ; and like most savages, they fared hardly at times. Sometimes the chase was unsuccessful, and they could get no meat from the forests ; or their small weapons were spoiled by the frequent rains ; then the children and their parents would get no dinner, but the few dry seeds they could steal from the nest of some animal more provident than themselves."

"Poor creatures ! And were they heathens too ?"

"They were either heathens or idolaters. Perhaps the inhabitants of the isle might be nearly equally divided between these two classes ; for there were no roads, and scarcely any communication between the different towns and villages,—if we can so dignify the clusters of small dwellings with which they were contented."

"What sort of idols did they worship ?"

"When we first hear about them, they seem to have had no visible object of worship, but they held in great reverence an imaginary being they symbolised by the serpent."

"How very strange ! And how did they worship this being ?"

"By the offering of sacrifice, as is so common among most nations. The chief places for sacrifice were usually at the top of very high hills ; and when an elevated moorland afforded sufficient space, the way to this sacred spot was marked out by a double row of large, upright stones ; and this pathway was carried round and about, to imitate the coils of a serpent."

"What a very queer fancy!" remarked George. "Pray what did they sacrifice?"

"On solemn occasions, my dear boy, they offered human sacrifices. Sometimes only one or two, and sometimes whole companies of victims. Long afterwards, remains of these spots were distinctly traced, and I believe, indeed, are still dimly visible to the attentive observer. The rude altar, and the rough basin where the atoning blood was received, have called forth many a heartfelt song of praise that such days have in that isle for ever passed away."

"I am sure that is a comfort," said Lucy.

"Ah! my Lucy," continued Mr. M., in a tone of touching emotion, "had you lived in that land at that time, you would probably have been doomed to death by fire."

"What for, papa? What! burn a child to death!"

"Such was the annual custom among these poor ignorant savages, my children. Crowds of smiling infants and prattling little ones were offered up by their own parents, as precious bribes, to obtain the favour of their deity, or to atone for some crime of which conscience accused them."

"I am sure no cruel priests should have killed my sister, papa, if I were there!" declared George, indignantly.

"You cannot judge, my boy. The experience of other nations and the assertions of Holy Writ prove, that you would neither have had the power nor the will to prevent it."

"I might not have had the power, perhaps, but I am sure I should have had the will to prevent it."

"Superstition destroys all human affection; George, and the records of modern missions amply testify, that a burdened conscience scruples not at any sacrifice, however costly. Even St. Paul thought he did God service by hating men and women, and persecuting them to death."

"True, papa; I had forgotten that," said George.

(To be continued in our next.)

LITTLE GEORGE.

GEORGE BOARDMAN was a son of Mrs. Sarah Judson, and was born in Burmah. In the pretty house in page 89 he lived a few years, until he was sent to America by his parents to be educated. The children of Missionaries are often separated from their beloved homes that they may be taught; for in heathen lands there are no schools where they may acquire the knowledge necessary for their happiness and future welfare. This is one of the greatest trials Missionaries have to endure. Their children have to go on a long and dangerous voyage, often without the kind protection of a mother or father, and live for many years among strangers, and perhaps never see each other again.

Thus it was with little George. Yet, when he was very young, and before he left Burmah, his dear mother often spoke with him about his soul. Once, when she was very ill, she had many sweet conversations with him. His mind was very tender. He would weep on account of his sins, and kneel down and pray. He read the Bible to his mamma every day, and by her bedside learnt many beautiful hymns. When she got better, little George would play about in the verandah which you see encircling the house.

But the time soon came when he must leave his mother's side. Her gentle and loving kiss he would never more feel. With a full heart he bids her farewell; but his mother retires to weep and pray; and, as the days pass on, while every day his mother prays for God's protection over him, she little knows the dangers to which he is exposed, or her heart would break.

He has entered on his long and dreary voyage. At first friends are very kind, so that he scarce misses his mother's

voice and kiss. Everybody loves him, and studies his happiness, for he is placed under the care of two Missionaries. On reaching Singapore, they convey him in an open boat to the ship which is to take him to his native land.

They are ten miles from the shore and five from the ship—all alone, and without fire-arms. A boat, with three wild-looking men, hails them in a seemingly friendly manner. It comes near to spy out their strength, but the little company fear no danger. Again a few moments, and the spy-boat reappears. It comes straight towards them, its sail is hoisted, and more men are seen on board. They begin to fear, and suspect they are not friends; but the strangers ask for a cluster of fruit, and one of the gentlemen rises to give it them. In a moment the kind fruit-giver is hurled by the treacherous stranger into the sea. He wrestles with the other gentleman, and as they struggle and sway from side to side, the red blood trickling down the clothes of his kind protector, little George sees from his hiding-place the strife. His flesh creeps with fear, his blue eyes glitter and dilate with terror. Another wound is given by the three-pronged fishing-spear of the pirate, passing through muscle and bone, and the heavy wooden handle is left hanging from the bleeding wrist. At this fearful moment a hand clutches the side of the boat—it is that of the drowning man, and he is dragged into the boat by the oarsman. The pirates now use frightful threats, and at last seize a small box, which they suppose contains gold; but no! it contains only letters and messages of love from absent children, brothers, sisters, and friends. But the pirates now let them go, and they are safe; and after many months' sailing over the wide great ocean, little George lands safely in America.

But George's mother followed him in her thoughts and prayers. She committed him to the care of a true Friend. She knew that, in sickness or in health, in the ship or on the land, he rested in the hollow of an Omnipotent Hand, and the wing of peace was over him.

In another Number we will give a letter Mrs. Judson wrote to her little George.



MRS. JUDSON'S HOUSE.

OUR OWN MISSION SCHOOLS.

ALL our readers must have been much pleased with the two articles that appeared some few months since in our Magazine, upon "Heathen Children and Mission Schools;" but they will soon see that they were only to prepare the way for some more direct appeal to them on behalf of their "own Mission Schools." Every little boy and girl can, perhaps, remember the time when they were first presented with a silver sixpence, how pleased they were at the thought of its being all their own! In how many ways

this money was to be spent. it was hard to tell; and while you remember what you then felt because it was all your own, there are young friends (at New Park Street, St. Albans, Maze Pond, Melksham, and other places), who, on reading this little Magazine, will with equal, if not greater pleasure, think of their "own Mission School"—that School towards which they have, Sunday after Sunday, given their subscription of a farthing or more. And as they have given their money so cheerfully, love the work so highly, and so much good is being done by it, we think it will be well for all our young friends to have a share in a work so holy, so Divine.

In India alone there are fifty-four millions of children under fourteen years of age, of which large number only a very, very few, are receiving good instruction, but are trained by their parents to fall down to wooden, stone, or other idols. Surely, when our young readers think of this, they will be anxious to know in what way they can be educated, not by fables, but by millions:

"That every heathen child may know,
What blessings Jesus can bestow."

The Young Men's Missionary Association, last October, wrote letters to all the Missionaries of the Society, telling them how glad the children of England were to hear of the schools they had opened, and each missionary was asked to write word home as to how many schools he had, where they were situate, what they cost, who paid for them, and what was taught by the teachers. Since that time, letters have been received from nearly all of our beloved missionaries. Many of the letters have filled our hearts with sadness, when we have read of the awful ignorance and heathen practices of the people, but, most of all, when the missionary has spoken of his having closed his schools, dismissed his teachers, dispersed the poor heathen children, simply because no funds were sent him from England to pay the teacher, and

other expenses of the school. Mr. Dawson, our Missionary at Kandy, in his letter, states that, in the year 1845, he had in his district twenty-one schools—now he has only three; two of them are supported by a gentleman living at Kandy, and the other is New Park Street School, situate about five miles from Kandy, and supported by the school bearing that name in London.

The "Young Men's Missionary Association" hope, in the next few numbers of your *Herald*, to give you an account of the educational labours of the missionaries, with extracts from their letters, which we trust will lead all to help the effort now making by the Association to obtain support for "Our Own Mission Schools," by our own English Sunday-school children, by which it is proposed to allot the Foreign Schools to the English Schools for support, such Foreign Schools to be called after the names of the schools that support them. And as the cost of a school varies from £5 to £50, according to the situation, character, and number of children taught in the same, we hope an English Sunday-school of one hundred children will subscribe £5 per annum, and so support a £5 school in the Island of Ceylon, which can be done by each scholar subscribing one farthing every week to the missionary-box; and to make up for the few that may not subscribe, those who love Jesus, and who love the Missionary Society, will find companions who will gladly help them in the good work, and thus the school will be well and cheerfully supported. And schools containing a greater number of children can support a better and more expensive school. Or if two or more schools in one district will unite, they can have one large school between them, and so, by this means, all will have a share in the instruction of the heathen children; and those beloved young friends who do not belong to any Sunday-school, can also help in this delightful employ, and we hope they will sit down at once, or get their Papa or Mamma to do so, and write to the Secretary of the Young Men's Missionary Association, at 33, Moorgate Street, London,

who will gladly answer all their inquiries about any of the schools, and send them cards, &c., so that they may enlist their young companions as subscribers to their "own Mission Schools." But we must not forget to remind our beloved little workers that each one can help the children in foreign lands only as God blesses the instruction given; therefore, when we give, we should also pray. And the child that gives his money, and prays to God to bless the teacher of their Mission School to the children instructed, will be, indeed, a happy child, and will know what the Scriptures mean where it says, "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

J. E. T.

ANNUAL MEETINGS OF JUVENILE AUXILIARIES IN LONDON.

THE Committee of the Young Men's Missionary Association have the pleasure of announcing that FOUR Meetings for the young will be held on Tuesday Evening, the 25th of June, at the following places:—

Bloomsbury Chapel;
York Street Chapel, Walworth;
New Park Street Chapel, Southwark;
Bishopsgate Chapel.

The meetings will commence at *six* o'clock precisely, and close at *eight*.

For the information of our young friends we give the order of proceedings at each meeting, with the hymns that will be sung, and we hope they will commit them all to memory beforehand, and try to learn the tunes.

Opening Hymn, 260—Union Hymn-Book—Tune, Dunkirk.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand:

From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Can we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation ! Oh salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.
Waft, waft, ye winds ! His story ;
And you, ye waters ! roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole ;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

PRAYER—ADDRESS BY CHAIRMAN, AND REPORT.

Second Hymn—No. 2, Curwen's School Songs—Tune, Glory.

Around the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand ;
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band ;
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.
What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace and joy and love ?
How came those children there ?
Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

Because the Saviour shed his blood
 To wash away their sins
 Bathed in that pure and precious blood,
 Behold them white and clean;
 Singing, Glory, glory, glory.
 On earth they sought their Saviour's grace,
 On earth they loved his name;
 So now they see his blessed face,
 And stand before the Lamb;
 Singing, Glory, glory, glory.

FIRST ADDRESS.

SENTIMENT.—“We thank God who has sent us the gospel, and we long for the time when it will be preached in every nation.”

Third Hymn—No. 36, Curwen's School Songs—Tune, Lausanne.

Who are they whose little feet
 Pacing life's dark journey through,
 Now have reached that heavenly seat
 They had ever kept in view?
 “I from Greenland's frozen land;”
 “I from India's sultry plain;”
 “I from Afric's barren sand;”
 “I from islands of the main.”
 “All our earthly journey past,
 Every tear and pain gone by,
 Here together met at last,
 At the portal of the sky.”
 Each the welcome, “Come!” awaits,
 Conquerors over death and sin;
 Lift your heads, ye golden gates!
 Let the little travellers in!

SECOND ADDRESS.

SENTIMENT.—“We are glad to know that the same kind Saviour who took care of Peter, Paul, and John, still watches over his missionary servants, wherever they are.”

Fourth Hymn—261, Union Hymn-Book—Tune, Grove.

Can I, a little child,
Do anything for those
Who are by sin defiled,
To lighten their sad woes?
I cannot see a reason why
I should not, if I really try.

First, then, I would implore
The Lord to change their heart?
Then from my little store
I freely will impart,
That some kind teacher may be given
To point out Christ, the way to heaven.

How would such joyful news
Their inmost souls delight!
And who would then refuse
To give their feeble might,
That every heathen child may know
What blessings Jesus can bestow?

THIRD ADDRESS.

SENTIMENT.—“We are happy to think that even little children can help the Missionary Society, if God puts it into their hearts to do so.”

CHAIRMAN'S CONCLUDING ADDRESS.

Closing Hymn—265, Union Hymn-Book—Tune, Ashley.

Salvation! O the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

Salvation ! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

PRAYER.

A Collection will be made at the doors to aid Mission Schools in various parts of the world.

We need hardly remind our London readers that they can all help to make the meetings both happy and useful: and while the Young Men's Association depends upon such help, they affectionately call upon all who love Jesus and his cause to pray most earnestly that God will bless the efforts put forth, and raise up from among the young a noble band of supporters, with many faithful missionaries, in this great work.

JUVENILE MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

Luton.—On Thursday and Friday, the 21st and 22nd March, Lectures were delivered to the young friends of Luton, by Messrs. T. J. Cole and John Olney, upon "China and South Seas," and "India and Africa." The Lectures were illustrated with the Dissolving Views, and large numbers attended on both evenings.

Keppel Street.—On Sunday afternoon, April 14th, the Annual Meeting of the Juvenile Auxiliary was held in Keppel Street Chapel; Rev. J. Robertson, A.M., was in the chair, and several Addresses were delivered. At the close of the meeting the Subscribers agreed to support a school in Ceylon.

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



CONGO.

THE country of Congo lies about 200 miles to the south of Bimbia, where our missionaries labour. It is under the dominion of the Queen of Portugal. The inhabitants of this country are Negroes, and are sunk in the lowest state of degradation. They are very idle, wear no clothing, and sell each other into slavery. Their religion is a very

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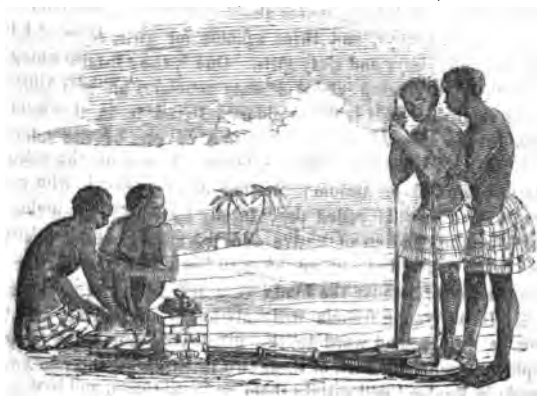
[JULY.

foolish, and a very wicked one. It is called Fetishism. It is the worship of live things—as of birds and reptiles—and of dead things, as of stones, feathers, sticks, or anything their silly minds may fancy to adore. In some places they worship a serpent, in others a lizard, an alligator, or a leopard. They offer rice and yams to these foolish deities, and sometimes human sacrifices.

Their houses are frequently built in the woods, of the stems of trees, and covered with leaves. They build round their cottages other huts, in which are buried their relatives, or where their Fetish is set up to worship. Some are surrounded by earth, thrown up into a low circular heap, in the form of a serpent coiled up; and little bits of white stone or shells represent its scales. At the head of some of the graves a stick is planted, ornamented at the top with a crown of feathers, or leaves and foliage of the trees. Upon other graves is put the basket or bag of the dead man, and some manioc flour for his food while on his journey in the tomb; and often elephants' tusks and teeth are strewn about on the ground. These huts are very sacred. No one dares to enter or touch them but the relatives of the dead. When they meet together to worship their gods, they surround the hut in which the idol stands, with dances, and throw themselves into the most grotesque attitudes. In a moment, they kill their sacrifice, and pour the blood into a great fire, with fragrant herbs. They then carry burning branches of trees into the place of their idol, and fill it with smoke; but the slaughtered animal is given to the priests. Its bones are afterwards hung about their rude temple, and the priests declare that the gods are satisfied.

When they offer a human sacrifice, a scaffold is erected, on which is place done of their idols. A young Negro is then brought, who pronounces a speech which had been previously learnt: and, while uttering it, a priest from behind suddenly strikes off his head! His body is next divided into four parts. One quarter is given to the governor, for his wives and friends; a second piece to the great men; a third to the people; and the last to the priests. The various pieces are then roasted, and devoured with a wild and savage joy; and the rest of the day and night is spent in dances.

In one part of the country the natives are employed in smelting iron. The picture below shows their rude forge. Two blow a rough-made bellows, while two others attend to the melted ore.



OUR OWN MISSION SCHOOLS IN INDIA.

THIS month we wish to give a brief and faithful account of the schools connected with our beloved Missionary Society in India, and in doing so, hope our young friends will not lay down their Magazine without resolving to do all they can for their "own Mission Schools." In reply to inquiries made, we promise that every farthing given or collected shall, if they so desire (and inform us of their desire), be appropriated towards the education of Heathen children.

In India we said there were fifty-four millions of children under fourteen years of age; of this number not many more than fifty thousand are receiving a Christian education. In the year 1793, when our beloved missionary, Dr. William Carey, went to India, he found not one Mission School. Now there are connected with our Society in that country, forty-five day-schools, containing 2379 boys and girls, and fourteen Sunday-schools, containing about 320 scholars.

Mr. Pearce, of Intally, writes about his schools thus: "I have five schools for boys, and three schools for girls, containing respectively 230 boys and sixty girls. One is the 'Intally Christian Institution,' averaging about seventy scholars, all of whom are taught English. This is the seminary referred to in the account given in the *Herald* of the conversion of one of the scholars, 'Denonath.'" For this school a teacher is wanted, who can be obtained for £30 per annum; another of the schools under the care of Mr. Pearce is called the "Intally Native Christian Institution," for the children of native converts; this school has also done much good; but we are sorry to learn that the master has been dismissed, because the funds were not sufficient for his support. If our young friends will only follow our advice, we shall soon be able to send word to the missionary that he may again employ a teacher for each of these two Institutions, and that young friends in England will sustain them.

Mr. Morgan, of Haura, writes, "I have three schools, containing 180 scholars; they cost £9 12s. each, per annum; last year I opened a Sunday-school in the chapel; many of the day-scholars attend, and commit to memory portions of the Scripture. The Brahmins do not like this; but the boys know me well—they therefore come." Our beloved missionary adds, "The schools are valuable, because in a little time, and for a little money, we can impart to the children Christian instruction in their own tongue." We shall be glad to allot these schools at once, for then Mr. Morgan will be able to obtain support for one of those very useful labourers, a native preacher.

Mr. Smylie, of Dinagepore, has two schools, one called Bahadoor Bazaar School, the other Patapura School; both called so after the names of the places where they are situated. They contain about 120 children, who are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, Watts's First and Second Catechism, the Gospels, and the first two books of the Old Testament. Mr. Smylie states, "In the fore part of the day I hear the whole read their lessons, making what remarks I may think proper, frequently showing them the absurdity of Islamism or Hinduism; and the truth and inestimable blessings offered to all in God's own Word and by his own Son." In each of these schools there are two Sircars or teachers: also two Peans. The duty of the Pean is to see the boys attend; if any one is absent they call at his home and ascertain the cause. The Peans are also employed in going from village to village inviting children to attend the school. Our missionary adds, "I believe hundreds of such schools could be raised if the means in money and men were at hand; and if such schools were raised, Bengal would soon be changed." Let each of our readers pray that God would raise up men fit for teaching poor Heathen children; and while we do so let us give our money and collect from our friends, that "Bengal may be changed," the idols being cast away and the only true God worshipped.

Mr. Heinig, of Benares, has sent us much information about his four day-schools. The course of instruction is most excellent; some read English and translate the Scriptures into their native language, and all are taught reading, writing, ciphering, and geography. Our beloved missionary is in great distress, having lost several friends who formerly helped him much in the support of his schools; he writes, "We should be very sorry to be obliged to give up our schools, because they are, under God's blessing, in a prosperous state. With the scholars, idolatry is at the lowest ebb, and many of the boys have renounced worshipping the idols of their fathers; but as long as they are under their parents' authority (who are heathens), they are prevented from making a public profession of faith in the dear Redeemer." Mr. Heinig wants immediate aid for his schools; he says, if they were given up his missionary operations would be greatly impeded, and how to keep them open he knows not. We most earnestly appeal to our readers to consider these statements and at once commence their exertions for Mission Schools. The Young Men's Missionary Association waits only for the response of British children who have kind parents, a precious Bible, and faithful teachers; the children of India have neither, and as the Bible has made England happy and peaceful, so will the Bible make India a happy country. Let our readers daily pray that God would send the Bible with faithful missionaries to India, so "that the desert may rejoice and blossom as the rose."

We feel glad that the former paper on "Our Own Mission Schools" has been read. The letters received from young friends in answer to it are very encouraging, one of which we insert:

"June 5th, 1850.

"SIR,—We have read the article on Mission Schools, which appears in this month's Missionary Herald, and we shall be pleased to assist in the work by endeavouring to support one of the schools, as you say other labourers may be admitted as well as Sabbath

scholars. We trust we shall each of us do what we can for these poor heathen children, and remember to

' Implore

The Lord to change their heart.

Then from our little store

We freely will impart,

That some kind teacher may be given,

To point out Christ, the way to heaven.'

" We remain, Sir,

" Yours obediently,

" A FEW OF THE YOUNG LADIES AT
 ——— SEMINARY."

In next month's Magazine we hope to conclude our account of the Schools in India, and also to give some account of those in the Island of Ceylon.

J. E. T.

33, Moorgate Street.

THE RAVEN.

SILLY little Raven!

Poor little thing!

Flying o'er the waters

With weary wing;—

Yet, when evening came,

And all was dark,

Did you not wish yourself

Safe in the Ark?

And when the morning dawned,

What could you see?

Not a single creature!

Not a nest, or tree!

No place to rest your wing,
By night or day!
Silly little raven,
Thus to keep away!

Oh! how wrong and foolish,
Then, shall I be,
If I keep, Lord Jesus,
Far away from Thee!

I will go at once, then,
To Him, and say,—
“ Ever keep me, Saviour,
Lest I go astray!

“ Never, never let me
Wander from thy side;
In the storm and tempest,
There may I hide!”

NEWS FROM AFAR.—INDIA.

MY DEAR YOUNG READERS,—You have often heard and read of Missionaries attending melas, or fairs, to preach the gospel to the crowds who assemble there. I have just been at a large one, called the Hajeepore mela, near the large city of Patna, but on the other side of the river Ganges; and if I can succeed in giving you some idea of the scene, and of the labours of the missionaries there, I hope it will interest you.

The ground on which this fair is held is a point where the Ganges and the Gunduck rivers meet. Part of it consists of fields, and part is occupied by groves of mangoe-trees, which look very much like orchards of apple-trees, only that the mangoe-trees are planted much closer together, so as to form an uninterrupted

shade, which is very cool and pleasant. The fair extends about one mile up the bank of the Gunduck, and two miles up the bank of the Ganges, so that to walk all round the outside of the fair, you would have to go six miles.

In different parts of this large piece of ground you would see very different scenes. In the shade of one large mangoe-grove, you would see some hundreds of elephants, of various ages and sizes, down to a little one, about the size of a calf, a few days old, frisking about by the side of its huge mother. Under other shady mangoe-groves you would find many hundreds of horses and ponies, of every variety of size and price. In another place you would light upon a not less numerous herd of bullocks. You would also see two long double lines of booths erected by shopkeepers, forming two busy streets, thronged by hundreds of purchasers and sight-seers. The banks of the rivers, again, present crowded rows of boats of the commoner sort, which have been employed to bring merchandize, interspersed with gayer-painted ones, which have conveyed European and native gentlemen. But if these were all to be seen, you would witness nothing more than in an English fair.

These, however, are not at all the chief attractions to the place at this season. The reason why these have all come together, is, because many thousands of people, rich and poor, from all the country round, are assembling, and will continue to assemble, until the day of the full moon, when they will bathe at the junction of these two rivers, in the vain hope that, by so doing, their sins will be washed away. Alas! they know not, or trust not, the blood of Christ, which "cleanseth from all sin," and they are so blind and so inconsiderate as to think that washing the body in water will efface the foul stains of sin from the mind. Some, when they are shown the folly of any such hope as this, are compelled to acknowledge it, and yet, on they rush with the multitude, not having that faith in God which would afford them courage to oppose the

customs in which they have been brought up, and which all their neighbours follow:

Wherever such a large assembly of poor superstitious heathen takes place, you may be sure to see a great number of Brahmins and fakeers present to receive those offerings which are always connected in the mind of the heathen with the worship of God; for they have not been taught what the gospel teaches us, that salvation must be sought and received as a free gift from God, "without money and without price."

So, come, let us bend our steps again to the banks of the Ganges, and there we shall find the lofty domes of two large temples, devoted to the worship of Mahadayo. His name signifies, "The great God," but from the various tales and descriptions that are told about him by the poor Hindoos, you would conclude him to have been a most wicked, disgusting fakeer. Yes! the writers of the religious books of the Hindoos, "professing themselves wise, have become such fools," as to describe him whom they would have the people to worship as "the great God," in such a manner, that I should be ashamed to write their words, and you to read them.

And inside of these large temples what do we see, as we peep in from the outer door?—for the priests will not allow us to go in, unless we will do their idol honour by taking off our shoes; and this we will not do. What is it, all dripping with water, and adorned with garlands of sweet-scented flowers? Alas! it is nought but a round block of black stone! And it is this which so many men and women are crowding into the narrow door to worship. Well may Soodeen, the native preacher, exclaim, as I have often heard him do, "What! is the Creator of heaven and earth become a stone?"

Now, look around, and in the cloisters of the temples, and under the shade of the noble branching trees around, are numbers of fakeers. Oh! what objects they are, with a thick rough rope, or a

chain, round their waists, scarcely any clothes on, their long, twisted, faded, yellow-looking hair wound round fantastically on their heads, their bodies smeared with white ashes, and a pair of iron tongs, or some other outlandish implement, in their hands! Their very appearance seems to indicate the pride and deceit that reign in their hearts. Others are around, of various appearances, but all living on their sinful extortions from the poor credulous Hindoos, who either fear their curse, or wish to obtain some favour from them, which they foolishly suppose their blessing will secure them.

But where are the missionaries?

In the mornings you will see them arguing with these fakeers, or exposing their wicked practices and false doctrines before the people who are listening around, or standing on the steps of the temple, or on the rising ground under the large trees near them, and calling the people around them to hear of the folly of their idolatry, and the wondrous love of the dear Redeemer in dying to save them from sin and hell. Sometimes one or more of their hearers object to what they say, and wish to uphold their wicked idolatry, and the missionaries have, "in meekness, to instruct those who oppose themselves," and, sometimes, some beg one of the books which the missionary carries under his arm, which are gospels and Christian tracts. Thus some hours pass away, and the sun grows high and hot, and the missionaries return to their tents or boats, which are near the mangrove where the elephants are, and occupy a space of ground, on each side of which is a footpath, leading down to the river-side. Here streams of people pass and re-pass all the day, and under the shade of the trees, or of a large awning, the missionaries and their native assistants are employed in preaching, conversing, and distributing, during the remainder of the day, only excepting short intervals for their hasty meals.

Thus hundreds hear, more or less, of the same glad tidings of mercy which are proclaimed in solemn assemblies, in quiet meet-

ing-houses, in highly-favoured England. The message, we all feel, is here made known under far less favourable circumstances than these, but the Holy Spirit's power, that alone can render it effectual, is the same here and there; and if, among the many who scoff, and the many who oppose, there be found but one poor soul that shall be induced, by what he has heard at the Hajepore mela, to come to the feet of Jesus for salvation,—to God, the Father, Son, and Spirit, shall be all the glory!

I remain, with affectionate regards, your sincere friend,

JOHN PARSONS.

PAUL RUTTAN.

MR. SMYLLIE, of Dinagepore, has sent to the young people at Ipswich the following account of one of his native teachers, which will, we are sure, please our youthful readers:—

Paul Ruttan was formerly a Brahmin, and his beads and holy thread are still in my possession. Should our young friends wish to see what the wonderful thread of the Brahmin is like, I shall send it and the beads to them the first opportunity; however, should I be able to send the poita and beads to them, they are not in the mean time to fill their minds with the hope of seeing something great or curious. The Brahmins say that, were the holy poita to break, and another Brahmin were not at hand whose poita is not broken, for him to lay hold on till the poita is replaced, this world would perish, and the poor people who know no better, believe this to be true. But thanks be unto our God, who has not hung the salvation of our world on a Brahmin's thread!

Paul Ruttan's history is not without interest. It would appear he was residing with his parents at Benares when he joined the Christians; his relatives soon found an opportunity to carry him off; he was confined in a country boat and sent off to his native village, somewhere near Hooghly, which is about 500 miles

from Benares, on the way down the river Ganges; the boat stopped at or near Berhampore, and not far from Moorsheadabad, both large places, with millions of inhabitants, and many Christians. Here, in the dead of the night, when all were asleep, he crept out of the boat, and in a few moments he was lost in the winding and narrow lanes. He cleared the city, not knowing whither he went, but determined to go somewhere out of the reach of his family; at times he fancied he heard them in hot pursuit, and then for a time, fearless of the wild beasts, he would hide in some thicket. Here he would cautiously look about, as far as the darkness of the night would allow: on being sure no one was near, he would again start out and take the road; when he reached the great river he crossed over, and in a few days was in Dinagapore. On learning there was a Christian church in this place, he immediately joined us. The last two years he has been employed as head teacher in our first Bengali school. At the time he joined us he appeared to be about fifteen or sixteen years of age; he is still young, and may not certainly be more than twenty years of age; he can read English, and knows Bengali, and can talk Hindustani; for argument he is rather too warm and fiery—never ashamed.

At present we have two Bengali schools, with about 100 boys; they all read the Scriptures, and attend worship on the Lord's-day.

Everywhere the natives listen to the Word with attention; very seldom anywhere they offer to argue. They have been so often refuted, that they are generally afraid to argue.

INSPIRATION FROM KALI.

OUR Missionary at Dinagapore, Mr. Smylie, relates the following example of heathen folly, in honour of the cruel and bloody goddess Kali:—

“Not long since, on my way to the bazaar, to preach God's Word, and distribute tracts, I came up to a confused and very noisy mob, huddled together by the wayside. Some were

stretching their necks to their full length, while others leaned their hands on the shoulders of those in front, to enable them to see what was doing within the crowd. Here stood a young lad or boy. He held a cane, the ends of which he grasped firmly, about a yard apart. He spent a few moments in vacant silence, as if awaiting the movement or operation of the spirit of Kali. (I should mention, that the inspiration now to be effected, was that of Kali, the blood-drinking and human-flesh-eating goddess.) The first sign that the spirit was about to take possession was given by raising his eyes in a wild, glaring stare at the burning, unclouded sun of Bengal. In this way he stared, till it was evident all sense of sight for the present was gone. The head was now thrown back in a loose, careless, dangling manner, yet he still continued to glare at the sun, which was lit up in all the blinding brightness of an Indian day. From the way the head was thrown back, and the loose way in which it rolled about, one would almost be inclined to suppose he had lost his neck-bone;—this, however, was not the case. At this point of the inspiration he began to dance backward and forward with a very short, tottering, jerking step, his eyes still towards the sun. This tottering, jumping step, with the rolling of the head, fully thrown back, caused intense giddiness, and he soon fell to the ground, as loosely as if every bone in his whole body had been disjoined, his fall causing the fine dust to rise like smoke. A wild roar of joy that the inspiration was complete, burst on all sides. The head man now stepped forward with a pot of water, dashed it in the face of the person as he lay on the ground, causing the dust and dirt to splash up into his eyes, mouth, and nose, giving him a most ridiculous appearance. In their estimation, this added much beauty to the inspiration of the cannibal goddess. Several persons, in waiting for the purpose, raised him up by the arms, and held him in a standing posture till he had so far recovered from giddiness as to be able to stand in a wavering posture. After labouring to recover his feeling, he

again began the tottering, short, quick-stepped dance, with a forward movement, people keeping close by his sides, right and left, to save him from falling, and in the way they wished to go. He still seemed blind: his eyes were set, and glazed, and glazed—the features vacant and fixed, more like a dead than a living being.

His senseless appearance—the face all splashed in dirt and water, and the strings of saliva which hung from his mouth, gave him a most loathsome appearance. As they moved forward, the country drums, or doles, beating—(brazen platters, hung to the thumb by a string, and thrashed with a piece of stick)—hearing there was none; while the squeaking trumpets mixed in the medley, caused a noise as if all the tinkers and coopers in the country had come together to vie with each other who should create the greatest clatter.

In this mode they moved forward, scraping up the dust with their feet, while they themselves were in the cloud which rose thickly around them. On they move from door to door, and shop to shop. Such is the dread of Kali's curse, that he must be a bold fellow who will dare to send the dirty inspiration from his door without an offering. The money thus collected is expended in buying a male kid, which is offered to Kali—a bloody sacrifice: she gets the blood, they the flesh. While abroad, thus walking through dirty, dry places, their wives are at home sweeping the house, and preparing for their return. With kid's flesh they enter in, adding to it abundance of liquor, and so become seven times worse than they were even in their state of filth.

Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord, and the people whom he hath chosen for his inheritance!

THEY'RE GONE, ALL GONE !

Where are the loving friends,
Those much-loved friends of ours,
With whom we used to walk
Life's pathway strewn with flowers ?
They're gone, all gone !

Where are the waking dreams
Which once we loved to tell ?
The joys which from them came
Are now a broken spell :
They're gone, all gone !

Where are the many hopes ;
Which once we cherished fair ?
Their charms have taken flight,—
They're vanished into air :
They're gone, all gone !

Where are the glad days,
The hours of mirthful glee,
When some soft voice did raise
The song of minstrelsy ?
They're gone, all gone !

Sad, sad, we're now, and lone,
Our tears in sadness fall,
For our loved friends are gone,
Our hopes are buried all :
They're gone, all gone !

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



IDOL OF CEYLON.

Our youthful readers have seen at various times pictures and specimens of the idols the heathen worship. We now present them with an Engraving of an Idol worshipped by some of the inhabitants of Ceylon. It has an elephant's

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I

[AUGUST.

head placed on the shoulders of a man, but its lower extremities are the legs of a goat, while a serpent is coiled round its waist.

This ugly monster the people worship. See! they lift their hands in prayer. They bow in apparent humility before the senseless stone. What do they pray for? They ask for understanding, wisdom, riches, and health. They call the dumb idol the Guardian God of the Universe. But their god can be broken into a thousand pieces. It has not even power to save itself from destruction; how, then, can it save others?

The Bible thus describes such idols:—"They have mouths, but they speak not; eyes have they, but they see not; they have ears, but they hear not; noses have they, but they smell not; they have hands, but they handle not; feet have they, but they walk not: neither speak they through their throat. They that make them are like unto them; so is every one that trusteth in them." That is, they who worship such stupid gods, are as foolish and senseless as the idols their hands have made.

There was once a temple in Ceylon that had been shut up for many years. All the worshippers of the idol forsook it, for it was unable to help those who honoured it, or to perform any miracle whatever on their behalf; but the priests, who were reduced to poverty by this, invented the following trick to bring back the ignorant people:—One day, as the king entered the forsaken temple, fire and smoke came out of the idol's mouth. Its eyes flamed with anger, and with a sword the idol seemed to strive to smite the king. Being thus terrified, the king knelt before the god, and sought forgiveness. The lying wonder being

spread abroad by the artful priests, crowds soon flocked to worship the idol, and to cast their money into the treasury of the temple; and the little baskets which were placed about the temple, were quickly filled with offerings to appease its feigned wrath.

But, dear children, "Our God is in the heavens. He doeth whatsoever he hath pleased." Let us pray that these poor heathen may fear the Lord, who alone is our help and our shield.

PAPA'S SUNDAY STORY.

(Continued from p. 68.)

"But, papa, tell us about these poor people learning better," pleaded little Lucy.

"I will pass over, then, a long series of years, in which their isle was the prey of quarrelsome neighbours,—conquered successively by one nation after another, and compelled to adopt the various faiths of whichever held possession. At length, their dismal condition excited the notice of a real Christian heart in a distant region, who accidentally saw a captive slave from this far-away spot."

"And did he go and preach to them?"

"No, he could not go himself, but he sent a suitable person who could stay and live with them if their king would permit."

"Oh, I am so glad!" exclaimed Lucy. "And did the king let him stay there?"

"Indeed, God disposed the king to receive him very thankfully, and both he and the queen approved the truths the good missionary taught them, and gladly helped him to make known the precious tidings of salvation to their subjects."

"Just like some of the South Sea Islands now."

"Just so; but, like some of the South Sea Islands of the present day, all did not go on smoothly. When this king and queen died, others succeeded them, and these did not always care about religion: indeed, the missionaries were not always permitted to remain."

"But did they not carry the Bible and translate it?"

"They did so; but scarcely any one could read it, and sometimes it was quite a forbidden book; so that it is wonderful that the people did not forget all they had learned, and become savages and idolaters again."

"Oh! I hope they did not."

"No, my dear, I am happy to tell you, that after the Bible had once taken root, as it were, however much its fruit seemed to be occasionally hindered, there was always a little spiritual seed left; and though some mistaken monarchs tried to suppress it, it has ever sprung up again and again; and we know, if watered by the Holy Spirit of God, it must spread, till the little plant become a tree to fill the whole earth."

"I suppose there are no idolaters left there now, papa?"

"Not such idolatry as I described to you as their former practice; but I am afraid the Searcher of hearts would detect some idolaters still lurking there."

"What a pity! Surely the real Christians among them will try to teach their countrymen better."

"Do you remember what the gentlest of pastors—even the beloved disciple—wrote in his general epistle to the whole Christian world, on this point?"

"No, papa," said George.

"But I do," added Edith: "his exhortation was, 'Little children, keep yourselves from idols;' but I never imagined that had reference to any but those who were converts from heathenism."

"That message, my love, was inspired by the same Holy Spirit who declares that there are some 'whose god is their belly;' and

it is the Saviour's own testimony respecting one whom he loved, that he must lay aside his *idol* of money ere he received that treasure in heaven which he craved. Whatever is dearer to us than the cause of Christ and his people, is the *idol* from which we must keep ourselves."

"What is the name of this island, papa? Can I find it on the map?" asked Lucy, opening an atlas.

"It is in the northern hemisphere, my dear, between the 50th and 60th degrees of latitude, and the first meridian of longitude passes through it."

"Why, papa," said the child, after poring over the map a long time, "I can find only England there."

"And have I not been detailing the facts respecting England, my dear little girl?"

"Dear me, so you have! but I never thought before of our own dear, civilised country having really been so savage and miserable as the people Mr. Williams and Mr. Moffat and Mr. Clarke tell about. And sacrifices of men and children, too, offered in our own dear land! If ever I see the places where such wickedness used to be, I shall thank God with all my heart, and I will gladly help the Missionary Society to send Bibles to other savage countries."

"The most extensive remains of Druid worship are found on Dartmoor, where these serpentine roads may still be traced; but, my dear children, when you thank God for the passing away of heathen times, forget not to banish all the bosom-idols which may still pollute the temple of your own hearts."

E. W. P.

THE DOVE.

DEAR little Dove! when I think of you,
I wish I may flee for safety too:
A storm is coming, when Jesus will be
To those who love Him, like the Ark to thee.

Dear little Dove ! you did not know
Who it was that kept you, and shelter'd you so :
But I can read of the Son of God,
Who, to save my SOUL, has shed his own blood.

Dear little Dove ! you trusted in One
Who kept you safe till the storm was done ;
May I believe, and be sheltered too,—
There's an Ark *for me* as well as *for you* !

NIDHI LEVI.

THE following interesting letter is written to the missionary, Mr. Cutter, of the American Baptist Mission, by the first convert in Assam, and describes how he was led to love the Saviour in his youth, whom we trust our young readers likewise love. Shall heathen lads devote themselves to the service of the Saviour, and the children in Christian England refuse to become his disciples? Nidhi Levi is now a preacher of the gospel to his own countrymen.

“Sibsagor, Assam, Sept. 14th, 1848.

“As I have, I think, never written to you of my former life and Christian experience, therefore I take courage to lay before you these few sentences, hoping that they will be acceptable to you and those who send the blessed gospel to this heathen country.

“It is twelve years ago, when I was a little boy, I saw two gentlemen, called missionaries, with their ladies, come from a foreign land, called America, to Sadiya. After they had resided there a few months, they established a school to teach the Assamese boys and girls. At that time I also went to that school to learn to read and write ; and as I learned to read some small books, printed in our own language, I found a very strange name (Jesus Christ), whom I nor my fathers ever heard of before at any time. Also in those little books I found again that same Jesus

Christ came from heaven to this lower world, to suffer and die for the lost and ruined sinners such as I, and that after he had suffered an agonising death on the cross, he rose again, on the third day, from the dead, by his own almighty power; and having all power in heaven and in earth, he sent his eleven disciples, saying, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature; he that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved; but he that believeth not, shall be damned.' Though I heard this joyful news, still I did not believe on that merciful Saviour.

"When I was about nine or ten years old, my father died, and I and my mother went with Mr. Cutter to Jaipur; and after we had resided at Jaipur one or two months, my poor mother also died of cholera, and I was left alone; then Mr. Cutter took me into his bungalow to step. From that time Mr. and Mrs. Cutter began to teach me day and night about the true God and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Then the Lord inclined my heart to believe the Bible; but still I did not feel love for Christ, for two whole years. One Saturday evening, when Mr. and Mrs. Cutter went to prayer-meeting in Mr. Brown's house, they left me alone in their bungalow, and then I took one English book and one Assamese hymn to read, and this was written in the hymn,—

'And shall this body die?'

and while I was singing that hymn, and read one prayer from the English book, then the Lord sent his Holy Spirit into my heart. At that very time I was led to pray earnestly to the Lord, and that night, about twenty times I prayed, for I then saw my own sinful heart, and felt that I was a *very great sinner*. After Mr. Cutter came home, and before he went to bed, I was led by the Spirit of the Lord to ask of him, "Sir, what shall I do to be saved?" Then my kind teacher began to talk to me about the love of the Saviour, how he died for me, to forgive my sins with his precious blood, and then he prayed with me; but for three or

four days I did not feel any peace, and did not wish to eat any food, because I felt that a great burden was upon me. After a few days the Lord heard my prayers and the prayers of his servants, and I hope he forgave my sins. Then I felt so very great happiness in my mind, I thought that all in nature praised the Lord Most High with me. A short time after this, I received the holy ordinance of baptism in the Buri Dilaing river, before many witnesses.

Since that time I have endeavoured to serve my Lord; and though I have gone astray very often from the path of duty, yet I hope I love the Lord Jesus Christ, his cause, and his people, and I love to do his will, and wish to do it all my lifetime. And now I can truly say, that I have no other hope for salvation only in the precious blood of Christ, for he is the only true way to heaven: therefore I put all my trust in him alone. And also I am hoping that after I shall leave this earthly tabernacle, he will accept my soul into his kingdom above, and there I shall joy and rejoice for ever. Through the grace of God, I am willing to do all my Father's commandments."

THE FAKIR TEMPLE.

In the woods and desert places of India often dwell a number of men, living a hermit life. They pass their days in torturing their body, in fastings, and other austerities. They are called Fakirs. They are seldom clothed, are covered with vermin and dirt, and will remain for many years in one attitude. Some will sleep on the ashes of burnt cow-dung. Some will roast themselves before or over a slow fire; some lash their bodies with cords, tagged with iron points; some will stand for years on one leg, gazing at the sun; some will never open their hands, so

that the finger-nails will grow quite through, and come out at the back of the hand.



Nar Surat is a large forest, where they have built a temple, which encloses the hollow trunk of a tree. In the hollow of the tree is placed the monstrous head of their

idol-god. To this place the Fakirs resort, and crowds of pilgrims come at certain seasons to worship, and to give presents to these supposed holy men. The idol is coloured red, and when the people have laid before it their offerings of rice and milk, which are immediately removed by the Brahmins and Fakirs, they are marked on the forehead with a red mark, to show whose worshippers they are.

Thus are the poor people deceived and led astray. These austerities are practised, as if they were more pleasing to God than keeping his commandments. He commands us to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and to love one another. But the heathen know not Jesus Christ. They need missionaries to teach them the will of God, and to instruct them in the kindness and gentleness of Christ. If they should learn to love Him, then they would cease to be cruel to themselves and to each other.

THE DEVIL'S TRUMPETER.

Our young friends will remember the interesting narrative we recently gave from Mr. Smylie, of Dinagepore. The following story is from a letter lately received by the Sunday-school children at Ipswich :—

My last letter gave a brief account of Paul Rutan, the youth we intend to employ as a native preacher. In my present letter I shall endeavour to send your young ones an account of a mountaineer, whom we shall call the Devil's Trumpeter. This curious character came from the borders of the eternal snows of the Himalayas, and from the neighbourhood of the great Kun-chan-gn-ga. A gentleman who lately travelled in that region with Dr. Campbell, the gentleman who was so brutally used by the Rajah of Sikkim, tells us in one of his late publications, that on that wren-

derful mountain he saw green snow. From the land of the highest mountain in the world the Trumpeter came.

What first drew my attention towards him, was a very large shank-bone of some human being which hung dangling by his right side—an article he seemed to set much store by. His whole gait showed he felt himself to be a man of great consequence; and perhaps all on account of his shank-bone trumpet. As I have said, the bone was long, and appeared not to be of great age. At one end it had a brass mouth-piece; at the other end, the great knuckle-bone was not broken off, but a hole struck through it, that, when blown, the sound might pass freely out. Being anxious to know something of the virtues of this trumpet, I inquired what in all the wide world tempted him to carry such a thing about him. I thought he smiled at my ignorance as he tried to make himself longer, stretching himself up as high as he could before he ventured to reply. "Ah!" he said, "one blast of that trumpet will set all the devils within hearing to flight—carrying them off like the small dust by the whirlwind! Hence its great use and value in the region whence it came." If one could credit what he said, we should be led to believe that devils are very plentiful up in the cold of the Himalayas. How strange that beings possessed of reason should thus deceive themselves, and glory in their delusion!

The dress of this wild mountaineer consisted, as the dresses of the mountaineers generally do, of a large smock-frock, exceedingly coarse—it would make good flannel bags—fastened about the middle with some kind of thong. All the little articles he carried were thrust in at the opening of the breast, so that it served as a travelling trunk as well as a gown. It also served for a towel to wipe his hands and face, which were seldom washed. Of whatever his food consisted, he would thrust his hand into it, so that his hand was knife, fork, and spoon; when the meal was concluded, however greasy, without looking for water, the gown was applied to, and there the hands and face cleansed, or, rather, wiped. They

think water spoils the cloth, and washing makes it wear too soon. His gown was a bag, with a hole in the bottom, and the two sides were holes left in the same way (for England it would have been quite a new fashion.) His gown and boots were all the clothes he had; but if the gown was strange, the boots were more so (in England, the boots would have sold well). They were long in the legs, and reached much above the knee, so that under the gown they appeared to be boots and trousers all in one. The boots were made of woollen cloths, of various colours, one patch above another, quilted together. The feet resembled the rammers used by the men who fasten or lay the stones in the streets. Had they been cloven, they would have been very like the feet of a camel. This was his whole dress—boots and gown, with many a charm, hung here and there about his person, to keep off the Evil One, and all sorts of plagues and sicknesses. His hair was long, thick, heavy, and glittering with oil, and hung down to his shoulders, like candle-wicks. This is the Himalayan trumpeter, without hope and without God. Ah! my dear young friends, think of the hundreds of thousands in this state. They believe a man has eight souls; a woman, only five.

THE WORD OF GOD.

THE Rev. Amos Sutton, missionary at Orissa, relates the following interesting fact, which shows the blessed effects of distributing the Word of God :—

It was from the distribution of the Scriptures that one of our most flourishing Christian villages took its rise. A number of copies of Mark's gospel were given away. One was given to a man with a bullock loaded with rice who was going through the place. In the village where he went was a man inquiring anxiously the way to heaven. He heard of this book. He obtained it and read it. He was struck by its contents, and became sensible that he was

a sinner. He went about the neighbourhood seeking a cure for sin. He went to Juggernaut, and as he walked down the great road which leads from the place of Juggernaut, he saw a European, with a crowd around him, distributing tracts. Having listened to some words that the latter uttered, he rushed into the midst of the assembly and procured several tracts, though in doing so he received several severe blows from a stick in the hands of one of the crowd. He spent month after month in reading these tracts.

One day, at the close of the morning service, I was surprised to see three men enter our assembly, who requested to be baptized. One of them was the individual whose history I have just given, and the other two were a couple of his friends whom he had persuaded to embrace the truth as it is in Jesus. We have now a flourishing village in that place, with a school-house and three native preachers—all in consequence of the distribution of the Word of God. One of our native preachers was a teacher in a school, and of the order of Astrologers. When he began to read the Scriptures, he said that their own Bible was like one of the large cow-pastures which are full of tracks leading in every direction, so that one could not tell where they would conduct him; but in the Christian Scriptures he could see why God made the world, and all things were plainly stated, and the way of truth clearly explained.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN FANCY BAZAAR.

HAVING read with much pleasure and interest the letter respecting the "Camberwell Drawingroom Collection," I think my young friends will like to read a letter I have just received from a dear sister in South Africa, who is the wife of a Missionary. But first I must tell you, that a party of ladies and little girls meet at my house in Camberwell one afternoon in every month, to work for the children in my sister's schools. We get as many friends

as we can to subscribe one shilling a year, and with this money we purchase the materials. Now I will let you hear the letter which was written upon the receipt of our last year's box :—

“ My kind friends in Camberwell have greatly surprised and cheered our hearts. I have read the names of the members of your little Society with much pleasure, and have been surprised to see how much good can be accomplished by a small outlay, provided persons feel a real interest in the work in which they are engaged. I have been endeavouring to form the best plans with respect to the disposal of the valuable articles sent, that the kind wishes of the contributors for doing good might be carried out. On Sunday last our public examination of the schools took place, and the coloured children acquitted themselves to the great satisfaction of all who were present : many of the English persons who listened have expressed their delight in hearing the repetition of Scripture, and the answers they gave to the questions proposed. Some of the elder girls can read the English Testament quite as fluently as any English child. On the Monday morning I had the pleasure of distributing forty-five frocks and pinafores, as rewards to the children who had regularly attended the school ; and could our kind friends have seen the happy countenances, and pretty, neat appearance these little ones presented in their new dresses, I am sure they would have felt repaid for any little fatigue or self-denial they may have suffered in preparing the articles. Seventy-six children took tea in the afternoon. The natives are very busy preparing to erect a chapel, and a grant of land for that purpose has been given them ; the men employ their leisure time in making bricks ; and as there are many other expenses which must be incurred, I thought it would be well to raise a small fund by the sale of the fancy articles sent : accordingly I told the coloured children they should have a Bazaar for their new chapel, and gave them a week's notice, that they might be prepared with their threepenny and sixpenny pieces ; they were truly delighted, and

exclaimed, 'Now the English children will see that we can have a Bazaar like them!' We filled two large tables. My little daughter stood at one, and my nurse, Annette, a black girl, who has lived with us six years, had the other, while I stood by to take the money; this new plan brought in £1 19s. 6d., all in small money; since then, some of the better things have been sold, to the amount of £3 10s., making a sum of £5 9s. 6d. I think the ladies will all agree that the amount of their subscriptions, £2 3s. 5d., has done well.

E. J. D.

AGAIN, AGAIN!

But yet there is a land
Where friends again shall meet,
Where hopes shall bright expand,
And hearts with love shall beat
Again, again!

Then let this thought us cheer,
And soothe us in our pain,
We 'll leave our sorrows here,
We 'll joy, we 'll joy again :
Again, again!

We 'll joy, we 'll joy again,
In our "sweet home" above;
There joy 's the only strain;
The only feeling, love :
Again, again!

MARY ELIZA LESLIE.

ELEPHANT-HUNTING IN AFRICA.

ON distant Ethiopia's sunburnt coasts,
The black inhabitants a pitfall frame :
With slender poles, the wide capacious mouth,
And hurdles slight, they close ; o'er these is spread
A floor of verdant turf, with all its flowers
Smiling delusive, and from strictest search
Concealing the deep grave that yawns below.
Then boughs of trees they cut, with tempting fruit,
Of various kinds, surcharg'd—the downy peach,
The clustering vine, and, of bright golden rind,
The fragrant orange. Soon as evening grey
Advances slow, besprinkling all around
With kind refreshing dews the thirsty globe,
The stately elephant from the close shade
With step majestic strides, eager to taste
The cooler breeze, that from the sea-beat shore
Delightful breathes, or in the limpid stream
To lave his panting sides ; joyous he scents
The rich repast, unweeting of the death
That lurks within. And soon he sporting breaks
The brittle boughs, and greedily devours
The fruit delicious. Ah ! too dearly bought ;
The price is life ! For now the treacherous turf
Trembling gives way ; and the unwieldy beast,
Self-sinking, drops into the dark profound !
So, when dilated vapours, struggling, heave
Th' incumbent earth ; if chance the cavern'd ground
Shrinking subside, and the thin surface yield,
Down sinks at once the ponderous dome, gulph'd
With all its towers !

Somerville.

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



BIMBIA.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—Accompanying this is a representation of the burying-ground of Bimbia. You have often heard of Africa, and have long felt an interest in the “Dove.”

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K

[SEPTEMBER.

Perhaps you have been delighted when your teachers and friends have told you of good men leaving their homes, to teach the many little children, who know not God. These good men soon die. Many whom we knew, and who loved you, are now gone to their rest in the "Happy Land." And we think it will not be displeasing to you to show you, as well as we can, the resting-place of their bodies on earth.

The left-hand enclosure is now adorned with a tombstone. It marks the grave of Mr. Thompson, whom you may read of in the "JUVENILE HERALD," for Nov., 1846. The next large enclosure surrounds the grave of Mr. A. Fuller, of Jamaica, whose son now conducts the schools at Kimbia. The next to this, partly hidden by a palm-tree, guards the graves of two little children, whose honoured father, the Rev. J. Merriek, now sleeps in the ocean. The enclosure at the right hand protects the grave of the first Mrs. Newbegin, and her babe.

Recent intelligence from Africa tells us, that Mr. Newbegin, whom I so lately left in health, is also dead; he was buried at Clarence, Fernando Po, in April last.*

Thus, dear young friends, many who love the Africans, and wish to do them good, are early called away; yet, we still hope, that many holy and devoted young men will be found who will give themselves to the noble work of teaching the African race.

Your affectionate friend,

A. SAKER.

* This little Engraving has been sent to us by his bereaved widow.

HOW A BRAHMIN SPENDS A DAY.

BEFORE the sun rises a Brahmin contemplates his *Ishtadev*—the peculiar god which is worshipped by any person—in the shape of that bright luminary. After repeating his name several times, he rises from his bed, and performs certain necessary acts, calling upon the name of Vishnu. After that he rubs with clay both his hands and feet, by way of purification. In cleansing his hands, he repeats the rubbing seven times; on his feet only thrice. He now goes to a river, or tank, to bathe. This done, he daubs eight particular members of his body with mud taken from the banks of the sacred Ganges, and then, turning to the east, salutes the sun. Two or three minutes afterwards, he presents offerings of his water to his ancestors, as well as to gods, and enters upon his morning devotional meditation.

At twelve o'clock he commences his day-worship, which is somewhat like that of the morning, except that he now adores his household gods, as Gopul, Shiva, and Shalagram. This adoration takes place at mid-day, and is performed amidst the burning of incense and the sounding of bells and sheffs. At one o'clock he dedicates to one of the gods above-mentioned, *bhog*, or food, chiefly vegetables, dressed by his wife, or one of his nearest kinswomen. This food he divides among his family; but ere he begins to eat he goes through another ceremony, called *gundush*, or the sipping of a handful of water, and putting parcels of food into his mouth five times, and throwing it out again.

Dinner over, he changes his dress, and after a few cardamom seeds, he goes about his business. As evening draws nigh, he puts on another cloth, and occupies himself in devotion, which consists entirely in the counting of beads. Between ten and eleven he takes his supper, after offering it to his *Ishtadev*, or the god whom he particularly adores, and goes to bed about midnight.

Before he goes to sleep, he pronounces some incantations against evil spirits, and prays to different gods to protect him. He then falls asleep, and the day is at an end.

THE BRICK-FIELD.

PASSING through an extensive brick-field the other day, I watched the process with interest for some time, till my thoughts gradually turned from the present scene of activity and toil, to the eternal realities of the unknown future. I thought of you, my dear young friends, as resembling that mass of shapeless clay passing through various changes; being educated for the mould into which each one is to be cast, plastic and yielding still; each of you alike, in your appearance and character, in the eye of the great Artificer,—useless, helpless, worthless; unfit to form a portion of the great temple in which the Lord Jehovah will take pleasure, until another, a mightier change has been effected; until the Holy Spirit, the living fire, has indelibly affixed Jehovah's seal, and given stability, and firmness, and purity to each little mass of plastic clay.

A second similitude presented itself to my mind: the different uses to which these bricks were to be applied, and the various ways in which you, my beloved readers, will use the precious privileges, the solemn responsibilities, bestowed on each one of you. Every portion of the clay passes under the inspection of the master when the furnace-heat has been applied; if broken or defective, it is cast aside as unfit for his use. So, if the Holy Spirit does not operate on *your* hearts, to sanctify, to purify, to seal, there remaineth only that unquenchable fire, the everlasting burning reserved for all those who reject the offers of salvation, and lightly esteem the atoning work of Christ. May each of you become now a living stone in the spiritual temple, prepared to serve your Redeemer here by active devoted service! Then, as a

polished stone, you will be received into that glorious temple,
where the Lord God reigneth for ever and ever.

Your affectionate friend,

E. C. S.

**BUDHA.**

THE Budhists do not worship many gods, like the Brahmins, but one person under various forms. Budha was once a man, but by various means became deified; that

is, made into a god. In China they reckon there are three precious Budhas. They are represented half naked, with woolly hair, in a sitting posture. One holds in his lap an egg, to represent the world, which he made and preserves; one is adorned with a sacred thread; and one has his finger held up, as if he were giving instruction. Our Engraving represents the last.

In the temples of Budha there is a high table for candles and incense, standing before the images. In the middle of the temple is a large iron cauldron for burning gilt paper in. On one side of the hall are placed a bell and a drum, to arouse the attention of the god, when great people come to worship him.

The daily service is performed by offering up forms of prayer, and by the frequent repetition of the name of Budha. His name is uttered in a long breath, and when the breath is quite spent, that is one repetition. They say the man who repeats many times thus the name of Budha, enjoys many advantages. All the gods of heaven will protect him; all the demi-gods will attend him; all the Budhas will think of him; no devil can harm him; all his crimes melt away; his dreams shall be pleasant, and his heart always glad.

There was once a blacksmith, who was in the habit of repeating the name of Budha with all his might, at every stroke of the hammer. One day, while at his work, he repeated the following verse:—

Ting, ting, tang, tang.
Like the iron's clang:
Peace has come to my breast,
I am bound for the west;—

saying which, he was instantly changed into Budha; and, as the story goes, flew away to heaven.

Such are some of the follies of the heathen who know not God. They worship they know not what. They need the gospel of Jesus Christ to show them the right way to heaven: for Jesus said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life." It is that Jesus, the missionaries, whom our young readers help to send, preach to these poor blind idolaters.

LECTURES ON MISSIONS.—AFRICA.

IN taking a missionary voyage round the world, Africa first attracts our attention. Here once flourished some of the most powerful and civilized nations; but now it is the darkest and most degraded of all lands. A large portion of Northern and Eastern Africa is inhabited by Mahomedans, whose religion consists in vain repetitions of forms of prayer, and numerous washings of the body; but they know nothing of "the blood of Jesus which cleanseth from all sin." The priests deceive the people, and lead them to oppose the Gospel; while the Mahomedan faith makes them cruel, for it teaches them that by destroying its enemies they are doing God good service.

The western coast and Central Africa constitute the country of the Negroes: these are divided into many tribes, and in the interior form several large and powerful nations; but they are all idolaters, worshipping stones, sticks, fish, trees, shells, &c., almost everything being considered as the abode of the great God. Every man has some one thing which he thus calls his **FETISH**, and worships. But their chief idol is the **DEVIL**; to him they offer prayers and sacrifices; and if our missionaries reason with them about it, they say, "No one can harm us but the great wicked spirit, and we wish to live in friendship with the devil, that we

may be safe." They have also large blocks of wood carved into the figure of men, which they worship as gods. To all these *fetich*, or idols, the poor Africans offer numerous sacrifices of animals; but besides these, there are every year thousands of men and women slain in sacrifice to these gods; and upon particular occasions, especially at the death of a king, hundreds are slain at one time, and their bodies thrown into one large grave. Beside all this degradation and cruelty, Africa is the home of the slave-trade; from its western coast are taken every year 200,000 people, to become slaves in a foreign land; many of these poor creatures are sold to the white man for a small roll of cloth, or a string of beads. When several hundreds of them have been collected on the sea coast, they are hurried into the slave-ship, where they are so crowded together, that, during their long journey across the ocean, many of them die from suffocation. Those who live to reach the shore are put up for sale in the market, when fathers, mothers, and children are often sold to different masters, and torn away from each other, never to meet again on earth. Such, my dear young friends, is the religious and social state of Africa; think of them—pray for them. And now, let us consider what missionaries have done in Africa; here labourers may be found from nearly every society. The Church Mission have stations at many of the ports. The Wesleyans have schools and stations in every direction, and have gone hundreds of miles into the interior of this country, carrying the glad news of salvation. The London Mission, too, has done a great work, especially among the Caffres, in South Africa; and our own beloved Mission has established a station at Fernando Po, on the western coast, from which they send missionaries and teachers in every direction, preaching the word of life. Here our missionaries have had to meet with many trials; several of them have been called to die in their Master's service, and others have been obliged to return home; but still the good work is going on: many from among the poor heathen have been

led to forsake their evil ways, and turn unto the Lord. Many children have been assembled in the schools to be taught habits of cleanliness, truthfulness, and love; while more than one of the chiefs have promised to abandon the slave-trade for ever. Thus appears the dawning of a brighter day for Africa; but the missionaries will need all our sympathy, all our prayers, and all our help. Let us never give it up,

“ Till Afric’s desert ranger
To Christ shall bow the knee;
And Ethiopian stranger
His glory come and see :
“ Till he shall have dominion,
O’er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle’s pinion,
Or dove’s swift wing can soar.”

THOS. J. COLE.

OUR OWN MISSION SCHOOLS IN INDIA.

(Continued.)

Mr. Smith, of Chitourah, is labouring very hard, far from all Europeans, among the native population of India. About three years since, he commenced building a village, which is now called Nistarpar, or Town of Salvation. It contains ninety inhabitants, all of whom have forsaken idolatry, and twenty-three of that number have been baptized and received into the church. Mr. Smith has a day and Sunday-school, containing about thirty-five scholars, also an orphan school of twelve children that were received from the Patna Orphan Refuge last year. “ These schools,” our Missionary writes, “ are in a most promising state, and have encouraged me much. Before this year I could never succeed in creating any interest in education. Our people being poor, usually made their children work almost as soon as they could

walk, and being nearly all uneducated themselves, they saw no reason why their children should spend their time in learning to read, instead of earning their bread. A change has now taken place for the better. The people in our Christian village are anxious to have their children educated, and on receiving visits from their friends, I have been pleased to see them call their children, that they might hear them read." The boys' school is taught by a native Christian, and is doing very well. The first class have just got through the Shorter Catechism translated into Hindi, and also the Gospel by Matthew: they answer questions quite as well as European children of the same standing. Mrs. Smith has the girls under her care; they work at knitting and sewing half the day, and at their books the other half. The infant class is taught by the missionary, for which he is anxious to obtain the Prints published by the Infant School Society, only the Prints, as English school-books, will be useless. The descriptions Mr. Smith would gladly translate into Hindi, and so interest and inform the little children of Chitourah. Our missionary states that, at a cost of £32 per annum each, he could establish a number of schools in the neighbouring towns and districts amongst heathen children. He wants money for this purpose. He wants help for his schools already opened. He asks for the Prints referred to, which we hope some kind friend will send to the Mission House for him; and he concludes his last letter with these words, "Ask our young friends particularly to remember Chitourah and the one hundred villages in its vicinity in their prayers: especially pray that the missionary may have more piety, as this is the real fountain of prosperity."

Mr. Phillips, of Muttra, writes from Senger, giving an account of the examination of the Mase Pond School, at Muttra, by Dr. Duff. The scholars have made considerable progress, and good is being done in the school, while, owing to the depressed state of our mission fund, the English school and Sanserit class

have been both shocked. This has caused much grief to the missionary, and makes him long to return home, and tell the English children the great good they can do by supporting schools in India. Dr. Duff, during the examination, referred to the monkeys, and told the boys "that they should serve their monkeys, who did so much mischief in their city, as a magistrate has done in the Deccan, who had them regularly tried in court, and convicted by many witnesses of stealing, and then sentenced them all to be banished the country." This sentence was executed by catching them all with traps, nets, &c., and transporting them to a great distance. He then suddenly asked them, "Have you any people in your city like the monkeys?" (Most likely, Dr. Duff meant thieves.) They replied, "Yes, sir: the *choudas*, or priests, are like them, for they only rob the poor pilgrims." This, then, is the opinion of young, partially enlightened Hindoos as to the character of those whom their fathers literally worship, and at all times treat as the holiest of the human race. The boys write well, and appear to understand what they learn, so there is good hope of many, if not all of them becoming Christians, and forsaking the superstitions of their parents for the precious truths of the Bible.

MONOSA.

There is in India an idol called Monosa, or the Mother Snakes. The boys are taught to put pots of leaves and flowers on their heads, and dance round a large live snake, kept in a basket in the temple. Music is played, the children shout and sing aloud when the snake lifts itself from the basket, and moves its head backwards and forwards, with its mouth open, its long tongue hanging out, and its eyes glaring in the most frightful manner. The boys now suppose the god is pleased with their offerings, and begin to dance faster round and round, and sing still louder, until they become giddy, and fall down helpless to the earth.

JUVENILE MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

ON Tuesday evening, June 25th, the Annual Meetings of the Juvenile Auxiliaries were held in Bloomsbury Chapel, York Street Chapel, New Park Street Chapel, and Biahopsgate Chapel. About four thousand young persons attended the Meetings, and listened with much attention and interest to the excellent Addresses delivered by Revs. C. M. Birrell, W. Brock, Dr. Cox, G. Clayton, E. Carey, S. Green, W. Howieson, R. H. Marten, A. Saker, F. Trestrail, F. Tucker, B.A., W. Upton, T. Winter, W. H. Watson, Esq., and Mr. John Olney.

Chelsea.—On Thursday evening, June 6th, a Juvenile Meeting was held in Paradise Chapel. The Chair was taken by Rev. W. Groser, and Addresses were delivered by Rev. J. M. Soule, Messrs. H. Twelvetees, R. E. Green, T. J. Cole, Edwell, and Rowley. Our Chelsea friends had a good attendance; and we are glad that they persevere in holding quarterly Meetings, the first of which is evident in the increased interest felt by the young people and Sunday-school children in Missions.

Bloomsbury.—The Quarterly Meeting of the Juvenile Auxiliary. was held in the School-room, on May 29th, the subject fixed for the evening was "*Haiti*," upon which Messrs. T. J. Cole, W. Olney, J. Francis, and J. Benham spoke, and greatly interested the large number present; and at the close of the Meeting it was resolved—"That the moneys received by the Bloomsbury Chapel-School Auxiliary be sent to the missionary at Haiti, to help in the support of the School in that Island." All the young people were delighted at the thought of helping the School at Haiti, and left the Meeting with a determination to double their efforts for the poor heathen children.

Islington New Church.—On Sunday afternoon, June 23rd, the Quarterly Meeting of the Juvenile Auxiliary was held at Baker's Rooms, Islington. The Chair was taken by Mr. Jennings, and Addresses, simple and earnest, were delivered by Messrs. J. Templeton, R. E. Green, and W. Emery.

J. E. T.

LITTLE GEORGE'S LETTER.

IN the June Number we told our youthful readers how little George escaped the Malay pirates, and got safe to America. We promised to give them a letter which his dear mamma wrote to him. It was written from Maulmain, and dated the 5th May, 1835. Mr. and Mrs. Dean were the kind friends in America with whom he lived. George's own father had died some years before, while labouring as a missionary among the Karens, and his mother was now married to Dr. Judson, to whom Mr. Dean's letter was sent. She writes:—

“MY DARLING CHILD,—Your papa has to-day received a letter from Mr. Dean, informing us that Mrs. Dean has gone to heaven—that happy world where your own dear father, and your little brother and sister, have been for several years—that blessed world where Jesus is who died on the cross for our sins, and who rose from the dead on the third day—that blessed world where there is no more sorrow, or sin, or separation, or death. Do you sometimes weep and feel very sorry because you cannot see your mamma? Your mamma also feels very sad, and weeps sometimes, because she cannot live with her dear, only little boy. But, Georgie, if we are so blessed as to reach heaven when we die, we shall never be parted again, and shall never weep any more.

“Mr. Dean writes, that you are a good boy; and it makes your dear papa and myself very happy to hear so. If you are really and truly a good boy, if you are afraid to sin, afraid to do anything that God will not approve, though unknown to your friends, Jesus will love you and bless you. Some little boys appear to be very good and obedient in the presence of their parents, or persons older than themselves, but when alone, or with other children, they think naughty thoughts, say naughty words, and do naughty

things. Because they behave well in the presence of their parents and teachers, their friends think they are very good. But they are not good, and God ~~does not love such naughty little boys~~; and if their papas and mammas knew that their children were naughty out of their sight, they would be very unhappy. Remember, my dear child, that *God sees you at all times*.

"Do you know, George, the meaning of the word *deceive*? I will try to explain it to you. Once, at evening worship, in the Burman Chapel, you did not kneel down at prayer, but just as your papa was going to say 'Amen,' you got down softly from your chair and knelt a moment, so that you might rise while the rest of the people were rising. Now consider—What did you kneel down and get up immediately for? It was, that we might think you had been kneeling all prayer-time; and yet you had not been kneeling all prayer-time—only a moment. This is what we mean by *deceiving*—making others think a thing different from what it really is.

"I will tell you, my dear child, several ways in which it would have been proper for you to act at the native worship. One is this: You might have knelt down at first, and when you found yourself growing tired, you might have kept thinking in your mind, 'True, I am very tired, and my knees ache very much, but I will try to keep still, and think of praying to God, till prayer is over.' Or, if you were too sleepy to think, you might have got up and sat in your chair, till prayer was done, and after worship, said, 'Dear papa, I was too tired and sleepy to kneel down at prayers this evening—please excuse me.' You should not have tried to make us think you knelt, when you did not, because that is *deceiving*. You were then a very little boy, and did not know any better. Whenever you do anything wrong now, my darling, go immediately and confess it to your friends, and ask them to forgive you; and pray God to forgive you.

"Your papa sends much love. He wrote you a little while

ago; and sent some pretty lines, which he composed himself, for you to learn. He says that you were an obedient, affectionate child when with us; and he prays that you may become a Christian.

"Don't lose this letter, Georgie, for it has some things in it which I wish you to remember. Keep it folded in a piece of paper to read again; and if you cannot understand it all, ask some kind friend to explain it to you.

"Farewell. God bless you, my dear, dear child!

"Your affectionate mamma,

"SARAH JUDSON."



A KAREN GIRL.

HARVEST HYMN.

God of the year ! with songs of praise,
And hearts of love, we come to bless
Thy bounteous hand, for Thou hast shed
Thy manna o'er our wilderness ;—
In early spring-time Thou didst fling
O'er earth its robe of blossoming,—
And its sweet treasures, day by day,
Rose quick'ning in Thy blessed ray.

And now they whiten hill and vale,
And hang from every vine and tree,
Whose pensile branches, bending low,
Seem bowed in thankfulness to Thee,—
The earth, with all its purple isles,
Is answering to thy genial smiles,
And gales of perfume breathe along,
And lift to Thee their voiceless song.

God of the seasons ! Thou hast blest
The land with sunlight and with showers,
And plenty o'er its bosom smiles,
To crown the sweet autumnal hours :
Praise, praise to Thee ! Our hearts expand
To view the blessings of Thy hand,
And on the incense-breath of love,
Go off to their bright home above.

Mrs. Sigourney.

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



THE FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

In a few places in India are found a people who worship fire : they are called Parsees, and it is supposed they came many long years ago from Persia. The ancient Persians were worshippers of fire. The Parsees of India have two

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kinds of sacred fire : one kind of fire is called *behrám*. It ought to be composed of a thousand-and-one different species of fire, as fire from rubbing two pieces of wood, from a kitchen fire, or from the fire which burns the body of a dead person.

The other kind of fire is called the *adirám*, formed of fifteen or sixteen sorts. The *behrám* fire is found only in three temples in India; and very great reverence is paid to it. The *adirám* fire has many temples. Each temple has only one sacred fire, and before it are read prayers every day. The fire-temples are always covered, and so built that none of the sun's rays can fall on the sacred fire. The prayers are muttered through the teeth, and very fast. As the prayers are in an unknown tongue, the people who offer them cannot pray with the heart or the understanding; they therefore mock God.

The Parsees say they worship not the fire; but God in the fire. Truly, God is everywhere, but where has he bidden us to worship him in the creatures he has made?

Zoroaster was the founder of this false religion. He pretended that angels came and spake with him: they were the guardian angels which watched over all the works of God. One of them, Zoroaster said, commanded him to erect in every city a temple of fire, and to keep certain feasts in honour of fire. For the brightness of fire is from God, and nothing is more beautiful. To keep it ever burning it requires only wood and fragrant odours. Who among the young give these things, their prayers are heard; but those who do not fulfil these precepts shall go to hell.

Zoroaster pretended to have brought this holy fire from heaven, and his followers pretend too that they have kept

it burning for four thousand years. The wood to keep it alight must be without the bark, and it must never be fanned into a flame by the bellows, or the breath of the mouth. Nothing but the winds of heaven or the pouring on of oil will do to raise the fire to a flame.

May God, in his great mercy, enlighten their minds and lead them to Jesus, the true light, who has come into the world to save sinners!



THE HEAVENLY LAMB.

A MESSAGE FOR VERY LITTLE CHILDREN.

DID you ever spend a happy day? Perhaps you will answer, "I have spent a great many happy days." What made those days so happy? Was it that you went into the country to play on the green grass? or was it that you had a new book? or was it that you saw again your kind grandmother? or your eldest sister, who is away from home? or your eldest brother, who is

gone to sea? I do not know what made you happy on your happy days. I am going to tell you of a happy day which two men spent—I think you will say, “It must have been a happy day.”

Once there was a good man who preached to a great many people. He did not wear a black silk gown as some preachers do, but only coarse clothes; he did not preach in a pulpit, but under a tree, or by the water-side. His name was John. There were some men who liked to be with him, and those men were called his disciples. Once he was standing in the country, with two of his disciples, when he saw a man walking along a little way off. When John saw this man he looked at him, and then said to his disciples, “See the Lamb of God.” What did John mean? Was it a lamb he saw? No; it was a man. Why did he call him a lamb? I will tell you why. That man was God as well as man; he was the Son of God; and was he come down from heaven to die? Yes, to die for our sins. God the Father sent him down to die for us, that we might not go to hell and be punished for ever and ever. The Son of God was like a sweet and gentle lamb, and was willing to die for us, though he had done no sin. How much pleased John was to see him! John loved him, and he wished his disciples to love him too.

One of those two disciples was called Andrew. I do not know the name of the other. If you had been Andrew, what would you have done when you heard John say, “Behold the Lamb of God?” I think I hear you answer, “I would have gone after that gentle Lamb.” That is what Andrew did. The two disciples went after the Son of God. His name was Jesus. While they were walking behind him, Jesus turned and said to them, “What is it you want?” How kind it was of the Son of God to speak to these poor men! They answered, “Master, where do you live?” Jesus said, “Come and see.” Was not this kind? The two men went to the house where Jesus lived. Did he ask them to come

in? Yes, he did, and he let them stop with him all the rest of the day.

Must not that have been a happy day? It was a day spent with the Son of God. You never spent such a day as that. Yet Jesus can make you happy every day, for he can come into your heart. Should you not like to see the house where Jesus lived when he was in this world? I cannot show you that, but I can tell you where Jesus is now. He is in heaven. If you wish to see him, ask him to take you there when you die. He is very kind, and hears children when they pray to him.

I have a little more to tell you about Andrew. He loved Jesus so much that he wanted his brother to know him too. He became a missionary, or an apostle; which means, a messenger to carry to others the gospel of Christ. He had a brother called Simon, and he said to him, "We have found the Christ." It was Jesus that he meant; he called him the Christ. Simon did not know where Jesus lived, but Andrew did, and he showed his brother the way. How pleasant it is when brothers are kind to each other! As soon as Jesus saw Simon, he knew who he was without being told, and he knew the name of his father too, and he said, "Thou art Simon, the son of Jonas." Jesus knows the name of everyone. He knows your name, and your father's name, and your mother's name. Jesus gave Simon a new name; he called him Peter. Why? There is a meaning in the word Peter: it means "stone." Christ knew that Simon would be like a stone." Is it good to be like a stone? A stone is very useful. Ask the mason whether a stone is not useful. Christ knew that Simon would be a preacher, and do a great deal of good, so he called him "stone."

Wicked people are not like stones, but like rubbish, for they are of no use; they are like briars and thorns, which prick; or like scorpions, which sting; or like serpents, which bite; or like wolves, and lions, and bears, which devour; or like dogs and pigs,

which eat vile food. But good people, what are they like? They are like fruitful trees, like harmless sheep, like stones, or silver, or gold.

Dear child, what are you like? Are you a child of God, or a child of the devil? If you are a child of God, you are like a gentle lamb, and Jesus is your Shepherd, and carries you in his arms. If you are a child of the devil, then you are like the devil. How horrible he is! He loves sin, and hates God.

I love the Lamb who died for me,
I love his little lamb to be ;
I love the Bible, where I find
How good my Saviour was, and kind ;
I love beside his cross to stay,
I love the grave where Jesus lay ;
I love his people and their ways,
I love with them to pray and praise ;
I love the Father and the Son,
I love the Spirit he sent down ;
I love to think the time will come
When I shall be with him at home.

OUR OWN MISSION SCHOOLS IN INDIA.

(Continued.)

Mr. Makepeace, of Saugor, is now in England. There is at his station a good Sunday-school, also a day-school, about which we hope he will write you as soon as his health is better; but that our readers may feel a greater interest in his communication, and in his visits to your schools, we insert an extract from Mr. Phillips' letter, which we hope will make all feel for the poor heathen children more than they have yet done, and be ready to do even more in sending the gospel unto them :—

"In Saugor, fifty years ago, living human sacrifices were frequent, children often being the victims. The lake from which this town derives its name, meaning THE SEA, from its extent, is said to have been filled by the sacrifice of two children. Some years ago the old Saugor lake burst, and the natives determined to form one in a new valley, by building a dam at one extremity. When this was done, the builder was anxious to know how it would be filled. He was told in a vision that he must sacrifice his own daughter, and the lad to whom she had been espoused, to the deity of the place. He accordingly built a little shrine in the centre of the valley which was to become the bed of the lake; then he put the two children in, and built up the door-way. He, with many others, afterwards watched the spot, and soon the whole valley became filled with water, and from that time the lake has been inexhaustible, but no one of the Builder caste has ever since been known to drink of the water."

Mr. Phillips states that this is very likely true, if it occurred at the commencement of the rainy season, but it is a sad proof of the awful superstition that enslaves the people; he also states that not far from Saugor, the Aborigines of India are to be found. "The women eat children of their own tribe, and generally they hesitate not to devour their relatives when old." The Young Men's Missionary Association has written to Mr. Phillips, asking him to visit these Aborigines, and to write a letter for your Magazine about them. Since our first article on Mission Schools appeared in this Magazine, four schools have been allotted to juvenile auxiliaries; others are in course of allotment; and the more we think of our foreign schools, the more do we long for the time when the young people of England will support them, make them their own by paying for the teachers and other expenses, and while they do so, remember that those who give to the missionary cause (should) always pray to God to bless the missionary in his labours. So we hope each of our readers will, every morn-

ing and every evening, ask God to bless the teachers and the children of "Our Own Mission Schools."

33, *Moorgate-street.*

J. E. T.

A SOUL SAVED.

IN one of his speeches the Rev. Amos Sutton related the following interesting fact:—

"We had an excellent old man in the commissary department, who spent his time in distributing tracts. One day he met a number of natives taking a sick man to the Ganges, to put an end to his illness and his life—according to usual custom—by stopping his mouth and nose with the mud of the river. The sick man kept exclaiming: 'I don't want to go to the Ganges, for I am a Christian. I won't have any Saviour but Christ.' The history of this sick man is remarkable. Many years before, he had seen a missionary (the late Bishop of Madras) preaching from the Bible. He went up to the preacher and told him that he wanted that book. The preacher said he could not read it—it was English. The man insisted, and finally he tore out a fly-leaf and gave to him a translation of two or three passages; as, 'God so loved the world,' &c. The man had lived for a number of years, and, in consequence, refused to have any other Saviour but Jesus Christ."

DERVISHES.

OUR youthful readers already know that Dervishes are Mohammedans. They are very much like the monks of Roman Catholic countries. There are several sorts of dervishes among the Turks. The Maulavis live in monasteries. They are very humble in appearance, and wear very coarse clothes. They keep one long fast of thirty days

every year, called the Ramadhan, besides fasting every Thursday. When they worship, they assemble in a round building, and while one is muttering the prayers, the rest turn themselves round on the toe of one foot and the heel of the other, like a spinning-wheel. Their long gowns are



thus lifted from the ground, and twirl gracefully with the motion of the body, and so, like so many peg-tops, they spin till the music stops. Many of them are jugglers, and

go from place to place, deceiving the people with their pretended holiness.

The Ruffiäs, another order of dervishes, are noted for their cruel austerities. In their weekly assemblies in the hall of their convents, some will hold a red-hot piece of iron between their teeth till it becomes cool, and others will cut gashes in their bodies with sharp knives.

Another order of dervishes is called Calenders. Some of them will go about half naked, with their skin painted red or black; others will wear a dress of cloth of many colours, or the skin of a tiger or sheep. They all wear feathers in their ears, and on their heads turbans, or hats of curious and fanciful shape. They also carry in their hands a stick, or hatchet, and sometimes a drawn sword.

The dervishes are for the most part very wicked men; yet they impose on the people as if they were very good. Let us pray that they may learn to know God better, and to love his Son, Jesus Christ.

TRANSFORMING GRACE.

It was a beautiful commentary which a poor African woman, newly awakened to seek after the Saviour, gave upon the words of the prophet Isaiah, in the eleventh chapter, from the 6th to the 9th verse. She belonged to a tribe of the Bechuanas, and was one of the first thirty disciples of our blessed Lord in that once dark and barren wilderness.

She came to the missionary on the morning after one of the missionary prayer-meetings, and said, "I have somewhat to say." Her teacher encouraged her to do so. She hesitated,—her modest diffidence needed more encouragement, and she received it. She said, "I was going to talk to you about the Word of God—I

could not understand you last night. I never heard the Word of God as I did last night." "I asked," said the missionary, "what struck her particularly." "Oh," she replied, "I could not understand it; it was not what I had heard before." The eleventh chapter of Isaiah was altogether new to her. She said, "I have been thinking about it all night. I could not sleep." "I asked," he continues, "whether it was that portion which I had expounded, or that I had only read?" She replied, "What you unfolded, I understood; I could not go wrong, because you put words into my ears. It was that which you did not expound." He had only expounded the first five verses of the chapter. He asked: "What was it?" A good memory enabled her to repeat nearly the very words she had heard. "'The wolf shall lie down with the lamb.' I do not know," she said, "what kind of wolves they are in your country, but I know our wolves will not lie down with the lambs till they have devoured them all. 'The leopard shall lie down with the kid.' I do not know what leopards they are in your country, but ours will not lie down with the kids, till they have eaten them up. Again—'The calf and the young lion and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them.' Now that is like bearing the point of one needle on another—it cannot stand there; this is puzzling a person, and I know God does not intend to puzzle us. It makes things altogether in confusion; it makes darkness; I cannot understand it. 'And the cow and the bear shall feed, their young ones shall lie down together, and the lion shall eat straw like the ox.' This is surprising! I do not know what kind of lions you have, but I know that our lions will not eat straw till they have first eaten the ox. But what makes me wonder most," she continued, "is this, 'The sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice' den.'" The missionary had translated the cockatrices by the word *shushuans*, a little, deadly-biting serpent. "The idea," she said, "of a man, or a woman, or a

child, putting their hand into the hole of the *shueshuane*, and living! How can these things be? This is puzzling; I cannot understand it!" He begged her to tell him what she had been thinking about, for he saw she had been thinking. He wished her to state the exercises of her mind, and the conclusions to which she had come. "You will only smile at me," she replied. He said, "I will not smile." "How can you ask me?" she added. "The light shines upon you from this side, and that side, and behind and before—you are surrounded with light; but as for me, it is only the rays of the sun just rising which light on me. Ah! you would only smile at my simplicity!" "No, I will not smile. Tell me what were your thoughts." After some hesitation, she said: "Do the leopard, and the lion, and the *shueshuane*, mean men and women of such and such a character; men like lions, who have been changed into the nature of lambs, and put into the Church of Christ?" Pressing her hand to her bosom, the tears trickling over her cheeks, she said, "Was not I like a wolf; did not I possess the very nature of the lion, and the poison of the *shueshuane*, until the Gospel changed this heart of mine?"

POOR ABRAHAM

THE Rev. Amos Sutton, in one of his missionary addresses, gave a fearful account of a people called the Khunds. They offer human sacrifices. To obtain them, they lie in wait at the outskirts of the villages, to seize the children who may go out to play or to ramble about, and carry them off. They are then kept till they are ten or twelve years of age, when they are brought out for sacrifice. Being adorned with flowers, and other decorations, they are held over a grave and chopped up piecemeal, beginning at the heels and cutting off a slice of flesh at a time until they reach the head—the natives being anxious to get a piece of the flesh to plant in their fields, as it is supposed to give a red colour to a certain plant which they are in the habit of raising! Five hundred children

doomed to this horrible sacrifice were rescued, in two districts, by the interference of the British Government. A number were at one time rescued and put into our schools. One of them, whom we named Abraham, seemed to be a very dull and stupid boy. We could not get him to learn anything. He ran away several times, and we recovered him as often. At last, it was thought best to let him go, as he seemed determined not to continue with us. We mistrusted, however, that he was going off in some boats that were about to start up the river, and concluded that we would make one more trial of him, if he could be found. So I sent the superintendent of the school, who found him with the boats. When the superintendent made his appearance, Abraham said to him, "You remind me of the good shepherd who left the ninety and nine sheep in the wilderness to go in search of the one which was lost." On the morning that he returned to us, I preached from the text, "Ye were as sheep going astray, but are now returned to the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls." Poor Abraham came up to me as soon as I was done, and, throwing his arms around my neck, said, "I was the sheep that had gone astray, and you have sought and found me, and I have come to remain with you now, and shall stray no more." He then applied himself with diligence and learned to read well. He was a very hopeful convert to the religion of Christ, and was to have been baptized; but he was suddenly cut down by the cholera, and went to join the church triumphant in heaven.

EYE-GATE AND EAR-GATE.

A MAN once lived on a lonely island, and built himself a mud house to live in. He made four walls, but would not make a door, because he feared the wild beasts and the wild men; so he made a ladder, and when he wished to go out or come in, he fixed the ladder against the wall, and when the ladder was drawn in he felt himself safe.

Our body, which is the house in which we live, is not so made. It has gates by which things can go in and out. There is eye-gate and ear-gate, through which things good and bad are always coming into our mind and heart. A little boy was one day playing at marbles; he had only two left, and his little friend had a bag full. As the little boy was looking at the bag full of marbles, a bad desire came in at the eye-gate, and seemed to say, "Why should he have so many, while you have so few!" Soon after a bad thought came in at the ear-gate, and said, "If you cheat him of three or four it will not be found out." The little boy was a good boy, and feared God; he knew what was right and wrong, and he would not cheat, because he knew it was as bad as to steal.

We must learn to set a watch at eye-gate and ear-gate, so that no bad thoughts or desires come in, or else they will come in when we are not aware, and it will be very hard to get them out again. At eye-gate we must learn to look up to God at all times, and he will look down on us, to help us and take care of us; and at ear-gate we must listen to his good laws, so that we may obey, and love, and serve him as long as we live.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

- 1 Kings xviii. 28: *And they cried aloud, and cut themselves after their manner with knives and lancets, till the blood gushed out upon them.*

THE practice of the priests of Baal still continues prevalent in some parts of the East, and which cuttings of the flesh were forbidden to the children of Israel by Moses. Thus, at the annual solemnity to commemorate the murder of Hossein, the royal martyr of Persia, Mr. Morier saw some of the wildest of Hossein's disciples, as they called aloud *Ya Hossein!* walk about the streets almost naked, with only their loins covered, and their bodies smearing with blood from the cuts they had of their own accord

given to themselves, to show their love, their sorrow, or their mortification.

Matt. xviii. 9: *If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee.*

ONE of the old travellers in Palestine tells us, that when at Cairo, in Egypt, he saw a grave old man, who had a long grey beard, led with great ceremony out of the city on his way to Mecca. He had but one eye. He saw the same man return from his pilgrimage; but he had left his other eye at Mecca, having had it plucked out, after he had seen the prophet's tomb, because he would see no more sin.

YOUTHFUL WORSHIP.

A SABBATH-SCHOOL HYMN.

AIR—*"Oh come, let us sing."*

Oh welcome the day,
The Sabbath-day returning!
Sweet day of rest—we love it best;
Oh welcome the day!
Our youthful voices join to sing
Hosannas to our Saviour King;
He loves the praise we bring
On this holy day.

How blest is this hour,
The hour of happy greeting
While hark we sit at Jesus' feet,
How blest is the hour!
He kindly bids us all draw near,
His winning accents banish fear,
His voice we love to hear!
At this blessed hour!

Oh come and adore
 The Lamb of God redeeming
 Our souls from hell, his love to tell,
 Him let us adore !
 Though seated on his throne of light,
 Amidst a throng of seraphs bright,
 He looks down with delight
 While Him we adore !

Oh come, let us pray
 To Jesus interceding
 With God above for pardoning love,
 Oh come, let us pray !
 With humble hearts before his face,
 Now let us seek forgiving grace,
 He hears the soul that prays ;
 Come, then, let us pray !

JUVENILE CONTRIBUTIONS, AUGUST, 1850.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Abergavenny—				Dorchester, for <i>Dove</i>	0	10	1
Frogmore-street Sunday-				Hanley, for <i>Africa</i>	7	0	0
school	1	17	4	Harston, Sunday-school ...	0	5	3
Lion-street ditto.....	0	5	1	Hatcham, ditto	0	8	2
Amerham	0	10	0	Liverpool, Pembroke-street			
Ditto, Sunday-school.....	0	12	7	Sunday-school, for <i>Italy</i>	4	0	0
Battersea	2	0	0	Ditto, ditto, for <i>Jamaica</i>			
Birmingham, Bond-street				<i>Theological Institution</i>	3	0	0
Sunday-school, for <i>Agra</i>				Melbourn, Sunday-school...	0	7	0
<i>Benevolent Institution</i> ...	9	2	0	Northampton—			
Boro' Green, Mr. Constable's pupils	0	10	0	College-st. Sunday-school	1	2	0
Brayfield, Sunday-school ...	0	5	0	Ditto, Bible Class	5	14	3
Camberwell, by Mr. Dickes	0	13	4	Oakington, Sunday-school	0	10	0
Cambridge	1	6	0	Toddington, ditto	1	0	6
Ditto, Sunday-school	9	0	0	Usk, ditto	0	7	0
Chesterton, Sunday-school	1	7	0	Waterbeach, ditto	0	3	3
Coventry	31	2	8	Wrotham, by E. & B. S. ...	0	4	10

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



THE GRAND LAMA OF THIBET.

OUR young readers know that Budha is worshipped under many forms. In Thibet and Tartary he is worshipped in the person of the Grand Lama. He is a man who lives very secluded, and is rarely seen. He is sup-

posed to be without sin, to be everywhere present, to know all things, and from him is derived all the authority and power of the government of the country. But being a man, he must die. So when this takes place the body is dried in the air. It is then enclosed in a beautiful case of silver, wrought into the shape of an upright human figure, and, being placed in a temple, is worshipped as our Engraving shows.

Meanwhile the spirit, or Budha, is supposed to have fled away, and to have found a home in the body of some newborn child. And now the *lamas*, or priests, make many prayers that their lost god may be found again. For three years they inquire about, and at last a priest, in a state of intoxication, pretends to tell where their god resides. It is always a boy, who is the only child of his parents, and his father is immediately slain. With great pomp their child-god is carried to Lassa, the capital, and from that day to his death, he is worshipped as an incarnation of the god Budha. One hundred and seventy priests attend him, who are engaged in constant prayer, and never-ending ceremonies. Once only in the year does the Grand Lama appear in public to receive in person the adoration of the people. At other times he is shut up in his palace.

TO OUR YOUTHFUL READERS.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—In past Numbers of our little HERALD, we have often spoken of native teachers whom God has raised up among the heathen to teach to their fellow-countrymen the knowledge of Christ Jesus. In the present Number we have begun to give an account of Nainsookh, one of the native teachers at Monghir, where he assists our missionaries in

preaching the gospel ; and we shall continue the narrative as Mr. Parsons sends us his very interesting letters about him.

Now for several years you have been accustomed about Christmas, as well as at other times, to make a special collection at home among your friends, or at school among your playfellows, for the support of the *Dove*. But now the *Dove* is sold, no more contributions are required.

Still we know you love to help to send the gospel to heathen lands, of whose darkness and misery without God we often tell you. Now the native preachers are very useful indeed in distributing tracts, talking to their fellow-countrymen, and in preaching to them the word of life. Our Missionary Society employs about one hundred and twenty of them, men who, like Nidhi Levi, Paul Ruttan, Poor Abraham, and Nainsookh, do what they can to recover their friends and brethren from idolatry. And they are, often successful, for God blesses their labours.

This Christmas, then, we want you to remember the native teachers ; and do what you can to support them. They are so useful that we wish to increase their number ; for they can talk and preach and write about Jesus Christ in their own tongue, and are therefore easily understood by their countrymen. In India a native preacher costs about £20 for his support through the year. If you cannot collect or give so much as that, yet when many children and schools each send their mite, they can help the Society to employ many more, who, like Nainsookh, may travel from place to place, calling upon the people to repent and turn to God.

Dear young friends, will you not try to help us in this good work ? You can have cards, or collecting-books, or boxes for this purpose from the Mission House. Your parents or teachers will obtain them for you if you ask them.

Yours affectionately,

THE EDITOR OF THE JUVENILE HERALD.

NAINSOOKH THE NATIVE PREACHER.

To the Readers of the Juvenile Missionary Herald.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—You have often heard of the Native Preachers of India, of the journeys they undertake in order to preach the gospel, the discussions they hold with their idolatrous countrymen, and the shame and revilings which they cheerfully endure. One of these labourers I wish to introduce to your notice, namely, my much-loved friend and brother, Nainsookh, a long-tried and worthy workman in Christ's vineyard. And though my introduction can consist of nothing more than a written account of some of the circumstances of his life, yet I have no doubt that, if I succeed in making you understand what I have to relate, you will love Nainsookh, and wish success to his labours. Could you but have an opportunity of seeing him, I am sure you would all feel an interest in him at once. His very appearance would delight you. His fine, high forehead tells his intelligence, and his mild eye the kindness and meekness of his temper. The villagers often, at their very first sight of him, address him as a Pundit, which is a term much like our Doctor of Divinity, judging from his features, and the very expression of his countenance, that such must be his rank.

Nainsookh was born in Jyepore, a town and state in the north-west part of Hindoostan, which is under the government of its own Rajah, or King, but under the protection of the British Government. Nainsookh's family was of the highest caste, or class, among the Hindoos. He was, by birth, a Brahmin, and, according to the superstitious notions of his poor countrymen, was entitled to be adored and worshipped by them.

How often do we see that men, whom the Lord has intended to be very useful in after-life, have been kept by his gracious Providence from great dangers in their earlier days. This has been the case with Nainsookh. Perhaps you have heard of the Thugs.

They are a cruel, crafty class of people, whose business, to which they are trained from childhood, is to entrap and murder men and children, and plunder them of all they have. You would be shocked to hear how many cunning ways they have of doing this. They are not kept back from such horrid deeds by accusings of conscience, for, most sad to relate, they look on their murders as religious acts, and so rather glory in them than are ashamed of them, or afraid of their consequences. Twice has Nainsookh nearly fallen a prey to the Thugs. Once, when he was a little boy, about five or six years old, he was playing with other lads in the streets of Jyepore, a good-natured child, with silver ornaments on his wrists and ankles, and in his ears, a very tempting subject for a wicked Thug's artifice. So he passed by where Nainsookh was playing, in the disguise of a cart-driver, and asked the children if they had seen his ox go that way. Oxen are continually passing hither and thither in a native town, so little Nainsookh replied that he had seen oxen going a certain road. The man then said, "Just go with me a little way—there's a good little fellow—and show me which way the oxen went." The man had, in this way, decoyed him to the outside of the town, and was near some fields of high corn, which would have afforded him a hiding-place for the purpose of murdering and plundering him, when he took hold of Nainsookh's hand, and promised him sweetmeats to go a little farther with him. Happily, it then struck Nainsookh, who had often heard tales of the Thugs, that this must be one, and, in his horror, he uttered a loud shriek, and began to cry so bitterly as to alarm some neighbours, on which the cruel man immediately hid himself in the corn, and Nainsookh escaped in safety.

At the age of eleven or twelve, Nainsookh had another happy escape. He was returning home from some distant place, in company with a servant, and they had between them a large sum of money, each having a portion bound up in his girdle. On coming to a certain rivulet, they stopped to refresh themselves by bathing,

and as they unbound their girdles, containing the money, they noticed a man sitting on the bank at a little distance, who was pretending to wash his mouth, but had, all the time, his eyes directed towards them. When they proceeded on their way, he accosted them, and asked them whither they were going, and then said, "I am going in the same direction, and we will keep company." The travellers immediately suspected their new acquaintance, and tried to avoid him, but he would not leave them. Nainsookh's servant, however, was a hill-man, and very expert in the use of the bow, and, moreover, he had his bow with him, and a quiver of sixty arrows. He therefore tried to embolden Nainsookh by assuring him that it would take more than a few Thugs to master him; but Nainsookh was greatly terrified, especially as their road lay through a wild country, up the dry bed of a rivulet, with high banks on either side. How much, then, did his terror increase, when, by two and two, several persons had joined with their suspicious companion, and were evidently, by degrees, surrounding and closing in upon their hapless victims! The faithful servant now saw that matters were coming to a fearful pass, and he attempted to strike off into another road, which caused the Thugs to remonstrate with him. He then strung his bow, and placed an arrow on the string, and addressed them thus: "I know who you are, and what are your designs; but do not think we are such an easy prey. I have a quiver of sixty arrows, and if you doubt my skill to use them, let one of you hold up his shoe, and if my arrow carry that away without injuring the holder's hand, then know that some sixty of you must die before you can get our money." Poor little Nainsookh was beginning to cry, but was sternly bid by the servant to hush up, unless he wished to share the same fate. So they went on, slow and trembling—the Thugs every now and then, trying to advance, but kept back by the servant's pointing his arrow at them, when the trampling of horses' feet was heard. This caused poor Nainsookh to tremble the more,

thinking that now theirs was a lost cause; but his and his servant's fears abated, when they observed that their unwelcome companions slunk away as the horsemen came in sight. They soon found the horsemen to be of the retinue of a native nobleman, who was coming behind, and they immediately questioned the two travellers about the circumstances; and, on being informed of the danger to which they had been exposed, told them to keep in their company, and they would be secure. Thus, my dear young friends, was a valuable life again preserved, for which, I doubt not, many will shout the praises of God for ever.

I must now leave my story for this time, in the hope of continuing it hereafter. I will, however, tell you one thing which will make you very glad, namely, that, through the exertions of the British Government, the Thugs are, in a great measure, suppressed, and their system broken up, in the British territories and the native states, including Jyepore. Of this Nainsookh was lately assured by some of his countrymen whom he met at the Baijnath-mela. Do you, like Nainsookh, remember and thank God for all your near escapes from death?

Your affectionate friend,
JOHN PARSONS.

Monghir.

A FAKIR'S DEATH AND BURIAL.

IN India, the class of men called Fakirs is very numerous. The people regard them as very holy men, because they go naked, torture their bodies, and expose themselves to many sufferings.

One of these men was the owner of the village of Chitoura, where our missionary, Mr. Smith, labours, and near to which is built the little hamlet called *Nishtarpur*, or "Town of Salvation," because it is inhabited by those na-



tive Hindoos who are seeking salvation through Jesus Christ. This Fakir was a rich man. Many villages belonged to him, though he went about as a beggar, covered with vermin and filth. A few months ago, the time came for him to die.

And now his conscience began to accuse him of his wickedness. He longed to live; but he could not escape from death. Many years had he deceived the people, and they had worshipped him as a god. And there, while he was gasping away his dying breath, and crying, "I shall not get over it! I have robbed God, and he will punish me!" the foolish people were still bowing down before him, and adoring the wicked man. But he died. He could neither save himself nor others.

The manner of his burial was very curious. The bodies of some fakirs are burned after death; but fakirs of the order of this man are buried. After death, he was placed

in a sitting posture, and his limbs were so tied that when the body got cold it retained its position, and looked as if it were alive. In this manner he was carried to the grave, the stiff clay nodding and bobbing backwards and forwards with the motion of the *dholy*, as if mocking the foolish people who surrounded it, worshipping all the way.

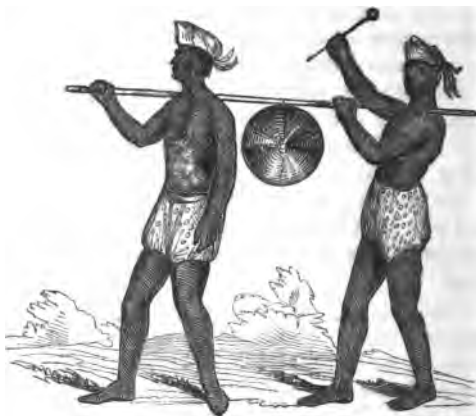
On reaching the place of burial, the corpse was placed in a deep hole, and water plentifully poured over it, with *ghee*, or melted butter. The earth was then carefully shovelled in, and with water made hard and firm, all the while the people muttering over the grave. The funeral finished with a great feast, at which thousands were present. His property became the possession of the eldest of his disciples.

A BURMESE CONVERT.

MOUNG HURAN was converted to God chiefly by reading the Scriptures. He was about thirty-five years of age when baptized by Dr. Judson, at Rangoon, in 1847.

Before his conversion he was very hostile to the gospel of Christ, and thought it ridiculous to compare the God of the Bible with Gaudama, whom he worshipped. But having married the daughter of a Christian, he was gradually led to read the Scriptures and other books, which he found in the house of his wife's father. This led him to think that the images he worshipped were nothing more than wood or stone, the work of men's hands. The priests, indeed, according to custom, repeated, with one voice, a few words in Pali, by which, they said, they put into the idol the spirit of the Deity, and then called them gods; but still

they were the work of man, and how could such gods give help or salvation? The priests were like blind men leading the blind.



BURMESE CYMBAL-PLAYERS.

Then Moungh Huran thought that Gaudama was not like the Christians' God in other things. Gaudama was nothing at first but a mere man; but being anxious to become a god, he passed through a very great number of conditions. Once he became a beast, then a man, then a gnat, then a Thug, or robber, then a Brahmin, and so on. After this Gaudama professed to have conquered the five evil principles of the flesh, and to have attained Divine knowledge. Yet he could not tell how the world was made, and finished his existence by vanishing into nothing! What help can such a god give to man?

But the God whom Christians love and worship is eternal—He never dies. He is the Creator of all things, and must, therefore, possess the power and the right to punish the wicked and to reward the good.

And now, Mounge Huran began to feel that he must give account of all his actions to God. He felt that he was a sinner; and then, learning that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, out of compassion and love to man, gave up his life for us, Huran gladly received the salvation offered in the gospel to all that believe.

And since Mounge Huran has given his heart to God, he employs his time in distributing Scriptures and tracts among his heathen fellow-countrymen in Burmah.

HEATHEN CHILDREN AND MISSION SCHOOLS.

We gave our dear young readers, a few months ago, an account of mission schools carried on by Ladies, who had very kindly left their friends, and gone out to heathen lands, to be useful to the poor children; and we feel no doubt they were all rejoiced at finding that many were learning that which would make them useful, and especially that not a few were seeking that Saviour who had invited them by those precious words, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." We have just seen some more letters from those kind ladies, containing very interesting information. One, from a lady who is conducting a school at Cuttack, in the East Indies, expresses the feelings of some of the children to be just what we should wish to witness in the schools in this country. The Lord grant that many in our schools may lay the matter seriously to heart!—

"We have cause to rejoice over some of our dear girls, four of whom, we trust, are seeking Christ in earnest. I have been struck with the clearness of their views in relation to God as their Re-

deamer, and could scarcely help weeping to hear them pour out their souls before him. You will unite in prayer that these lambs may be safely lodged in the Saviour's fold. There is, I hope, a good feeling in our school now: the members of the church are anxious for the spiritual welfare of their careless sisters, and many and fervent are the prayers offered on their behalf. One of them expressed herself to Mrs. Buckley as follows: 'I think what a sad thing it will be if I remain in the school without having benefited my sisters by my example; how much I shall regret it when I leave.'"

Some persons who wished to keep the black people in slavery, used to tell us that it was of no use to teach their children, for that they had not sufficient understanding to learn. What would they have said if they had heard of a girl of fourteen managing a school of a hundred children? A lady at Cape Town, in Africa, writes:—

"Harriet Mills has taken her sister's place in my infant school, and though she is only fourteen years of age, she manages 100 children as well as I could desire. The young girl I have taken in her place is a sweet, gentle, promising child; she has been in the school four years; her mother is a widow with three children, whom she has to support by dressmaking."

Perhaps some of our young readers are not aware that the children of the rich in heathen countries have not been used to be taught to read. The priests, wishing to keep them in ignorance, have said that women had no souls, and neither mothers nor daughters have been instructed. But now it seems the rich are beginning to feel the importance of being taught. A lady at Kandy, in the Island of Ceylon, writes:—

"On Monday I had a visit from a Kandian chief, one of the greatest men in the island, a near relative of the late king; his name, translated, would be 'Master of the World.' The purport of his visit was to ask me to educate his little daughter of ten

years of age; he could not speak a word of English. I certainly did not feel that I was in the presence of royalty; he wore only white calico wrapped around him from the waist to the ankles, his feet bare, and on his head a large flat hat, which he did not take off. He expressed great desire that his child should be educated and learn English, but it was evidently a struggle to his feelings to consent to her mixing with other children; he said he feared she would be very much frightened, as she had never been from home; he hoped I would allow her to sit apart from the other children, and that he would send the carriage for her at tiffin time. After rather a long interview, he promised to take her to the school the following morning, and he would then select a seat for her. The next morning I went, all expectation; he came early, but did not bring his little daughter; he said she was ready to come, but had a pain, and he hoped to bring her next day. I could hardly help smiling at the excuse, for he evidently wished to see for himself what the school was like. He stayed some time, looked much pleased with all he saw, and next morning he brought her, accompanied by her little slave. She is a very intelligent-looking child, her eyes beautiful, her hair very black. Her dress was white calico, embroidered with gold thread; a gold chain, and band of precious stones, set in gold, round her neck, with a necklace, from which was suspended a beautiful ornament, with costly pearls, gold bracelets, and rings. She has now been a week in the school, and appears very happy."

A CONVERTED INDIAN.

"I UNDERSTAND," said John Sunday, the converted Indian chief, to a congregation he was called to address at Plymouth, in the year 1837, "that many of you are disappointed, because I have not brought my Indian dress with me. Perhaps if I had it on, you would be afraid of me. Do you wish to know how I

dressed when I was a pagan Indian? I will tell you. My face was covered with red paint. I stuck feathers in my hair. I wore a blanket and leggins. I had silver ornaments on my breast, a rifle on my shoulder, a tomahawk and scalping-knife in my belt: that was my dress then. Now, do you wish to know why I wear it no longer? You will find the cause in 2nd Corinthians, fifth chapter, seventeenth verse: 'Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are done away; behold, all things are become new.' When I became a Christian, feathers and paint 'done away.' I gave my silver ornaments to the mission cause. Scalping-knife 'done away;' tomahawk 'done away.' That is my tomahawk now," said he, holding up, at the same time, a copy of the Ten Commandments, in the Ojibue language. "Blanket 'done away.' Behold," he exclaimed, in a manner in which simplicity and dignity of character were combined, "behold, all things are become new!"—*Alder's Wesleyan Missions.*

JUVENILE MEETINGS.

Paradise Chapel, Chelsea.—The Young Friends held their Quarterly Missionary Meeting in the chapel, on Thursday, the 29th August. The Rev. W. Groser presided; and after Mr. Sewell (one of the deacons) had engaged in prayer, Mr. Thomas J. Cole, of the Young Men's Association, gave an address, On the Nature and Effects of Idolatry, as seen in the Worship and Character of the Hindoos, Chinese, and Africans. We are glad to hear that our friends at Chelsea have adopted the plan of holding a Children's Missionary Prayer Meeting on the third Sabbath in each month.

Shacklewell.—The Quarterly Meeting of the Juvenile Auxiliary was held in the chapel, on Wednesday evening, 28th August. The Rev. S. Green took the chair, and the meeting was addressed by

Messrs. W. H. Tyndall, P. H. Hadrill, W. Emery, and F. Baron. About two hundred and forty young persons were present, and the meeting was one of a deeply interesting character.

Wolverhampton.—On Sunday, 28th July, Mr. James Benham, of the Young Men's Association, delivered a lecture to the children of the Baptist and Independent Schools of Wolverhampton, on Christian Missions, illustrated by rejected idols, &c. The attendance and attention were good.

Birmingham.—Mr. C. E. Ogden, of the Young Men's Association, visited the schools at Cannon-street and Heneage-street, on Sunday, 18th August, and addressed the children on the importance of the Missionary work. On Monday, 19th August, a public meeting was held in Heneage-street Chapel, when an address was delivered by Mr. Ogden, who urged the importance of a more systematic effort in Birmingham on behalf of the Missionary Society; and he gave some account of the labours of the Young Men's Association to revive the Missionary spirit in our London Sunday-schools.

Bristol.—Mr. C. E. Ogden on Saturday, 11th August, visited the schools at Counterslip and Old King-street, with a view of encouraging both teachers and scholars in their efforts for the benefit of poor heathen children. Much has been done in Bristol; but much more can, and, we believe, will be done, by the persevering labours of the Bristol Young Men's Missionary Association. On Tuesday, 18th August, a public meeting was held at Counterslip School-room, when the deputation urged the holding of quarterly juvenile meetings on week evenings, the holding of quarterly missionary prayer-meetings in the school on Sunday afternoons, the formation of working-classes, and the general adoption of the recommendations of the London Young Men's Association.

Reading.—On Sunday, 18th August, Mr. R. E. Green, of the Young Men's Association, delivered an address in the school-

room, upon Christian Missions. The attendance was large, and the interest evinced by the scholars was very great.

We feel thankful to our country friends for the kindness shown to the deputations of the London Young Men's Association; and we trust that such disinterested labours on the part of the young men will prove highly useful to the furtherance of the Missionary cause.

J. E. T.

LITTLE CHILD'S MORNING HYMN.

THE morning bright,
With rosy light,
Has waked me from my sleep.
Father! I own
Thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.

All through the day,
I humbly pray,
Be Thou my guard and guide!
My sins forgive,
And let me live,
Blest Jesus! near thy side.

Oh! make thy rest
Within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace!
Make me like thee!
Then I shall be
Prepared to see thy face!

JUVENILE CONTRIBUTIONS, SEPTEMBER, 1850.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Aberavon, Sunday-school ...	2	4	10	Bloomsbury	4	9	6
Avening, ditto	0	12	0	New Park-street	2	0	0
Bridgend, ditto	0	8	0	York-street	5	4	1
Cardiff, Tabernacle, ditto, for				Cromer-st. Sunday-school	1	1	0
<i>Dove</i>	0	14	8	Markyate-street, Sunday-			
Eastington, ditto	3	12	6	school, for <i>African School</i>	5	13	3
Kidderminster, ditto	0	13	3	Pershore	0	13	8
Kingstanley, ditto	3	7	7	Shortwood, Sunday-school,			
London—				Bible and Infant Classes ..	9	4	1
Annual Collections—				Worcester	16	5	10
Bishopsgate-street	1	18	6	Ditto, Sunday-school	1	7	0

THE JUVENILE MISSIONARY HERALD.



CONFUCIUS.

CONFUCIUS is said to have lived about five hundred years before the Christian era. He was the great lawgiver of China, and nearly four hundred millions of people honour his memory. Temples consecrated to his worship are spread over all parts of China; and the religious ceremonies observed by the people consist in burning scented gum, frankincense, and tapers of sandal-wood, and in placing fruit, wine, and flowers on a plain table, on which is,

written—"O Confucius our revered master, let thy spirit descend, and be pleased with this our respect which we now humbly offer to thee."

But Confucius did not establish a new religion. His works are only filled with rules and precepts for the proper discharge of the duties of life. He especially taught his followers to pay the most ready and complete obedience to parents; but he left no directions how the soul was to be saved, or God honoured and loved. The Chinese, therefore, live without any hope of a blessed and happy eternity.

NAINSOOKH THE NATIVE PREACHER.

No. II.

(To the Readers of the Juvenile Missionary Herald.)

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—I have already told you how, in youth, dear Nainsookh was delivered from the hands of cruel, designing Thugs. I am now to tell you of his deliverance from a yet more fearful foe, the great deceiver, Satan.

A little before that time, Nainsookh's family consisted of his parents, himself, then about eighteen years of age, a brother, Kasee, about six years younger than himself, and a sister. His father was, in sentiment, a Vedantist, and so not zealous in the worship of idols and devtas; but his mother, who was as forward in her zeal as her husband was cool, was determined on making a pilgrimage to Juggernaut. In vain did her husband try to persuade her it was fruitless labour. She declared that, if he would not accompany her, she would go alone; so rather than she should encounter all the dangers and fatigues of the journey without him, he set out with her and all the family, in company with a large band of pilgrims, amounting to several hundreds.

In the former part of the journey Nainsookh's sister died. On the arrival of the company at Dinapore, several of the young

people wished to see the European soldiers, which they had not done in their own parts, and among them, Nainsookh. Still they went with considerable fear, having heard strange reports of the cruelty of the English soldiers, whom they were always taught to regard as "impure" or "barbarians;" yea, even that they caught and devoured children. To afford them some protection, they took with them out of their company two fakeers, who had been on pilgrimage in all parts, and were familiar with the sight of Europeans. The party had seen the soldiers practise, and were returning, when a man, having much the appearance of a fakeer, who was pacing before a small house, which they could see belonged to Europeans, seeing from their dress that they came from the distant western provinces, accosted them, and asked them whither they were going. One of the fakeers, named Rugoonaut Das, who was the chief spokesman of the party, replied, "that they were on a pilgrimage to Juggernaut." He answered, "Why go so far? Step in here, and you will have a sight of the true Juggernaut." Nainsookh and his companions were very willing to comply, but the fakeer dissuaded them, saying, "How do you know but the cruel barbarians may be enticing us inside in order to maltreat us?" However, as the man persisted in inviting them in, and asserting that there the true Juggernaut was to be found, they consented at length to go in, and to see what was to be seen. (I dare say you know that the name of Juggernaut means "Lord of the world," and it was in reference to this that the native Christian spoke of Christ as "the true Juggernaut.") Inside the little house, or under a tree at the back of it, they found a large carpet spread, on which sat a native preacher, named Kureem, and several persons around him, hearing and conversing. On the entry of the new party, a conversation soon commenced between Kureem and Rugoonaut Das. "Whither are you all going?" "To Juggernaut."—"For what purpose?" "To obtain a sight of the god."—"What good will result to you from so doing?" "Salvation."—"Have you

ever been there before?" "I have gone thither twice. This is my third time of going."—"And have you obtained salvation?" "Yes."—"Then, are you now free from sin?" "Yes: I am neither angry nor covetous, and have cast off the entanglements of the world by abstaining from family connexions." Here the conversation was interrupted by some remarks from others present, and from a native Christian, who was cooking his food under a shed within hearing. The voice of this native Christian attracted Nainsookh's ear. He recognised in it the brogue of the rustics of his native Jyepore, and said, in a tone of familiar pleasantry, "You had better mind your cooking, for you have not learned to speak correctly yet." Little did young Nainsookh then think whom he was addressing, or of what service he would be to him. The native Christian's name was Gopaul. He was the son of a wealthy Zemindar, i. e., farmer, but had been left an orphan while yet a child; and his uncle, to get possession of the property to which he was heir, had ill-used him, and threatened his life. When thus helpless, Nainsookh's father had befriended him, and given him a home. About nine years before he had left the family, and they had not heard of him since; but, meanwhile, he had heard the gospel, and become a follower of Christ.

After the above conversation had been broken off, Kureem, the native preacher, continued to address the party, who remained silent, showing them the nature of salvation, the uselessness of their toilsome pilgrimage, and the merits and mercy of Jesus. On concluding his discourse, he asked if any of the party could read tracts, which were lying before them. The fakcer and Nainsookh, on examination, found the character to be such as they were familiar with, and took a tract or two. Nainsookh inquired if larger books were to be had. "Yes," was the reply, "if you will come to-morrow morning."—"What will be the price?" "They are given gratis."—"Very good; I will come."

This interview left some very deep impressions on Nainsookh's

mind. He thought, "How could Rugoonaut Das say what he did? I know him to have two wives in our camp, and scarcely a day passes but he beats and abuses them, besides his telling lies and using indecent language perpetually; and yet he protests that he has obtained salvation by going to Juggernaut. This must be all hypocrisy and deceit." These impressions were deepened when he taxed the fakcer, revered as a man peculiarly holy, with his falsehood, and received this answer: "Oh! this is the way I always evade their arguments." Nainsookh did not yet know even the name of Christians, much less that they were considered by the Hindoos to be degraded outcasts. He asked Rugoonaut of what sect the persons were to whom they had been listening. He told him they were infidels. "But," said Nainsookh, "they worship one God, and one only." Again, he told his father what he had heard, and showed him the tracts. His father said, "Their doctrine is good: they worship one God. This is like Vedantism. You will do well to get the larger book promised you, especially as it will cost nothing." Altogether, Nainsookh's mind was much interested in the new truths he had heard, and he felt a strong desire to return in the morning for the larger book.

During the evening it was resolved among the pilgrims that they should start early in the morning of the next day, and make a long march in order to pass Patna by the evening, as grass for the numerous ponies in their company was expensive in the neighbourhood of large towns. Early in the morning they were up, and Nainsookh was eager to return to the preaching station, from which his mother dissuaded him, lest he should delay them. Nainsookh, however, promised to be speedily back. Before he had gone far, he saw a man in the distance, who appeared to have tracts in his hand, and to be going from party to party of their large company to converse and distribute. It was Gopaul. Nainsookh beckoned him towards him. As he came near, Nainsookh looked earnestly at him, and he at Nainsookh. Each said to the

other, "I seem to recognise you." The truth was soon known, and Nainsookh led Gopaul back to his parents. All were soon at home with each other, and Gopaul and Nainsookh embraced as long absent brothers. Gopaul was constrained to eat, but Nainsookh was surprised to see that he disregarded some of the superstitious customs of the Hindoos. Then Gopaul pressed Nainsookh to go and see his wife, promising to return immediately. On the way, he used every means to impress on his mind the folly and sin of idol-worship, and the claims of Christ. Nainsookh went so far as to propose to stay behind by stealth, which, however, Gopaul discouraged as sinful. Returning to the family, he conversed with them till their companions were nearly all ahead, and then accompanied them for a great distance; nor did he leave till his earnest entreaties had extorted a promise from them that they would take Dinapore on their way back, adding, that if they did so, he would return with them to their own country. He also exhorted Nainsookh to give the books he had received an attentive perusal, and then left them, with what affectionate anxiety and fervent prayers, may well be supposed.

I must now leave the subject, in the hope of narrating some circumstances of their journey on a future occasion. Meanwhile, believe me,

Your affectionate friend,

JOHN PARSONS.

Monghir.

CAFFE LIBERALITY.

THE power of Christ's love over the heart of the heathen is shown in a very interesting manner in an incident related by Mr. Calderwood, a missionary in South Africa, belonging to the London Missionary Society. Among the poor people who presented their gifts to the Jubilee Fund, there was a poor widow. She offered fifteen shillings. "I was really," says Mr. Calderwood, "afraid

to take it; I hinted it was too much. She said, 'The Lord has done much for me.' She has since brought five shillings more.—I said to one of the native teachers, who is very poor, 'I don't think you can do much more than you now do.' His reply entered deeply into my soul. He said, 'Two words overcome me—one is, *Ye are not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a Lamb without blemish.* I see,' he added, 'that cows die, horses die, all earthly things die; but God has redeemed me with something far more precious than these—God has done great things for us—I must try. The other word is—*What is a man profited if he should gain the whole world and lose his own soul?* I see,' said he, 'the soul is indeed precious—I MUST TRY.'

THE HAPPY DEATH-BED.

"It was in the Sunday-school," said a scholar of a Sunday-school in Kent to her teacher, a short time previous to her departure, "I learned those truths which now make me happy—you often prayed for me, and tried to make me happy; and I thought you would like to know of my happiness; I thought it would encourage you, and reward you for your trouble."

"And what makes you so happy?" said the teacher.

"Oh!" said the little girl, "I have a prospect of heaven before me, and I know I shall soon be there."

The teacher said, "Do not be too confident, my dear."

"How can I," she immediately replied, "when Jesus has said, 'Thy sins are forgiven thee?' I have been a great sinner, but my sins are pardoned through Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour."

She died on the 16th of October, 1849, in the fifteenth year of her age, and is now enjoying the happiness of which she had so sweet a foretaste.—*Sunday-School Union Report.*

A YOUNG DISCIPLE.

In the Report of the Bombay Tract and Book Society, referring to the books in the native language, and in the schools, they say:—

“It is very pleasant to hear the children relate Bible stories in their lively and happy manner, and give intelligent answers to questions based upon what they read.

“We had a strong instance last year of the effect of the Word read in schools. Often, indeed, it takes root unseen, and bears fruit unawares. In one of our schools, there was a boy of twelve years of age, who appeared very diligent; he used to learn his lessons well, and at home to repeat what he had learned to his parents and relations. After a little while he discontinued heathen observances; and whenever his people performed heathen ceremonies, he declared to them that they acted foolishly and wickedly. His family became alarmed, and forbid his attendance at our schools: he disobeyed them, and for this they gave him a severe punishment; after he had received his stripes he knelt down and prayed to Christ, entreating him to open their eyes and to lead them to the knowledge of the truth. In order to retain him in their own way, they found it necessary to send him from his home, and from the influence of the missionaries.”

JUVENILE MEETINGS.

WOOLWICH.—On Sunday afternoon, September 8th, 1850, the children of Queen-street Chapel Sunday-school were addressed on Christian Missions, by Mr. Randal E. Green. We are glad to learn that our young friends at Woolwich take an interest in our beloved Missionary Society; and it is with pleasure we hear that a box of clothes is now ready, made by the girls of the Missionary Working Class for Africa.—J. E. T.

ST. IVES, HUNTS.—On Thursday evening, September 19th, our young friends at St. Ives had their first Quarterly Missionary Meeting. The attendance was good; the pastor and teachers delivered suitable addresses, and we trust a deep interest was excited towards the Missionary work. Our young friends have resolved to devote their energies to help in supporting the school at Clarence, Fernando Po.

LYMINGTON.—On Thursday, 24th October, a Juvenile Missionary Meeting was held in connexion with the Sunday-school. Tea had been provided for the children; after which they brought in the money collected during the year, amounting to £5 3s. 9d., and a further collection of 15s. 9d. was made at the meeting. Short addresses were then delivered by some of the teachers and the Rev. J. Martin, who presided. A trial of two years has shown the benefit resulting from combining the children's Annual Tea Meeting with the Juvenile Missionary Meeting.

TO A CHILD.

BY S. C. R.

LITTLE child! when you're at play,
 Do you know that Jesus sees you?
 He it is who ~~made~~ made the day,
 Sunshine, ~~birds~~, and flowers to please you.
 Oh! then ~~thank him much~~, and pray
 To be grateful every day.

Little ~~child~~! when you're afraid,
 Do ~~you~~ know Jesus is by you?
 Seek his ~~care~~, then—~~he has said~~,
 Ask, and I will not deny you.
 And he never fails to hear:
 He will keep you—do not fear.

Little child! when you are *bad*,
 Do you think that *Jesus* knows it?
 Yes! and oh! it makes him glad
 When you're sorry, and disclose it.
 Oh! then tell *Him* quick, and pray
 To grow better every day.

 JUVENILE CONTRIBUTIONS, OCTOBER, 1850.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Arnsby, Sunday-school	0	7	6	Leicester, <i>continued</i> —			
Bovey Tracey, Sunday-school	0	9	9	Charles-st. Sunday-schools	3	16	0
Bradford, Yorkshire	8	5	10	London—			
Brearley, Sunday-school	0	17	3	Hope Chapel, for <i>Schools</i> .	2	8	4
Bridgnorth, Sunday-school				Magor, Sunday-school, for			
Boys	1	11	7	<i>Dove</i>	0	12	0
Collingham, Sunday-school .	0	10	0	Sabden, Sunday-schools.....	9	11	3
Crayford, Sunday-school, for				Stroud, for <i>Jamaica Schools</i>	3	8	0
<i>Initially</i>	2	0	0	Tiverton, Sunday-school, for			
Leicester—				<i>Paul Ruttan, Dinagapore.</i>	5	0	0
Belvoir-street, Sunday-				Upton-on-Severn, Sunday-			
schools	3	7	7	school	0	11	5
				Wantage, Sunday-school ...	0	6	9



LONG-TAILED SHEEP OF SYRIA.

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